

RUSSIA:

Why the Red trade war
will hit Canada hardest

Moscow holiday weekend

COVER BY WILLIAM WINTER
Sylvan Lake, near Red Deer, Alta.

Canada's loud and lively
foreign-language press

How hangovers waste
a million dollars a day

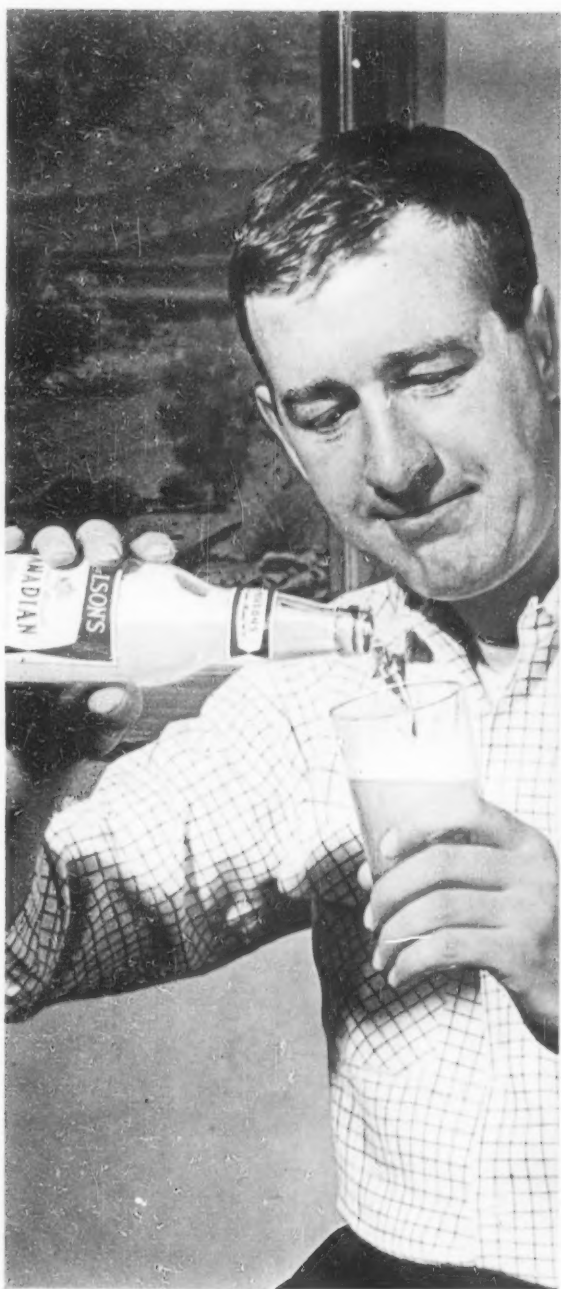
MACLEAN'S

JUNE 18, 1960

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

15 CENTS





You drink it...and you smile

Molson's Canadian lager beer puts a lot of smiles
on a lot of faces . . . it drinks so smooth and goes down so
easily . . . does it ever! It's brewed by men who really
know their beer . . . naturally brewed to give you
true lager clarity and sparkling liveliness. So next
time you order, make it the lager beer that's
brewed to satisfy the Canadian taste—Molson's .
Canadian lager beer. You drink it and you smile!



MOLSON'S CANADIAN lager beer

MOLSON'S BREWERY LIMITED—MONTREAL, TORONTO, REGINA, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER

The man Canadians would choose for U.S. president

IF CANADIANS had a vote in this year's U.S. presidential election, they would probably choose a Democrat; of the several Democrats still in the race they would probably choose Adlai Stevenson. That is the strong indication of a selective survey conducted by Preview correspondents across the country.

In St. John's, Halifax, Saint John, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver, we talked to people in fifteen different professions—120 interviews.

Democrats Stevenson and John F. Kennedy (a more likely nominee) together had more than twice as many Canadian supporters as Richard Nixon, the all-but-certain Republican choice.

Stevenson was the first choice of college professors, college students, public school teachers, newspaper reporters, politicians, doctors, union leaders and New Canadians. He topped our poll in every city but Winnipeg, Halifax and Saint John, N.B., all of which were won by Nixon.

Cab-drivers, the journalist's favorite "voice of the people," gave Stevenson no votes. They chose Kennedy by a narrow margin over Nixon. Service station operators also chose Kennedy. Hairdressers divided their votes equally among the top three.

But Roman Catholic priests—Kennedy's Catholicism is a major issue in the Democratic nomination—gave him no more votes than they gave Nixon. Protestant ministers, on the other hand, ignored Kennedy, choosing either Nixon or Stevenson.

Kennedy's religion was mentioned only by a Toronto clergyman who distrusted "not Kennedy, but the Roman Catholic church," though another minister



in New Brunswick admitted he chose Nixon "for religious reasons."

The reasons for supporting Stevenson were best summed up by G. R. Davy, a professor of political science at the University of Alberta: "He's one of the few intelligent and honest men who not only have

a good conception of politics but who don't disparage it. He is more respected outside the U.S. than any other candidate." A woman grade three teacher in Winnipeg spoke of his "moral integrity." Others used words like "diplomat" and "statesman," and one college student thought he was "the only member of the intellectual aristocracy." A Winnipeg men's clothier suggested Stevenson would have "cleaned up that U-2 flight business."

Reasons for backing Nixon were more varied. A doctor in Montreal, a cab-driver in Halifax and a reporter in Winnipeg all like him "because Ike likes him." A Toronto priest thought the U.S. should "stick behind the Republicans and Eisenhower in a time of crisis." A Quebec farmer thought Nixon would be best for Canadian agriculture—"the Republicans are most anxious to get rid of the surplus problem." A service station operator in Toronto mentioned Nixon's "experience." An MLA in New Brunswick praised Nixon's "courage in Moscow and South America." But a college professor in St. John's said he would vote for "anyone but Nixon."

Hubert Humphrey, the Minnesota senator who made a determined try for the Democratic nomination, then quit the race after being trounced in two state primaries, got only four votes in our poll, from a reporter in Toronto, a farmer and a minister in Winnipeg and a labor leader in Edmonton. Lyndon Johnson, senate majority leader and a Texan, was named only twice—by a service station operator and a politician, both from Winnipeg. Missouri Senator Stuart Symington, a possible Democratic compromise candidate, was not mentioned.

Medicine Hat: What comes after the safety campaign?

FOR 1,980 DAYS, Medicine Hat, Alta., went without a death in traffic. The string—the most remarkable on the continent—made Medicine Hat a symbol of civic safety. But there was another side to the story. For those 1,980 days, citizens of The Hat were under constant, wearing pressure about traffic safety, through speeches, editorials, posters, signs.

Now, with the string snapped, that pressure is easing up.

This, the other Medicine Hat story, began to be evident last April. On the 14th, an 11-year-old Calgary girl was killed in an automobile accident, ending the record. A four-day celebration, including street-dancing and a merchants' festival, which had been planned to mark the city's 2,000th fatality-free day, was canceled. Instead, arrangements were made for

a giant safety rally and thanksgiving service. Then, because of "a general lack of public interest," those arrangements were canceled too.

But even before the accident there had been signs that some citizens of The Hat felt things had gone far enough. A few days earlier, Mrs. Helen Gibson, a member of city council, had denounced one aspect of the celebration plans. Council had been listening to a proposal to select a boy or girl born on Nov. 12, 1954, the day a 2½-year-old girl had become the last fatality, to symbolize the lives saved since. "How cruel can you be?" Mrs. Gibson asked. "Hasn't her family suffered enough, with daily reminders of their daughter's death?"

Almost simultaneously, a Baptist minister wrote the Medicine Hat News, asking that the paper drop

its daily front-page box score on the same grounds. Other letter-writers agreed.

When the chain of fatality-free days was snapped, there was a half-hearted attempt to start again. The News began its box score at zero. But the highway signs that had trumpeted the record stood blank. The enthusiasm was gone.

On May 4, which would have been the 2,000th day, the big news in Medicine Hat was the ruling of a coroner's jury, investigating the death that ended the record: No blame to anyone.

Some readers recalled Helen Gibson's speech to city council in April: "Who is responsible for our record? Not our policemen, certainly not our citizens, certainly not this council. Give credit where it belongs—to God."—GARTH HOPKINS

✓ "Fresh" sea-water

THE ANSWER TO AN AGE-OLD PROBLEM—how to assure a supply of fresh water in arid areas—may be classically simple: freeze sea water, then melt it. That solution has been worked out by a Russian-born chemist named Alexander Zarchin, who now lives in Israel. Zarchin heard an Arctic explorer in 1931 explain that he'd melted ice from the sea to drink. Zarchin's process, simply, is to freeze the sea water, pump out the salty residue, then melt it down while more is being frozen. Last year Fairbanks Whitney and Co., one of the world's largest water-supply firms, signed a contract with the Israeli government to share the process. This year, two large de-salination plants are being built in Israel and a third is under construction in the American southwest.

RECORDINGS WILL POP UP in more and more places, thanks to new techniques that make them cheap and easy to press and light to ship. In the U.S., feather-weight plastic discs so thin they can be rolled for mailing are being enclosed with chess sets (to teach beginners the rules) and

✓ Square peas—really

with teenagers' socks (carrying the latest hit tunes). One company mailed its annual report on a record. Next, says president Harold Friedman of the J. Arthur Rank Co., biggest manufacturers of the new light records, they'll be used as direct mail advertising and as premiums in cereal boxes.

THE PEA-EATING PROBLEM MAY BE SOLVED

—by square peas. They're not far in the future, says Dr. William Hunter, director of genetics and plant breeding in the dept. of agriculture in Ottawa. Don't believe it? Hunter points out that radishes were once long, thin and white; carrots once purple and longer and thinner. Science has already bred peas that grow higher on the plant for easier picking, and developed purple pods for easier spotting in green foliage.

AN AIRCRAFT that's one step beyond the jet is being investigated by a team of scientists at McGill University's engineering department. Its principle: instead of burning its fuel in

✓ The boom in chess

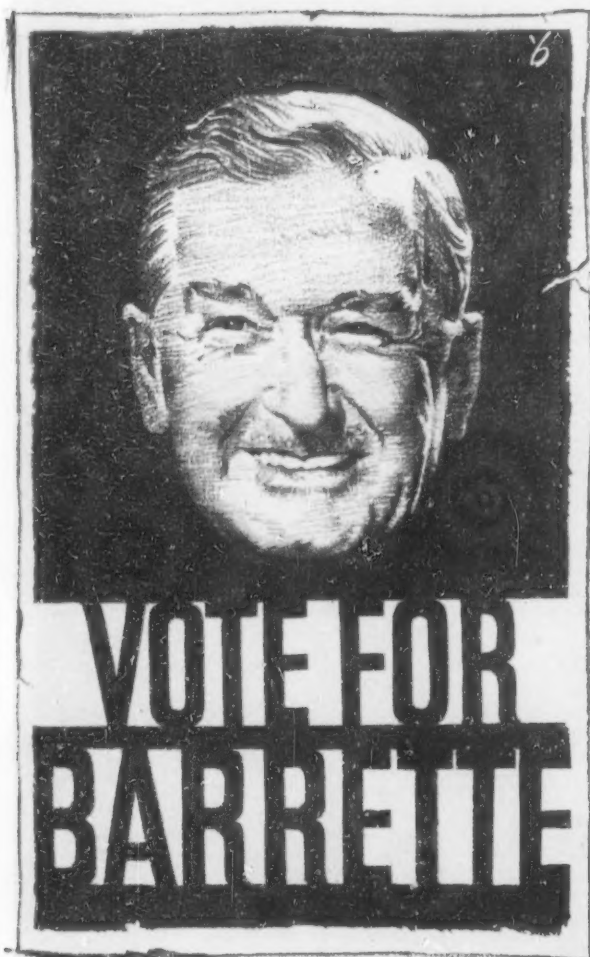
an enclosed space as conventional jets do, the new plane would burn it outside the wing. The wing is designed to form shock waves strong enough to guide the force of the burning fuel. The result is a greater force than effected by conventional jets. Such a craft could be up to 55% efficient—nearly double the efficiency of current jets. "If the principle works out," says McGill engineering dean Donald Mordell, "it would give Canada immense prestige." But even if the planes fly, they'll never be built in Canada. Mordell says flatly they'd be too expensive.

SCHOOL COACHES WHO COMPLAIN that boys won't turn out for football and track may start blaming chess. Forty Toronto public schools entered this year's inter-school tourney. Principal Pat Montgomery of Whitney School first taught chess in school 20 years ago, now has a 175-member club at Whitney, teaches it in class as an "extra" subject. R. J. Wilson, a New Westminster, B.C., teacher, advocates chess to impart "foresight, caution, circumspection, memory, perseverance, logic."

BACKSTAGE

IN QUEBEC with Peter C. Newman

Duplessis is gone, but he's dominated this campaign



DEMOCRATIC POLITICAL POWER can be achieved either by appealing to the people's higher sentiments or by exploiting their weaknesses. The toughest and most efficient political machine ever built in this country through dedication to the latter of these principles is being tested this month in Quebec.

It is probably the most expensive provincial election in Canadian history. The Union Nationale, founded and ruled for a quarter of a century by the late Maurice Duplessis, is spending an estimated fifteen million dollars in a passionate bid for a sixth term. The Liberals have a war chest being estimated at six million dollars.

Both parties have new leaders. But the election is dominated by other presences. The beaky ghost of Maurice Duplessis, the leader who manipulated the memory of The Conquest into eighteen years of political power, haunts every election meeting. The campaign is being fought almost entirely on the issues he created. He has even influenced the election's timing. When Antonio Barrette, Duplessis' minister of labor who took over the Union Nationale leadership after the tragic death of Paul Sauvé, was choosing the voting date, he carefully picked a Wednesday (June 22), because in the Catholic calendar Wednesdays

are set aside for special devotion to St. Joseph who was Maurice Duplessis' favorite saint. Barrette also announced that the next session of the legislature would begin on September 7—the anniversary of Duplessis' death.

Another ghostly presence on the hustings is that of the energetic and now idolized Paul Sauvé. A politician who believed in the preservation of French-Canadian culture fully as much as Duplessis, Sauvé nevertheless did more during his 114 days in office to patch up the split between Ottawa and Quebec City than had been accomplished in the previous decade and a half. His achievements haunt both parties. He proved that federal-provincial warfare is not a prerequisite of fostering Quebec's welfare.

A less apparent but still visible presence on the Quebec hustings is the image of Louis St. Laurent. He serves as a reminder that no Ottawa politician, no matter how popular he becomes federally, has ever managed to gain provincial control over the nationalist sentiment of the French-Canadians—the deciding factor in Quebec elections.

In an attempt to offset this tradition, Jean Lesage, the capable northern affairs minister of the St. Laurent ministry who now leads the Quebec Liberal party, is billing himself as the only true champion of provincial rights. He is, in effect, attacking Barrette for not being as forceful as Duplessis in battling the centralization pressures of Ottawa. Lesage wants to provincialize such federally administered plans as unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. His platform even advocates the establishment of a department of federal-provincial relations. Such an organization would amount to a Quebec ministry of external affairs, as it would also exercise nominal jurisdiction over French-speaking Canadians living in the other provinces.

Lesage's attacks on Barrette reveal one other presence in the Quebec campaign—that of John Diefenbaker. Lesage realizes that he cannot charge Barrette with all of the sins he ascribes to the Duplessis administration, because of the intervening deterrence of Sauvé's brief but enlightened rule. The Liberals have discovered that it has become politically profitable in Quebec to paint Barrette as a Diefenbaker man, capitalizing on the recently negotiated Ottawa-Quebec agreement about the distribution of federal grants to universities.

In the rural ridings, Lesage holds Barrette personally responsible for the Ottawa policies that have reduced farm produce prices, stressing Barrette's open support of Diefenbaker in the last two federal elections. Before more sophisticated audiences, Lesage exploits the astonishingly bitter resentment over Diefenbaker's failure to give Quebec a strong voice in the federal cabinet.

Diefenbaker swept the province in the 1958 election as no Tory before him, and he has for the past two years had forty-two French-speaking Quebec Conservative MPs to choose from. Yet the representation of Quebec in the cabinet consists of a sad quartette described by Azellus Denis, a Liberal backbencher, in the House of Commons recently, as "a stone crusher (Mines Minister Paul Comtois), a store clerk (Defense Production Minister Raymond O'Hurley), a minister to prisoners (Leon Balcer), and batman to the minister of national defense (Associate defense minister Pierre Sevigny)."

Diefenbaker gave Post Office, the only patronage-rich portfolio held by a Quebec member, to Bill Hamilton, an English-speaking Montrealer who has effectively (and over the protest of other Quebec MP's) cleaned out most of the department's past patronage practices.

Duplessis' favorite campaign tactic was to swamp

his opposition with so many charges that his opponents were kept busy answering him, rather than attacking the record of the Union Nationale. To avoid such a trap this time, Lesage has ordered his candidates to concentrate on attacking the government, instead of attempting a defense of the many counter-charges hurled at the Liberal party.

Liberal tactics are based on a 150-question motivational research survey quietly taken from a sampling of a thousand Quebec voters last fall. Results showed that accusations of provincial skulduggery arouse little concern among voters, but that they do become excited about local scandals. Liberal candidates have been supplied with a mimeographed list describing incidents that involve the Union Nationale in forty-six alleged scandals, as they affect each individual riding.

The Union Nationale is far more concerned on the hustings with attacking Lesage, than in defending the record of its administration. At one election rally I attended, Barrette described Lesage as "an immigrant from Ottawa," and charged him with having been a member of the St. Laurent cabinet when it was at the peak of what he called "its centralizing offensive."

The campaign hasn't many genuine issues, because Sauvé's heavy legislative program implemented most of the measures that had been advocated by the Liberals when they were in opposition under Duplessis. Paradoxically, some of the reforms put into effect by Sauvé now threaten the long-term survival of his party. The power of the Union Nationale is weakened by every law that substitutes statutory grants for the discretionary handouts of the past. By abolishing most of the powers of the private bills committee of the Legislative Assembly, for instance, Sauvé all but killed the municipal arm of the Union Nationale's political machine. Duplessis had acted as chairman of the private bills committee. The mayors and other officials of Quebec municipalities who wanted a salary increase for themselves or any change in municipal bylaws without the risk of public plebiscites, could appeal directly to the committee. Duplessis accepted only those requests that guaranteed political advantage. One Liberal mayor was given such a whopping salary hike that he was neutralized before a provincial election. Nearly a hundred supplicants made the pilgrimage to Quebec City every year giving Duplessis a great deal of control over municipal politics. Sauvé changed the system. Remuneration of municipal officials can now be approved only by a vote of the local council and a referendum to ratepayers.

These and other reforms have not yet drastically weakened the political machine put together by Duplessis. But for the first time since the 1944 election that swept them back into power, the Union Nationale is on the defensive.

Had Duplessis lived, he would probably have been crushed in this election. His insistence that the voting process is an instrument of racial defense has not gone out of date in Quebec, but the way he went about it was becoming too distorted and far too negative.

Paul Sauvé, *Le Chef's* brilliant successor, could probably have wiped out all but half a dozen of the Liberals at the polls. His masterful assessment of the province's political temperament would eventually have brought about a New Deal type of renaissance within the Union Nationale.

If Antonio Barrette is returned to office, as he almost certainly will be, he will head a government that has been granted only a temporary reprieve. Without Sauvé—or a leader of equal calibre—the Union Nationale is doomed. Pun-loving Quebecers sum up the outlook with a shrug and the phrase: "Barrette, il n'est pas sauvé." ★

BACKGROUND

Want to meet a girl? Bellow over the busy signal

A YOUNG MAN in search of a blind date in Toronto can talk on the telephone to half a dozen girls at once, pick one he likes the sound of, and be out with her that evening. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of them are doing it, almost as easily as they would order Chinese food to go—and incidentally tying up thousands of telephones. Here's how it works.

The young man calls a series of "test numbers" until he gets a busy signal. Then he shouts, loudly, "Anyone there?" If it's the right time (usually early evening) and he's on the current "date line," someone, and possibly several people, will answer. Then, bellowing in between the busy buzzes, he may exchange first names and phone numbers with a girl. He hangs up and phones her direct.

This practice isn't new. In Montreal five years ago, police discovered prostitutes were soliciting over the "date line" and the busy signal was made so noisy nobody could talk above it. Next year, similar equipment will be installed in Toronto. Maclean's asked a dozen correspondents to try to make blind dates in half a dozen other major cities. None had any success.

But in Toronto a Maclean's researcher made four "dates" in half an hour on a Friday evening before she explained who she was.

There was little doubt what the "dates" were for—though there's no evidence of outright prostitution. One of the men whose numbers she heard over the busy signal—it is as common for girls to phone men as vice versa—was frankly obscene. First names only were exchanged. Arrangements were made to pick the girls up on street-corners or in restaurants, never at their homes.

The researchers also dialed the "date line" Sunday morning. Six men were discussing their dates of the evening before—by name. Likely phone numbers were exchanged.

According to the only man—a machinist—who would talk freely to a reporter, most of the men using the line are in their late teens or early twenties. They're out of school and almost all drive their own cars. "We're not looking for steady company," our informant explained. "We work hard and we want some fun in the evenings." No one knows how many people use the date-line in Toronto but it is a safe guess they number in the hundreds.

The Bell Telephone Company knows it's going on but can do little about it other than increase the noise of the busy signal—a slow and expensive procedure. For technical reasons, they must keep a "test num-

ber" ringing busy on every exchange. The numbers are changed regularly and linemen are informed of the change, but a little experiment in a given range will find the operative number for the lonesome "date-liner."

On a much more harmless level, teenagers in parts of Toronto where phone service is crowded have a similar pastime—one that's been popular, off and on in other cities, for years. At a prearranged time, one teenager phones his own number, getting a busy signal. Then, one by one, his friends call in. They can all talk together—in spurts between the buzzes. If lines in their neighborhood are crowded enough, they can hear other groups of teenagers talking.

Maclean's tuned in on several of these "meetings." No phone numbers were given out. The conversation was shy, giggly and never risqué.

The Bell has had complaints about the teenagers too. If nothing else, they can tie up as many as 10,000 phones in an area. The teenagers will also be stopped next year when the Toronto busy signal is increased in volume.

Meanwhile, phone company officials and a good many parents are growing increasingly concerned about a rapidly spreading habit—on both levels.

How to measure the federal civil servant

IN THE RULED AND REGULATED world of the federal civil servant, the status symbols of more competitive fields—car, house, brand of whisky—are not so important as an unwritten code of on-the-job rewards, often too subtle for public notice.

His desk is the surest sign of how important a civil servant is. Standard issue oak, 30 by 60 inches, means obscurity. Next step up, still oak, but the desk measures 34 by 72.

Other furniture is indicative too. From about branch director up, he'll have a telephone table, bookcase, maybe even a rug. He has to be a deputy minister to have a chesterfield, water-fountain or air-conditioner. A very senior official may also have matching blotter-pad, calendar-pad, roller-blotted and pen-stand. Ferns or flowers, tended by his secretary are a mark of prestige.

His title is little indication of his salary. No one wants to be called clerk now. Coveted phrases are "officer-in-charge" (even if he's only in charge of himself), "supervisor," or "chief."

His name on the door is most valuable if the title's there too. The real triumph is to have an "enter next door" sign. That means his secretary has to screen you first.

His listing 1) in the government phone book means little unless his title is with it; 2) in the Public Accounts means he earns \$8,000 or more.

There are also status symbols the visitor doesn't see at all. Most important: how close to the office a civil servant is allowed to park; whether he's ever sent on special courses. —KLAUS NEUMANN



BACKTALK on aging: "Memory improves"

THE BELIEF that memory—and with it, intelligence—reaches its peak in early adulthood and begins to decline in middle age is so widespread now that most employers kick out even their top personnel at 65. Should they?

Not if they listen to some authoritative backtalk from D. C. Fraser, a 41-year-old British-born psychologist who's been at Waterloo College in Ontario for three years (and who'll move to UBC this fall).

Fraser maintains, in effect, that some important elements of memory improve with age and the older you get the more use you can make of your mind.

What steers us wrong, says Fraser, is a mischievous factor called the "immediate memory." Fraser tested a summer-school group of teachers at Queen's University. The youngest (18-29) fared best at repeating a series of eight-digit numbers. Again, when Fraser set forth a series of complicated instructions the younger group could follow them best, while older "students" needed certain steps repeated to them.

But then Fraser played a tape-recorded argument. Most of the youngsters could repeat sections of what was said—some almost verbatim. But the older group were better able to sum up the theme and present, on

the whole, a sharper recreation of what had been said. They understood it better.

What's the difference? Physically, says Fraser, the brain and nervous system do become less efficient after 30. But if you work on improving your memory, your mental powers can conquer physical deterioration. "A man," Fraser says, "can continue to raise his intelligence level through his fifties, sixties and even seventies."

But if men shouldn't retire at 65 or any arbitrary age, they should make some allowances for getting older. After fifty, most can't make decisions as quickly as they once did. They should be given jobs with more time to think.

Even given more time to learn them, can an old dog acquire new tricks? Fraser cites this example: "I know a 50-year-old who's never done any serious studying. He took up psychology. For four years, he was hopeless. Then in the fifth year he suddenly broke through. Now he does better work than the younger students."

But, Fraser adds, "if he'd kept his brain active all along he could have picked up the same knowledge in six months." —SHIRLEY MAIR

FOOTNOTES

About housewives: No matter what their complaints, they may have a rosier future than career women. A study of 298 California women indicates that career women have an incidence of coronary heart disease paralleling that of men—five times as great as the rate among housewives.

About fishing weather: The fish, apparently, don't care what it's like. A scientist with the Natural History Survey Division of the state of Illinois tried to match changes in weather with the number of fish caught over 12 years at a private club. In six months' work he found none. At the Michigan Institute for Fisheries Research, another biologist studied and correlated the results of 4,000 fishing trips. Conclusion: "The fish bite about as well when the barometer is falling as when it's rising."

About health: Is there a link between personality and diet? Dr. R. B. Sloane, head of the department of psychiatry at Queen's University, studied 178 young volunteers who had been on a fat-free diet for eight days. He found that those with a high cholesterol level tended to be "more extroverted, critical of authority, verbally aggressive and competitive." Nearly half had been the only children in their families.

About neckties: Hired by the Tie Manufacturers' Association of Great Britain to conduct a study in depth, a psychologist recently reported that 1) women buy ties as gifts because they're "love tokens" and straightening a man's tie is a "substitute caress"; 2) light-colored ties indicate friendliness; dark ties, worry; a red tie means a talker; pale blue, a hand-holder; 3) a bachelor wears gayer ties than a married man.

About sitting: Still another peril to health in the sedentary '60s: leg-crossing. A Florida doctor warns it can cause or aggravate a number of disorders ranging from arthritis to varicose veins.

COMMENT

MAILBAG: Bring in Negroes? Some angry answers

I WISH TO SUPPORT your editorial proposal (May 21) that we should offer refuge to Negroes suffering under the policies of the South African government. However, it should be pointed out that they may suffer severely under the policies and practices of the Canadian people and government too. Witness the persecution accorded the Doukhobors, Hutterites, Japanese-Canadians and native Indians. These are all groups of humble people as good as any other ethnic or philosophic group of Canadians—better than most of us, I feel.—S. C. W. STOKES, ERRINGTON, B.C.

✓ You claim that Canadians are not entirely guiltless as regards racial discrimination. Agreed—providing you accept the following extenuating circumstance: We know we are not doing all we might on behalf of our Indian friends, but from time to time we do try to arrange things on a more equitable basis. South African whites, on the other hand, know they are being unjust toward their colored populations, but believe it is the right thing to do. There is a vast difference.—ROSS F. KAVANER, CALGARY.

✓ I agree wholeheartedly with your stand concerning immigration laws governing Negroes. There is one point, however, that bothers me and has bothered me on other occasions: what can I do? I would like to take part in changing the factors in my society that seem poor, but I can't see a way of doing this without an organized movement of some kind. That I am helpless is more true since I am only eighteen and have very little say on any public question. I would be grateful if you would give me some kind of answer to this.—WALTER KEMPTON, WINNIPEG.

We've answered Mr. Kempton privately as best we can. Perhaps some readers have some suggestions.

✓ The creep that wrote the editorial should have his head examined. Just why should we open Canada's door to see our country filled with Kenya's Tom Mboya and others like him? We need a few more Pickersgills at Ottawa to keep an eye on immigration.—JOE BROWN, VANCOUVER.

✓ Why turn these unfortunate people into refugees? All they need is a chance to live in freedom in their own country. Let us help them all we can to this end. But for pity's sake leave them in their own beautiful country where they have every right to be.—E. M. BASSETT, MONTREAL.

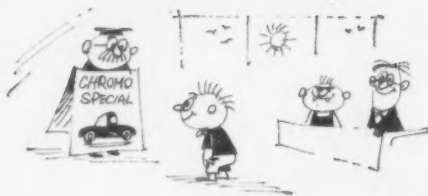
✓ I think this is a fine idea and would like to help to make it an actuality.—MRS. RAYMOND H. COWAN, BARRIE, ONT.

✓ I have come to the conclusion that you are entirely oblivious to the facts of life and human nature . . . It is all very well to adopt a brotherhood of man attitude, but one cannot ignore the fact that there is no ready solution for the racial problem and it cannot be resolved through legislation.—P. R. PERRATON, COBBLE HILL, B.C.

✓ Your suggestion that we should flood this country with members of the Negroid race—a sub-species—is appalling. You do not speak for Canada. A man named Lincoln once plunged his country into a terrible civil war over a racial problem. That was one of the most atrocious crimes ever perpetrated by the head of a state. Do you want to repeat that here?—W. J. BULLOCK, VICTORIA.

✓ The first contingent could be domiciled next door to the editors of Maclean's, and others alongside the editors and owners of all publications so wrought up over the Negro's plight in other lands.—C. K. WERLE, VICTORIA.

✓ The only way to show our sincerity is to take as many Africans as there are in proportion to the whites in South Africa. That would mean for us about 51 million.—MARY WADDELL, FREDERICTON.



Kick ads out of the classrooms

Congratulations to Jon and Sheila Kieran and Maclean's for reporting Advertising In The Classroom (Background, May 21). This "brainwashing" practice is another example of how those with excessive power insidiously and knowingly misuse it . . . I'm glad I have no young in school at present.—S. C. W. STOKES, ERRINGTON, B.C.

✓ I have written to the minister of education for Manitoba suggesting that an immediate investigation be made to see if any of these practices are prevalent in our province and expressing my opinion that if they are, they should be stamped out forthwith.—A. B. RUTHERFORD, VIRDEN, MAN.

✓ Imagine writing a note to a teacher asking that a child be excused from copying commercials when this would deprive him of a basic lesson in handwriting skills! Since becoming a teacher, I have smiled at many a farcical excuse or request from a parent but this one seems to top them all. Is it not better for a child to be writing about everyday Canadian products or Canadian organizations with which he will eventually come in contact than to be painstakingly reproducing such nonsensical data as "Jane jumps over the jelly jar"—an example I have seen used to provide practice with the letter "j"? These ABC's of Industry books have many practical uses as well. As Mrs. Kieran admits, there are articles by renowned Canadian individuals pertaining to Canadian affairs. These I have used in my discussion class in high school. Secondly, the contests should not be spurned. Competition is one of the most beneficial tools of education and, in this case, it is used effectively to promote increased neatness in handwriting, a clarity of style in essay work, and a spirit of originality in drawing. The greatest advantage these colorful publications have, however, is the miraculous manner in which they break away from the sheer monotony in the lower grades of the outdated writing manual (that advocates the use of straight pens, scratchy nibs, and a sloppy ink-bottle), language texts (that delight in "My Summer Vacation" type topics), and an art lesson (that forces the measured crayoning of "A Country Scene") upon which an overly large number of stereotyped mothers and fathers were bred.—MISS E. ANN YULE, SEPT ILES, P.Q.

✓ Almost all educationalists will agree that education is the process by which a child is prepared for the society in which he will live. The most clearly visible feature of Canadian society is the predominance of advertising. Hence, I feel that the schools are acting in accord with both the principles of educational theory and the facts of present day society in introducing advertising in the classroom.—JOHN R. ATKIN, TORONTO.

✓ Root them out, the lot of them, and take the Coca-Cola "policemen" school-guards at the same time.—J. J. BURNHAM, DORVAL, P.Q.

✓ I had no idea that the educational authorities were capable of countenancing what seems to me the prostitution of their professional responsibilities. We do not suffer from the problem in this area at the moment—and I hope that, as a result of the publicity given to this practice in your magazine, we may not

have to do battle as the Kierans have done.—C. T. H. NICHOLL, UNIVERSITE LAVAL, QUEBEC, P.Q.

✓ After reading this article my husband searched for a book that had once come in the mail. Dated 1950 and entitled Canadian Trade Alphabet, it is undoubtedly very similar to the one used in the Toronto separate school attended by the Kierans' daughter. Is this education? We object to furthering the interests of big corporations by accepting this subtle method of advertising.—ESTHER LUDDITT, BARKERVILLE, B.C.

✓ Although I was previously unaware of the growing practice of using advertising slogans as copy book exercises, I must say that it seems a perfectly rational and inevitable development in the perfection of our free enterprise system. It is easy to imagine how the system will soon spread to arithmetic where numerical examples will be taken from company annual reports, to history which will receive meaning through emphasis on the growth of certain industrial empires, to health where the highly nutritious products of our foremost food processors will be recommended for the maintenance of good health . . . to French-language courses which the pupils might just as well learn by translating slogans, etc. In fact the exciting prospect exists that we may soon be able to sell our expensive school systems lock, stock and barrel to private enterprise organizations.—D. D. BETTS, EDMONTON.

✓ All who read this should feel the same outrage as the authors.—J. L. HOLLINSHEAD, EDMONTON.

"Cult of the common bartender"



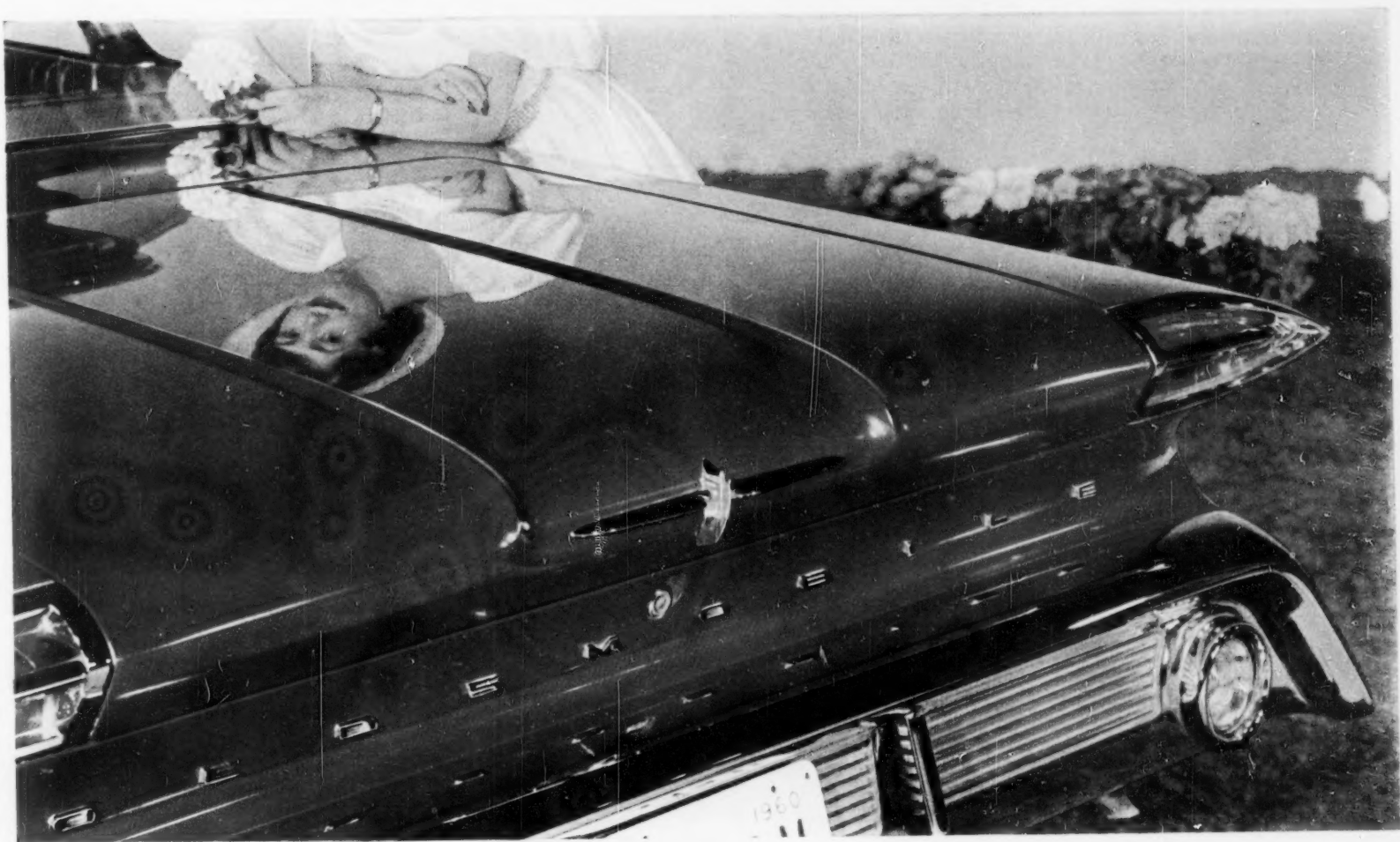
Aren't you overdoing the cult of the common man and reducing it to the lowest common denominator of mediocrity by printing a full-length portrait of a bartender? (What it's like to tend a bar, May 7). Is his contribution to Canada's staggering total of alcoholics such a worthy one that he merits such extended treatment? And why not, for a change from the interminable Montreal restaurants with their gourmets and gourmands (Quebec's inimitable gourmets, May 7), let us have a few uncommon men whose interests are not confined to eating and drinking? Surely we have a few of them in Canada.—R. E. J. DAVIS, VANCOUVER.

Garner and canned Canadianism

Hugh Garner's The Phony Cult of Canned Canadianism (For the sake of argument, May 21) reminds one of what the novelist J. B. Priestley said: "We should behave towards our country as women behave toward the men they love—a loving wife will do anything for her husband except criticize or try to improve him. — H. S. COOKE, SEELEY'S BAY, ONT.

✓ I disagree most emphatically with Hugh Garner's statement that "the majority of Canadians, no matter how long their families have been here, have a hyphenated loyalty." I am a very normal, average Canadian. I feel patriotism toward Canada and Canada only.—MRS. CAROLYN M. DIXON, OTTAWA.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 79



Just picture yourself...

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No other car so finely reflects your individual taste. Rich, without pretention. Solid, without stodginess. And truly classic, without giving up a thing that is both modern and worthy. Oldsmobile is the car on which you can confidently stake your reputation for knowing, and for buying, value.

Take Oldsmobile's Rocket power, for instance! It's superbly sudden when you need go, but is ever-mindful of the need for economical cruising. Its

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Traffic signs you don't see ...but should always remember

The "traffic signs" shown here, though fictitious, are as important to your safety as the familiar ones posted along our streets and highways. Let's consider these "signs" and how they could help you avoid accidents.

Drive extra cautiously when you're upset. When you're worried or upset you may not give the alert attention to driving that today's highway conditions require. This is the cause of many accidents. Emotional stability is as important as any single factor in maintaining traffic safety.

Be sure your eyes are all right. Have your eyes examined regularly. If you notice changes between examinations, see your doctor for another eye test. To reduce eye strain, wear properly fitted sunglasses, but take them off after dark.

Never drive after drinking. No driver can take much alcohol without becoming a potential menace to himself and to others. Always remember that alcohol and gasoline are a dangerous combination!

Stop when you feel tired. Driver fatigue plays a part in many accidents, especially those that occur at night. With increasing fatigue, driver efficiency falls, until finally, nodding at the wheel results. Accidents that occur when the driver is dozing are generally very serious ones.

Don't drive after taking certain medicines. Sedatives may dull your reflexes; tranquilizers can cloud your judgment. Ask your doctor about the side effects of drugs, including anti-histamines and cold tablets.

On long drives, take turns at the wheel. Share the driving with others—or stop now and then for a rest or refreshment. Prolonged driving—and its attendant eye, muscular and nervous strain—can impair your efficiency without your being aware of it. It's wise for drivers to rest every two hours on long trips.

Drive only when you're physically and mentally fit, and keep both hands on the wheel—for your own safety and that of your fellow motorists.

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THE COVER

Maclean's readers who remember Hugh MacLennan's article (April 9) on the Saskatchewan River may also remember William Winter's illustrations. Here is something else Winter saw on the same trip: a lively (though unsylvan) view of Sylvan Lake, near Red Deer, Alta.

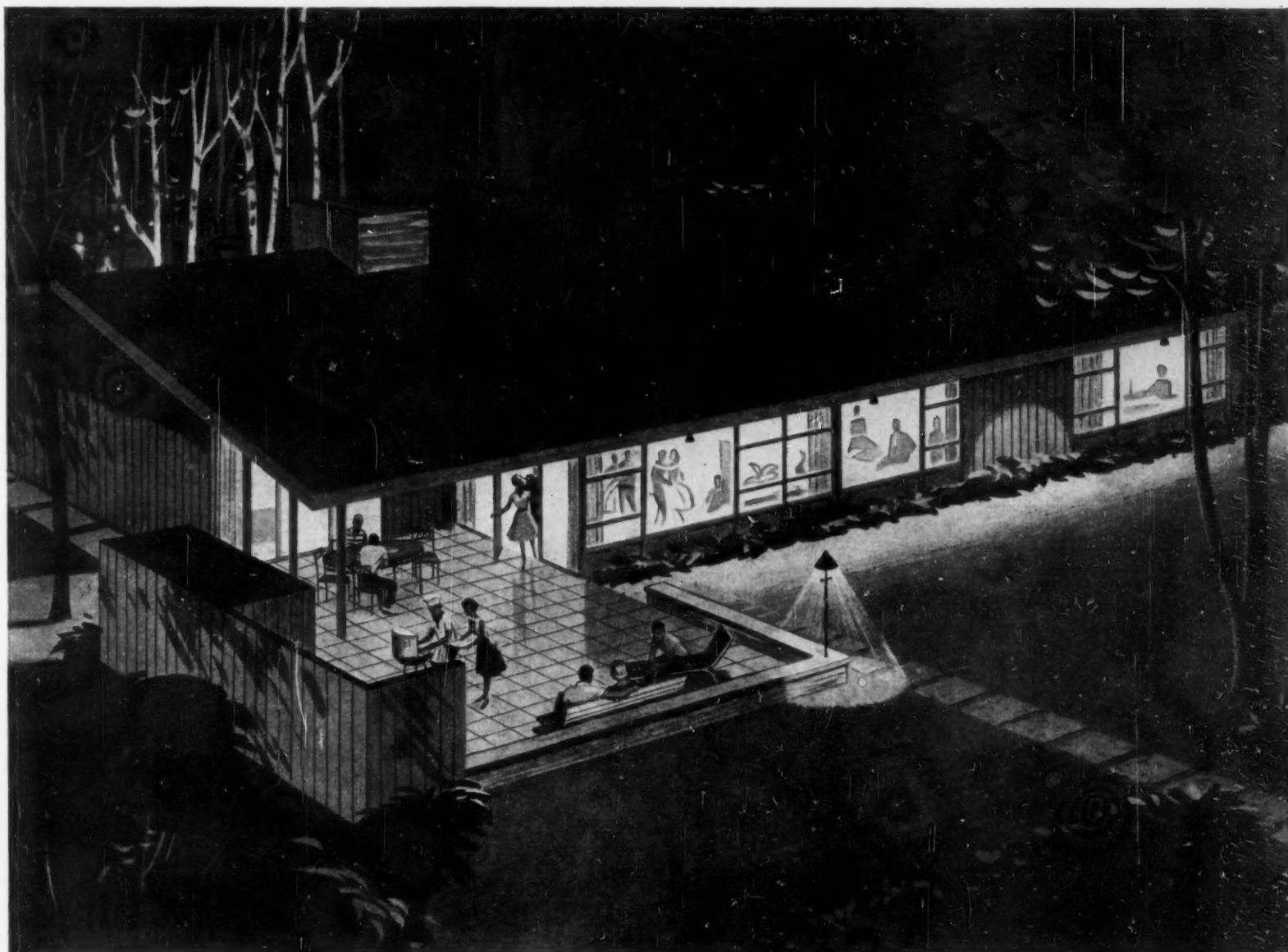
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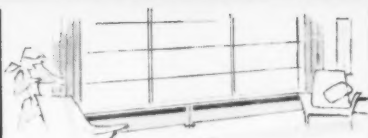
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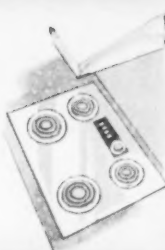


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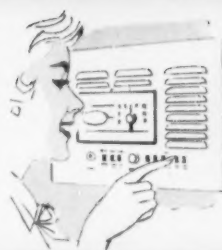


Electric heating insures clean, even heat throughout your home. Saves space usually required by furnace and heating ducts or pipes.

Built-in electric ranges are a real convenience for modern housewives... provide clean, even heat for cooking.



Intercom system enables you to communicate quickly with any room. Enjoy music from radio or hi-fi anywhere in the house.



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For the sake of argument



BY PEYTON V. LYON

Canada is becoming a mouse that roars

Canada has done more bragging in the past year than any other country in the world, with the possible exception of Cuba. According to our official spokesmen, Canadians are uniquely virtuous, intelligent and lovable. Canada, they claim, is rapidly emerging as a "world power," destined to lead the nations along paths of sanity and brotherly love.

Listen to Howard Green, minister of External Affairs:

"... Canada is growing in stature by the hour as a world power, and this is exactly what we aim to be, a world power."

"... Canada can play a vital part in world affairs today, perhaps just as vital as any other nation in the world."

"I believe we can make a greater contribution to world affairs than any other country in the next ten years."

"Above all [Canada] is a nation with an idealistic, unselfish approach . . ."

"Add Canada's good record generally . . . and the courage, common sense and God-fearing character of her people, and you will agree with me that we can give leadership in the finest sense of the word."

Frantic boasts, foolish words

I could go on — my hobby is collecting "Greenery" — but the outline of the new Canadian self-portrait is clear enough. What's wrong with it? Why not frankly admit that we are the most virtuous and intelligent people on earth, and that Canada is the saint among nations? Why shouldn't we claim "world power status," whatever that implies?

What is wrong, in my opinion, is that these frantic boasts and foolish words are not merely making Canada look silly, they are destroying the quite genuine influence this country has, or used to have, in the councils of the world. This would be a pity because our influ-

ence has usually been on the side of the angels. If our voice becomes less effective, or changes character, we will not be the only losers.

Especially shortsighted is the squandering of our influence in Washington, the seat of power in the free world. The trump card in the Canadian diplomatic hand is our ability to talk to the Americans as neighbors, loyal allies and understanding friends. This card is vital because a wrong decision taken in Washington could spell disaster for us, and the world. Instead of cultivating our uniquely close relationship, however, our leaders, like Castro, have preferred the posture of David defying the American Goliath. The applause from south of the border has been less than deafening.

I am not suggesting that there have been significant changes in the basic foreign policy charted by St. Laurent and Pearson. Quite the contrary. If Sidney Smith aspired to be known as a worthy successor to Mike Pearson, Howard Green seems resolved to be more Pearson than Pearson! Our diplomacy has been less active and professional, but that must have been bargained for by the voters when they decided in 1957 to hire a new team. In view of the colonial-minded Diefenbaker-Green line on foreign policy as late as Suez, when they were leading the official opposition, their present loyalty to Canada's postwar policies is cause for relief and satisfaction.

But if the broad lines of policy are unchanged, its presentation has altered radically. The product is much the same; the wrapping is altogether more pretentious. This may make it more attractive to Canadians, but does it help sell our ideas to others? To answer this question, let us review the sources of the exceptional influence wielded by Canada since 1945 — the influence which enabled us to play a promi-

DR. LYON, NOW A PROFESSOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO, IS A FORMER OFFICER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

INVISIBLE SCREEN AGAINST INSECTS...

CYANAMID OF CANADA WARS AGAINST PESTS

A growing child... a garden of growing things... fruit in our orchards, food on our farms or trees in our forests: their enemies are the pests, those myriads of insects which destroy what we grow, which carry diseases—causing waste and want.

Their danger and their damage are as enormous as their numbers and variety. Protection against their ravages is vital—and difficult.

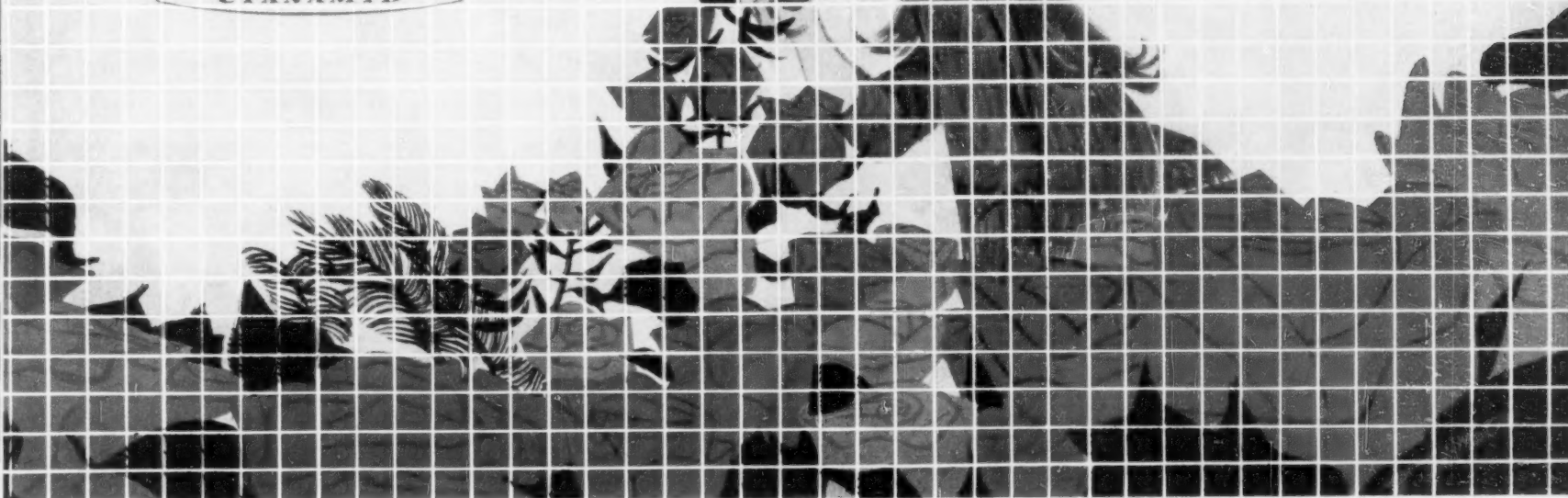
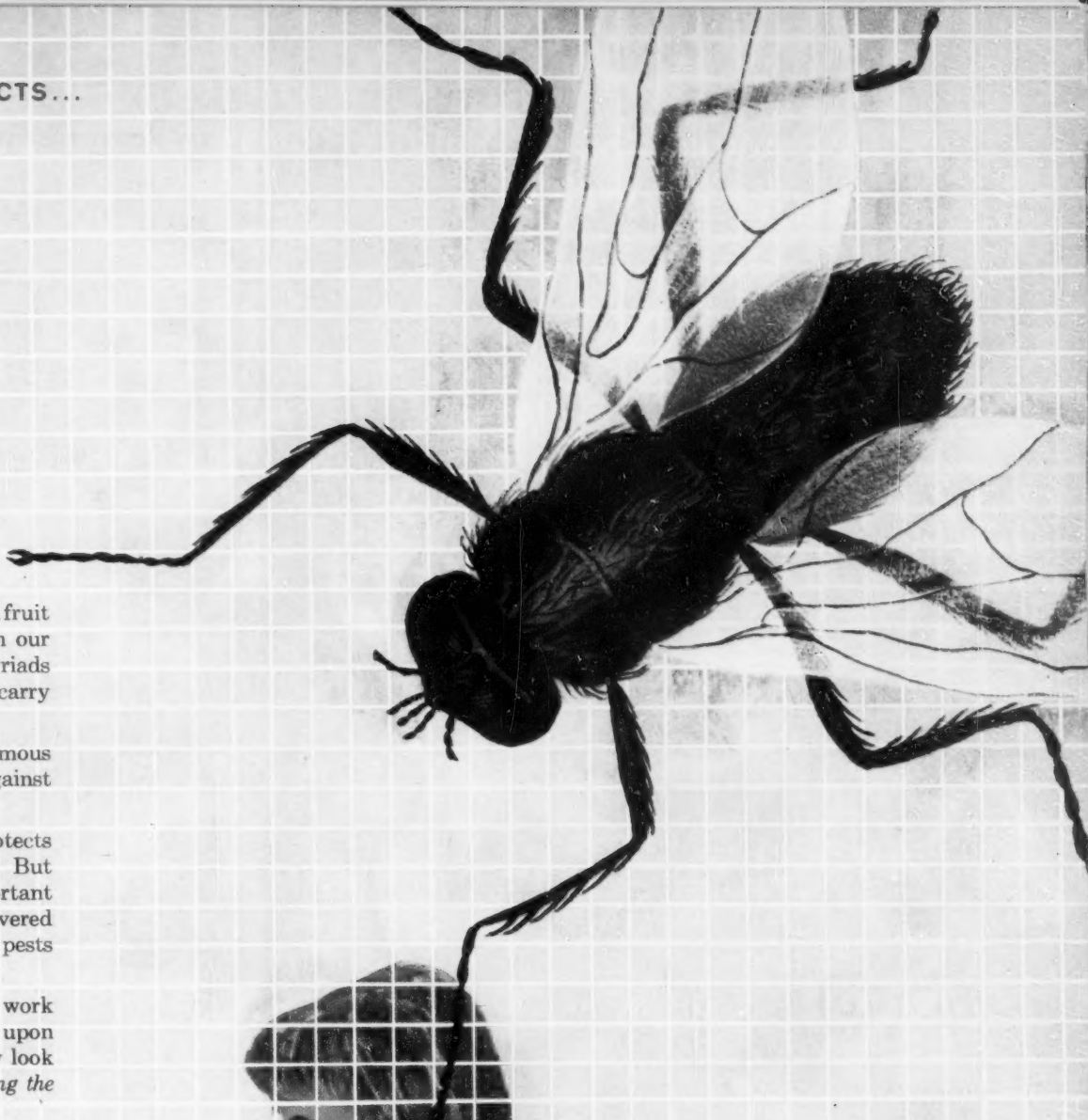
Like an invisible screen, Malathion protects you and your children, animals and plants. But the name of this insecticide is far less important than the fact of its having been found: discovered and developed into a safe, sure shield against pests by the people of Cyanamid of Canada.

These people at Cyanamid, like all of us, work at their jobs. But, like some of us, they look upon their work as more than merely routine. They look for the accomplishment of an idea... *winning the war against waste and want.*

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Montreal 1, Que.

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*REGD. TRADE MARK

FRUIT GROWING... Like people, fruit crops can suffer illness and destruction through pests. Cyanamid's new Cyprex* fungicide both protects the fruit and eradicates the causes of such infections, enabling Canadian fruit growers to market more of their healthy, health-giving products.



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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Oscar Wilde's tragedy and the morals of the movies

The film industry has always been strange, fascinating and irritating. Yet in Britain at least it has seldom been in a state of pitched battle like the one today, which involves two competing major companies that are working like mad to win not merely an Oscar but to be the first with a film based on the tragedy of Oscar Wilde.

How swiftly and strangely values can change! Ten years ago a play on Wilde's life was refused a licence for theatrical production and had to be produced cheaply in a small theatre club which did not come under the discipline of the lord chamberlain, who combines his duties at the royal palace with stage censorship.

In my opinion there is no subject which cannot be dealt with in the theatre provided that the author writes with sincerity. Some years ago I went with a group of theatrical people to St. James Palace to protest to the lord chamberlain about his stage censorship of Wilde's plays. We pointed out that there was no theatre ban on the licentious, the brutal or the seductive. We suggested that no subject in the theatre is obscene in itself but merely in the treatment thereof. As it was getting near his lunchtime the state guardian of our morals brought the conference to an end with an uncompromising negative uttered loud and clear.

Only a few weeks later a large

gathering of stage stars, authors and critics lunched at the Savoy Hotel and then marched to the house where Oscar Wilde had lived. There they were met by the mayor of Chelsea and after a few tributes to the memory of the famous playwright the mayor placed on the front door a plaque with these simple words engraved:

Oscar Wilde

1854-1900

Wit and Dramatist

Lived Here

Not long after that, I met Oscar's surviving son, a middle-aged, quiet fellow with no glamour or romanticism. He lived in a humble set of rooms because he had no special talents and because the copyright of his father's works had run out and any publisher could publish Wilde without paying royalties.

Truly this is a monstrous thing. If you own a piece of land or a house they are yours forever, but when an author's copyright runs out anyone can publish his books and pay no royalty. But when I raised it in the House of Commons at that time I had only one supporter who, like Wilde, was an Irishman.

Today two great cinema companies are racing to beat each other for the presentation of Wilde's life tragedy on the screen, but I doubt if his son will be invited to the premiere of either.

So far— CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

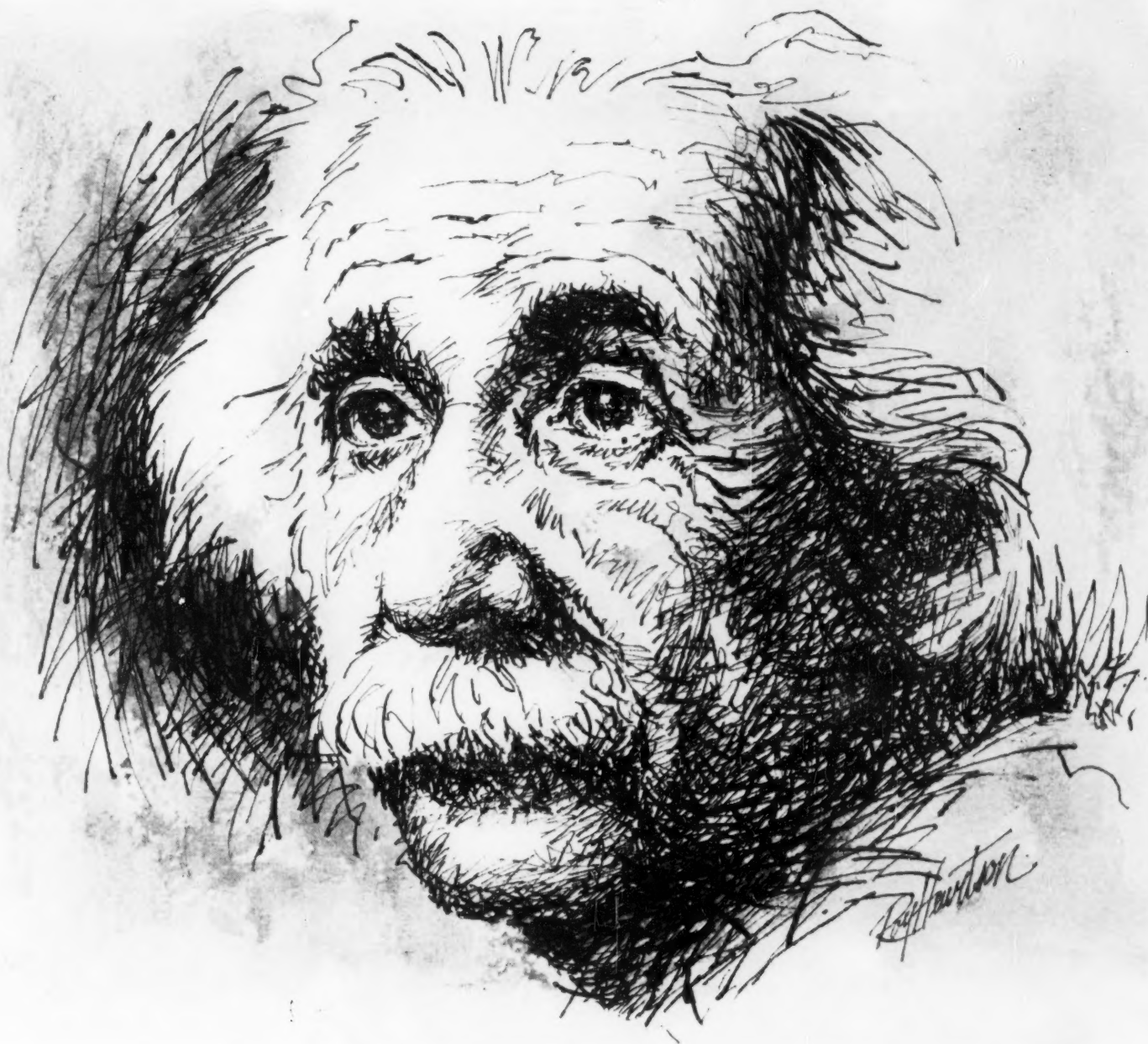


ORIGINAL WILDE was eloquent, witty in his slander action against the hot-tempered Queensberry.



MOVIE WILDE Peter Finch will star in one of two rival versions of the playwright's life story.

PEOPLE MAKE THE DIFFERENCE...



ALBERT EINSTEIN

When the world speaks of genius it is seldom long before the personality of Albert Einstein makes its presence felt. So profound was his contribution to science that scarcely another contemporary mind can be compared to his.

Albert Einstein's life was a paradox. Few could understand how such revolutionary theories could be so authoritatively advanced by such a quiet and unassuming man. But his ability belied his manner. His preoccupation with things that were remote and abstract only served to sharpen his understanding of those around him. It was this ability to understand and to reason that

gave mankind the theory of relativity and opened the door to the nuclear age.

The character and contributions of Albert Einstein illustrate a powerful truth: that the humility and understanding of *people* . . . individual men and women . . . always make the significant difference. We, at "The Bank," hold this philosophy in great respect. We are proud of our *people* and consider them our greatest single asset. That is why, whenever you visit any of our branches, you will quickly discover that at The Toronto-Dominion Bank *people make the significant difference.*

THE TORONTO-DOMINION BANK

THE SOCIABLES prefer Pepsi



They make wedding bells ring . . . and share the happy moment with friends. Pepsi-Cola is part of the occasion. Pepsi refreshes without filling . . . is always on hand wherever The Sociables gather. You're one of them. Have a Pepsi. It's the light refreshment of today's young moderns.



**Be Sociable,
Have a Pepsi**

Refresh without filling



TRADE:

the Soviet's not-so-secret weapon

Russia has declared economic war on the West. Canada is the Kremlin's most vulnerable target. Maclean's Ottawa editor reports on the coming struggle that could leave every Canadian poorer

By Peter C. Newman

THE MILITARY, diplomatic and propaganda tactics that have so spectacularly advanced the cause of international communism during the past two decades have, in most instances, involved Canada only in a minor way. With three oceans as a protective moat, we have so far managed to escape most of the direct consequences of the Soviet Union's bold postwar incursions.

But now that happy period may be ending. Canada is about to join — unwillingly but irrevocably — in economic battle with the Russians. If we lose, the Canadian economy could be dealt a blow that would sharply reduce our standard of living.

No further declaration of war by Russia is needed in this economic struggle. The leaders of the Soviet Union have repeatedly declared that their country's foreign trade will be doubled by 1965.

Because Russia has a climate and geology similar to ours, the majority of the Russian goods that will make up the projected leap in Communist sales abroad are the same commodities that account for the greatest portion of our exports. Foreign trade makes up nearly a third of our gross national product. The agricultural, forest and mineral resources that have made us a great trading nation now face the rivalry of a determined competitor with vastly greater political power, its price structure unhampered by any profit motive or excessive labor costs.

"There is no country that has more to lose than Canada if the U.S.S.R. should launch an all-out trade offensive on the West," says V. C. Wansbrough, managing director of the Canadian Metal Mining Association. "When Mr. Khrushchov declared that he will bury us, he was talking not of an atomic holocaust

Continued on page 66

On the following pages, a second Maclean's editor rubs shoulders with some of the Muscovites who will help to stock Russia's export arsenal

Holiday weekend in



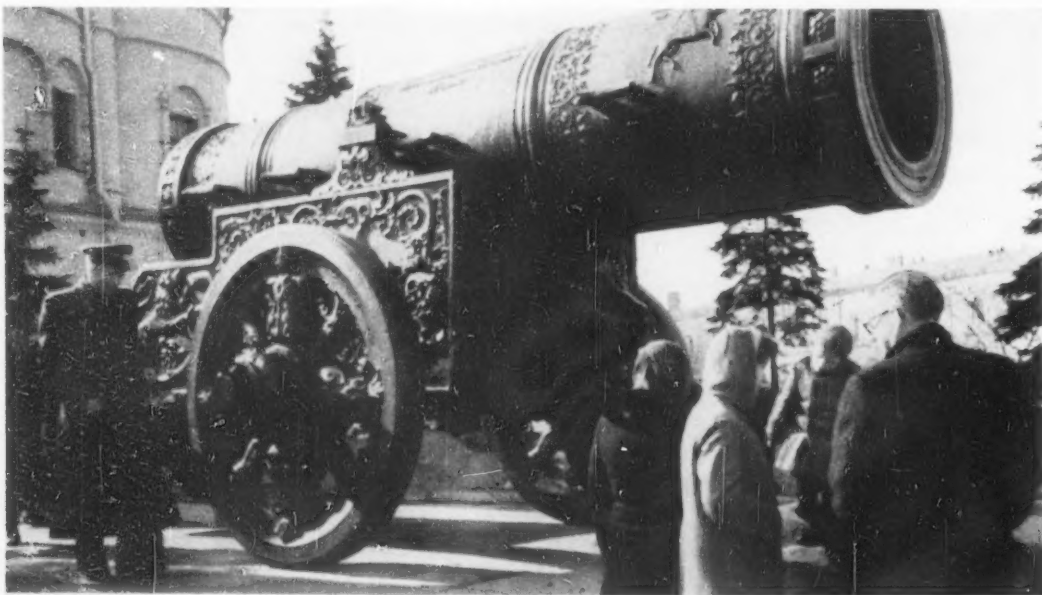
In Red Square, Sclanders and his interpreter Tanya pause across from the line-up at the Kremlin's Lenin-Stalin tomb.

MOSCOW

Forget those tales of compulsory guides and secret police, says this Maclean's editor who toured communism's surprising world capital as freely as he might go sight-seeing anywhere in Canada

BY IAN SCLANDERS

At the Kremlin, Tanya showed him "the world's biggest cannon," cast during czarist days. It has never been fired.



AS THE BIG Electra left the Baltic Sea behind and headed inland over the USSR, Moscow-bound from Amsterdam, the steward announced on the intercom, in Dutch, English, French and German, that Soviet law prohibits the taking of photographs from a plane. He advised passengers to stow away their cameras.

We looked at what we were not permitted to photograph — lakes, streams and forests, three or four miles below, that were indistinguishable from Canadian lakes, streams and forests. Then we looked knowingly at one another, for the steward's warning seemed to confirm a feeling most of us had that, in the Soviet Union, we'd be constantly running a gantlet of red tape.

"I guess this is where the restrictions start," said the man sitting beside me. I said I guessed it was, for you can't quite believe, although you have read it and heard it, that the current Soviet policy is to permit visitors to see and do what they wish to see and do.



At a street snack cart carrying sandwiches, tinned fish, tea and coffee, Sclanders ponders over his Russian money. Foreground: an abacus on which sales are tallied.

You can't believe it, that is, until you go to the USSR yourself, as ten thousand North Americans did last year, and as an estimated twenty thousand will this year. As one of 1960's visitors, I believe it now. The steward's warning was the first and last *nyet* we heard on the whole trip.

In a "weekend in Moscow" that stretched from Saturday night to Wednesday morning, I wandered as freely as I could have done in Montreal or Toronto. I rode the subway, talked with strangers who were anxious to test their English on me, ate weird but not very wonderful dishes in a variety of restaurants, and discovered that Russian hospitality gives a foreigner special privileges. I could, for instance, obtain seats for the Bolshoi ballet on short notice — seats most Russians would have to order several weeks in advance.

In stores, clerks tended to serve me first, with the smiling consent of their regular customers. And, had I been so inclined, which I wasn't, I

could have gazed on the embalmed corpses of Lenin and Stalin any afternoon I chose. A Russian who seeks this privilege has to wait weeks for permission, then spend hours in the procession that shuffles slowly through the famous tomb in the Red Square.

But, like most travelers from Western countries, I anticipated more hostility than hospitality when I disembarked from the Electra at the Moscow airport with five other Canadians on an inaugural flight by KLM Royal Dutch Airlines. The six of us were prepared for the worst. We expected to be bullied by arrogant officials, bombarded with propaganda, herded into interminable queues.

Yet the officials, when we faced them, were soft-spoken and courteous.

If there was propaganda it was hard to discern. True, I met Russians who boasted of the USSR and the achievements of communism, but they sounded curiously like Canadians I've heard

boasting of Canada and the virtues of free enterprise.

The queues at the customs and immigration gates at the Moscow airport were no longer or more infuriating than the queues at Montreal's Dorval airport or Toronto's Malton airport. And we were soon rescued from them by two brisk business-like little men who identified themselves as representatives of Intourist, the Soviet organization in charge of the tourist trade.

Were we the party of six from Canada? Then come, we won't waste time! Signaling, gesturing, dancing up and down excitedly and shouting cheerfully, the Intourist men whisked us and our luggage through immigration and customs. We had to sign declarations that our luggage contained no firearms, opium or hashish, but it wasn't opened.

We were loaded, two to a car, into three taxis. They were new Zims, which resemble elderly Buicks, and two of them

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

EARLIER ACTION: First washed overboard in an Atlantic gale, then washed back on board again, Able Seaman McAllister has been regarded as a jinx — if not the devil in disguise — by the crew of HMCS Merrifield. Briefly and unwittingly, he keeps changing from his normal craven ignorant self into a fearless wit who keeps the corvette in a ferment.



The mystery of the Merrifield

BY THOMAS ADAMS

Illustrated by Rowland Emmett

Two very different beings struggled for the unlovely body
of Chick McAllister. Seamen and officers alike
trembled and waited. World War II was forgotten
while the hilarious tragi-comedy raced to a breathless finale

LAST OF THREE PARTS

CHICK McALLISTER was cold and miserable and wet. Someone had stolen his sea-boots during his leave and he was standing watch in frozen Wellingtons; the last toggle had been snipped from his duffel coat and he was forced to hold the garment wrapped with his arms to prevent the wind from plucking it from his back; he had been unable to locate his scarf before closing up and the spray and snow in the back of the hood formed a slush which trickled down the ridges of his spine. He was seasick, horribly seasick; the first three days at sea were always a tribulation, but after six weeks on dry land the pitching and rolling of the corvette battered his stomach into a knot. And he was afraid, afraid with the ancient fear of night and sea which had haunted him from the time of his first evening watch on the Merrifield. Cold and miserable and wet, and the despondency of his spirit equaled the suffering of his body.

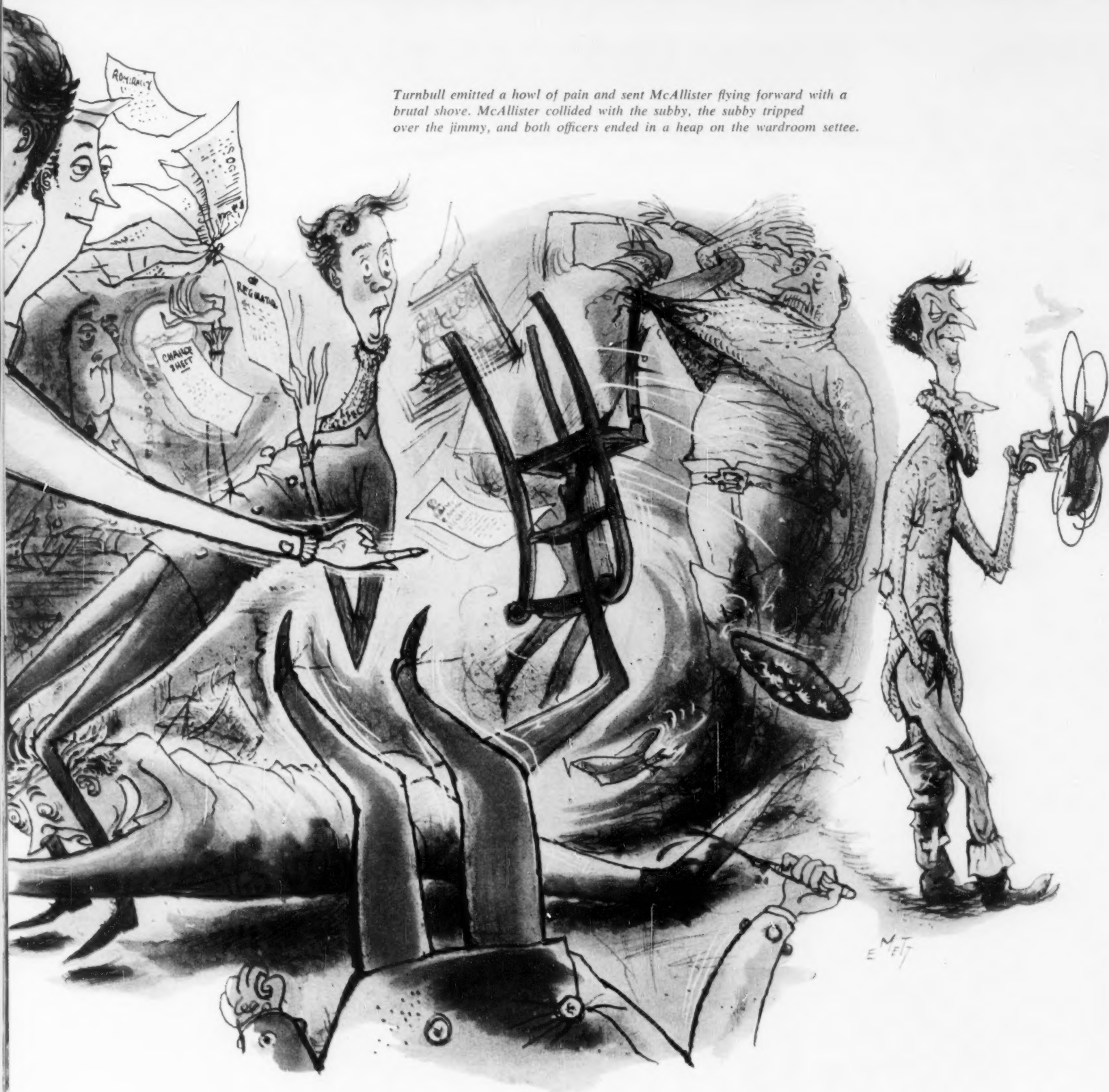
Jeez, what a life, I'd be happier if I was dead. Bloody bullies. That Sub-Lieutenant Potter! What the hell's he always picking on me for, eh? What did I ever do to him? *Admiral of the Fleet Lord Potter*. How would I ever have enough brains to think up a name like that, eh? The thief did it. The guy who's stealing me. Did it to get me into trouble. Where is he now? Somewhere out there, waiting until I fall asleep. But

why me? Why me? What did I ever do, eh? I'm cold. All the other matelots got scarfs and mitts and stuff, and me, I got nothing. Keep your eyes open, Potter says. Don't I always stand a good watch? And Potter, what does he do? Dreams all the time. Dreams he's a big shot. Everybody knows it and everybody laughs behind his back, but he's such a show-off he don't even know he's acting like a nut. I should have gone over the hill when I was home on leave. Jeez, look at them!

He stared in awe at the great seas which marched down upon the corvette and smashed across the fo'c'sle. Suddenly a new sound pricked his senses alert, a low moaning which sent a shiver trembling up his back. He strained his ears to catch and pinpoint the sound, heard it again, louder this time and apparently dead ahead. What did it mean? He glanced toward Potter, the officer of the watch, but saw no sign of alarm, glanced at the snoozing signalman and shook his head in bewilderment. Was he dreaming? Was it a hallucination brought on by the cold wet misery of his body? Was it another skylark being played by his *alter ego*? Once more the mournful howl came throbbing over the sea, much louder and much closer, eerie and strangely insistent. A foghorn! It was a foghorn!

"Bearing dead ahead!" shouted Chick. "A foghorn!"

Turnbull emitted a howl of pain and sent McAllister flying forward with a brutal shove. McAllister collided with the subby, the subby tripped over the jimmy, and both officers ended in a heap on the wardroom settee.



No reply from the officer of the watch. An interval of silence then the sound of the horn again, much closer. The lookout glanced despairingly at the sub-lieutenant, danced with excitement and once more raised his voice in warning.

"Vessel dead ahead! A ship! A ship!"

Looming through the snow-squalls and the driving spray he saw a black-hulled fishing schooner scudding before the wind with reefed sails, saw the oil-skinned men on her deck and saw her skipper curse the corvette with clenched fist. Almost beside himself Chick leaped to the centre of the bridge and shook the officer roughly.

"A schooner! We're gonna ram her!"

... and down dropped the second Hun, up leaped the third Boche to grapple with the valiant major and down drove the dirk, another German seized Potter's arm and shook it roughly, the hero seized the villain by the throat and lifted his knife...

Chick felt the subby's hand at his throat and he stared in fright at the knife poised above his head.

"Help! Help!"

The dream burst into a thousand fragments and the erstwhile commando gazed stupidly into the face of the lookout.

"What's the matter? Who are you?"

"Ship! Schooner! Collision!"

"What what what?"

"Starboard bow! Ship!"

"Action Stations!" squealed the subby. "Action Stations!"

WHEN the gong exploded Captain Moses Winters leaped fully clothed from a dreamless sleep at the first stroke and raced for the bridge. Sub-Lieutenant O'Rourke tore himself from the embrace of his plump bunk and stumbled toward the fo'c'sle. Sub-Lieutenant Simpson stuffed his bankbook into his pocket and his feet into his boots and clattered up the ladder toward his post in the asdic hut, and First Lieutenant Westlake shook his head in exasperation, dressed himself carefully and strode majestically to join the lesser lights on the bridge.

In the seamen's mess-deck Leading Seaman Henshaw goaded his unwilling shipmates into boots and coats with shouted curses and sent them howling into the well-deck. Below in the stokers' mess Theophile Gauthier smiled a blessing upon the blasphemers who swore most viciously as they stumbled across the deck, offered a prayer for the safety of his soul, crossed himself and dressed. CONTINUED ON PAGE 34



Industry's million-dollar hangover

Problem drinkers waste a million dollars a day on the job. A few firms are learning how to spot—and help—these “hidden half men.” But most companies ignore the alcoholic problem that they’ve got but hate to acknowledge

By Sidney Katz

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER CROYDON

PROBLEM DRINKERS in Canada cost their employers an estimated one million dollars every working day. This staggering sum includes the cost of slowed production, absenteeism, accidents, sickness, labor turnover, wasted materials, insulted customers, errors in executive decisions and poor plant morale. Yet most Canadian businesses not only do nothing to cure this annual multi-million-dollar hangover; they don't seem to know it is there.

Shame and ignorance are at the root of this complacency. Many business leaders still regard alcoholics as wicked, morally degenerate creatures. Hence, they find it distasteful to discuss bibulous employees because “it will give our company a bad name.” Dr. W. H. Cruickshank, a vice-president of the Bell Telephone Company, Toronto, explains, “Shame of the disease, alcoholism, leads to concealment and concealment leads to a further spread of the disease.” That's why labor experts sometimes refer to alcoholism in industry as “the VD of industrial relations.”

Lack of elementary knowledge about the chronic drinker in industry is the other reason why the problem has been so widely ignored. Many an astute business executive erroneously believes that he can instantly spot the drunkards on the payroll. He pictures them as bleary-eyed, unshaven Skid Row bums or desperate Lost Weekenders. Neither image is accurate. Chances are they're outwardly pretty much the same as other employees in appearance, behavior,

skill and length of service. A study in one large plant revealed that eight out of ten problem drinkers had been with the firm for ten years or more.

Careful studies by competent investigators have clearly established that, each year, industry is footing the bill for a \$300-million bender. The extent to which business is unaware of this enormous loss is reflected in the replies of fifty representative Canadian industries who responded to a Maclean's questionnaire on the subject of industry and drinking.

Eighty-five percent of the firms reported that they had no “alcoholic problem”; seventy-five percent placed the number of problem drinkers on their payroll at less than one percent.

Yet, in contradiction, a score of authoritative studies indicate that in the average industry at least three percent of those on the payroll drink to the point where their efficiency is impaired. Many experts believe the proportion to be much higher. The Alcoholism Research Foundation in Toronto, for example, discovered that six percent of the people in ten plants in one Ontario county were problem drinkers. “These figures are valid; they were derived from a painstaking survey,” says Robert R. Robinson, education director of that organization.

After an exhaustive survey which included thirty thousand workers in fourteen firms, the Montreal Council of Social Agencies concluded, “Alcoholism is a major health and social problem in this city . . . In industry, problem drinkers occur at all levels — [among] executives and supervisors as well as clerical, skilled and unskilled workers.”

Several companies reported: “Other companies may have alcoholics, but we're lucky. We don't.” Dr. John L. Norris, medical director, Eastman Kodak Company, states flatly, “A company that makes such a statement just doesn't know what it's talking about.” For the past sixteen years, Norris's company has been conducting rehabilitation programs for alcoholics.

Eighty percent of the companies questioned by Maclean's felt that there was little or no connection between heavy drinking and absenteeism.

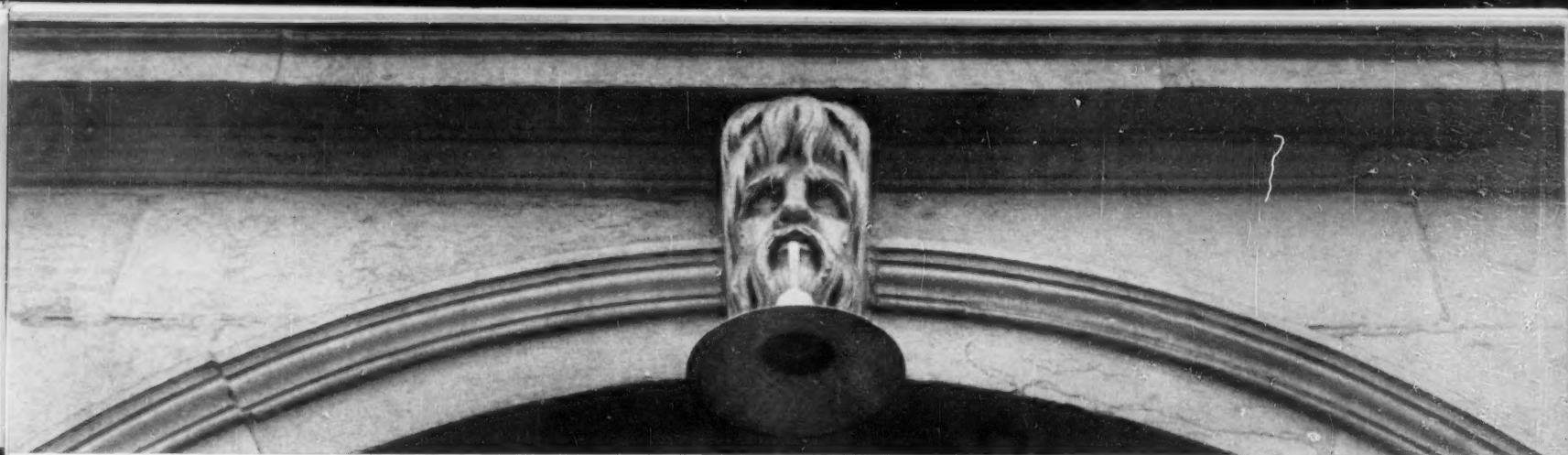
This opinion is at complete variance with the conclusions reached by careful studies covering hundreds of thousands of employees in a wide variety of industries. A report of the Yale Center of Alcohol Studies states, “The alcoholic in industry loses an average of twenty-two working days annually from the acute effects of alcohol alone. In addition, he loses — each year — two days more than the non-alcoholic because of other ailments.” Applying these estimates on a national scale, in 1959 drinking cost Canadian industry 2,400,000 working days — the equivalent of the time lost in strikes and lockouts during the same year.

But a much more insidious form of absenteeism is the “half man.” He's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

The market that won't sell out to Progress





BY BARBARA MOON

IN THE METROPOLITAN TORONTO of today, where an upstart second growth of steel and concrete has long since obliterated yesterday, one dingy parochial landmark survives and flourishes surprisingly. It's

the shrill, sprawling, jumbled, draughty, crowded old St. Lawrence Market, and on a Saturday it still draws as many as fifty thousand people.

Mink-coated dowagers, trailed by liveried chauffeurs, come here to find plum-sized hot-house strawberries in midwinter; shawl-wrapped immigrant women fresh from Europe seek out eels and anise root; soft-cheeked housewives, who take an old-fashioned pride in their table, buy fresh-laid eggs from the descendants of farmers who supplied their grandparents. Here's where you come if you've a fancy for suckling pig or wild jack rabbit or a delicate grey-pink octopus; for peppercress or three branches of bittersweet; for homemade bread or home-cured bacon or home-brew maple syrup; or simply for shopping where you can still prod, taste, heft, still smell the dim musk of bin and barn and root cellar and the crowded past.

The market site is a century and a half old, and for nearly a hundred years it was the fulcrum and forum of the town. Five generations have not only bought and sold on these two narrow city blocks; they have also come to legislate, barbecue a civic ox and listen to speeches. They have been pilloried and horse-whipped and jailed here. They have danced and scratched and slept, been born, got drunk and been killed here. Eight spectators at a political rally were once impaled on butchers' hooks when a gallery in the market collapsed.

But now, in midweek, the market's two vast, ugly red-brick buildings look dark and deserted except for the accident of a war-surplus shop huddled into twenty-five feet of the King Street frontage near the main doors.

Inside the cavernous north building, only a sporadic thump and a spatter of voices disturb the weekday silence. Upstairs, over the entrance, ballerinas rehearse in a hall where Jenny Lind once sang and human derelicts later slept. In the cellar, the town's first public well still bubbles secretly, decked over and forgotten.

The south building is busier. The market is headquarters to a dozen wholesale butchers and produce merchants who supply half the hotels, clubs, restaurants and institutions in Toronto and beyond it from Oshawa to Oakville and north to Barrie. So on weekdays the sightless windows and closed portals hide a purposeful bustle — arrival of carloads of fruits and vegetables, meat, poultry and fish, ringing of phones, haggling of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN de VISSER CONTINUED OVERLEAF

The market that won't sell out to Progress



CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE "Just as they have for 150 years, farmers line their stalls with fresh newspaper and set out the produce.





th produce. Here a shopper can still prod, taste, heft, still smell the dim musk of bin and barn and root cellar—and the crowded past" ★



One foreign-language
newsdealer, Nicholas
Chabal, offers his multi-
lingual customers 60
papers in eight languages
in his Toronto shop.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
HORST EHRLICH



Everything that's fit to print in every language fit to read

A million and a half readers
look to Canada's 93 foreign-language newspapers
to find them wives, air their quarrels,
help their kids with their homework
and even get them out of jail

BY MARIKA ROBERT

IF YOU WALK down Queen Street West in Toronto, one of the great immigrant arteries of Canada, you will find squeezed between a Polish millinery shop and a vacant delicatessen an inconspicuous little book-and-cigar store. Its owner, Nicholas Chabal, a small pleasant Ukrainian, sells colorful Ukrainian calendars that bear the faces of stern national heroes and melancholy poets. He sells Mark Twain's short stories in Ukrainian, *Treasure Island* in Polish and stacks of various novels printed in the mysterious hieroglyphs used by most Eastern Slavic nations.

But like many other such merchants across Canada, he makes his main income from newspapers that are totally unfamiliar to the native Canadian eye. There are sixty different papers displayed on his counter, and almost every one is a journalistic three-ring circus. Diatribes substitute for duels, communists openly comment on what's wrong with Canada — and New Canadians offer fresh and often surprising remarks about almost anything. There are papers in which a single ad has brought two hundred offers of marriage, and those in which the feature attraction is a serialized Victorian novel.

Foreign-language papers aren't new to Canada. Two Icelandic papers, printed in Winnipeg, date back to the 1880s; some Norwegian, Polish, Chinese, and German papers are more than half a century old. But never have there been as many as today: ninety-three ethnic papers printed in twenty-nine languages and read by

roughly a million and a half people, pre-war and postwar immigrants alike.

For most of the readers — the newest newcomers — the ethnic paper is not only a source of news but also their teacher, guide and friend in a foreign world. They will consult it if they want to rent a room, buy a car, hire a baby sitter, find their lost relatives, visit a fortune teller, or divorce their wives. They believe the goods advertised in it meet with the special approval of the editor.

Indeed, in the eyes of many newcomers, the editor becomes an omnipotent father image whose duty it is to help them, advise them and care for their well-being. When two German youths were arrested in Toronto for carrying bottles of beer in their pockets they immediately phoned Karl J. Baier from the *Torontoer Zeitung* and insisted he get them out of jail. The same Karl Baier was awakened at four o'clock one morning by the ringing of his phone.

"My wife isn't at home," an exasperated husband yelled in German. "At this hour, did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Do you want her to come home?" Baier asked calmly.

The answer was yes, so Baier crept out of bed, notified the police, and did his best to calm the man.

An ethnic editor may have to find an obstetrician in a hurry, advise on a real-estate deal, recommend a reliable plumber, attend

christenings and funerals, and even write school compositions on Prime Minister Diefenbaker.

"My son has a great problem," one lady wrote recently to the *German Courier*, published in Winnipeg. "He has to write a composition about the prime minister and I'm afraid I can't be of much help. Would you please advise him how to do it?"

"There are two parties in our class," another little boy wrote to the same paper. "One is against immigration, the other, including myself, is for it. We are having a debate on Friday and I thought you could give me a few facts that would help us to win it. It is very important. Please hurry."

Frank Glogowski, editor of Toronto's *Polish Alliancer*, is sometimes asked to attend weddings and give away the bride. Some of these brides may praise or curse him for ever after, since they had found their husbands with the help of his paper's lonely-hearts column. The interest in marital ads has sometimes been so great among the Poles that one lady advertising for a husband got 226 answers. (She rejected them all.)

German and Hungarian papers also carry ads in which "gay widows" seek a secure future and German girls offer to answer all letters from males willing to import them to Canada. A "handsome Hussar" searching for a congenial maiden to share his life received seventy-six letters.

One German ad CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

A SOLDIER'S RETURN TO THE ITALIAN BATTLEFIELD

BY MCKENZIE PORTER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARLO BAVAGNOLI

ONE WARM SUNNY DAY last March I visited a place I see often in my nightmares — the medieval Italian village of Tufo, which perches on the pinnacle of a conical hill in the mountains between Naples and Rome. In returning to Tufo I satisfied a craving common to many old soldiers — to see once again the scene of their bloodiest battle. I found the experience harrowing.

During World War II, Tufo was a strong-point in the Gustav Line, a formidable German defensive position that ran from Formia on the Tyrrhenian Sea to Cassino, twenty miles inland. The position represented the Germans' last stand before Rome, and Hitler ordered it to be held to the last man.

On January 17, 1944, I took part in a Scottish infantry attack on Tufo. During nine hours of fighting my company commander was killed. As the senior of two surviving lieutenants I took over the company, and eventually we captured Tufo. When it was all over, my company had lost half of its one hundred and eighty men. I supervised the burial of thirty or forty Germans my men killed in and about Tufo.

Unfortunately, Allied troops to our left and right failed to capture the key positions of Gaeta and Cassino. Thus, Tufo became a dent in the enemy line. For four months we were pinned down in Tufo by shellfire that came from our front and both flanks. In those grim days I got to know Tufo's every nook and cranny.



After crossing the Garigliano River in canvas boats we fought our way up the slopes of Tufo. In an orange grove on the outskirts of the village we established a company HQ in a brick shack, which still shows signs of shell damage. The owner was absent but his watchdog welcomed me. Inside I found two earthenware pitchers that we'd used ourselves in wartime to fetch water from a nearby well. I purloined the smaller as a souvenir, leaving the owner a good sum in compensation. To the right of the picture, under the ladder, is one of the corkscrew steel rods we used to anchor our own barbed-wire defenses.



I was so filled with emotion when I walked up this street that I cannot remember seeing the two suspicious peasant women. I am raising my hat not to them but to the memory of the men who died on these cobbles. About a dozen men dropped as we rushed up this southern entrance to Tufo, bent double, and firing from the hip at Germans who retreated around the corner ahead. The "splashes" in the wall ahead on the right were made by our own bullets and mortar bombs earlier in the action, when we were trying to knock out Germans who fired from the two narrow windows. From the top floor of the building on the left, a German dropped hand grenades. Later we killed him.



A rather querulous priest buttonholed me in Tufo. He said he'd heard I'd been in command there during the war and had a complaint to make. One of my men, he said, had stolen a book from his library during our occupation. I'm afraid I was short with him. "Maybe," I said, "you should have remained in Tufo. We had plenty of use for a priest in those days." Like other villagers this priest had fled during the fighting, seeking shelter behind our own or German lines. We used one of his chapels as an advanced dressing station.



Nicolò the dwarf was the only civilian who remained in Tufo during the four-month battle. He kept a small wine bar and profited from the thirst of my men just as he had profited from the thirst of the Germans. The day we captured Tufo, Nicolò and I quarreled when I ordered six of his huge empty wine casks to be sawn in half so the battle-filthy troops could take baths. We came out purple from the effect of hot water on the wine-impregnated wood. On my return to Tufo, Nicolò, who is now retired, recognized me. He forgave me for cutting up his wine casks and accompanied me on a short walk.



Little girls were skipping in the main street of Tufo, taking my mind for a moment off the savage wild-westish street battle we fought among the warren of dwellings. The Germans put up their last stand in two houses at the far end of the street. These houses were badly damaged by our Piat anti-tank bombs, which we used to blow the Germans out. They have now been repaired. Most of the bullet splashes in the other walls have been cemented over. At my left is a room in which an orange grower now keeps his tools. In the early hours of the battle we used this as a mortuary for wounded Germans who had been carried in by our stretcher bearers, only to die in our midst.



I am sitting on the church steps. These were under twenty feet of rubble when I was last in Tufo. A big three-story building opposite collapsed upon them after constant German shellfire. Today that rubble has been removed, leaving a big open square before the church. Beyond the square I could see down to the Garigliano River and to the military cemetery in which all the men who died in Tufo now lie. Carlo Bavagnoli, the photographer, offered to drive me down to the cemetery. But I had no wish to go. Nor shall I ever visit Tufo again. It will return to me, often enough, in my dreams. ★



NEW THEATRE: most of this year's festival will be in the \$6 million Queen Elizabeth Theatre.

Vancouver's bold but shaky INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

1958: critical applause, box-office failure

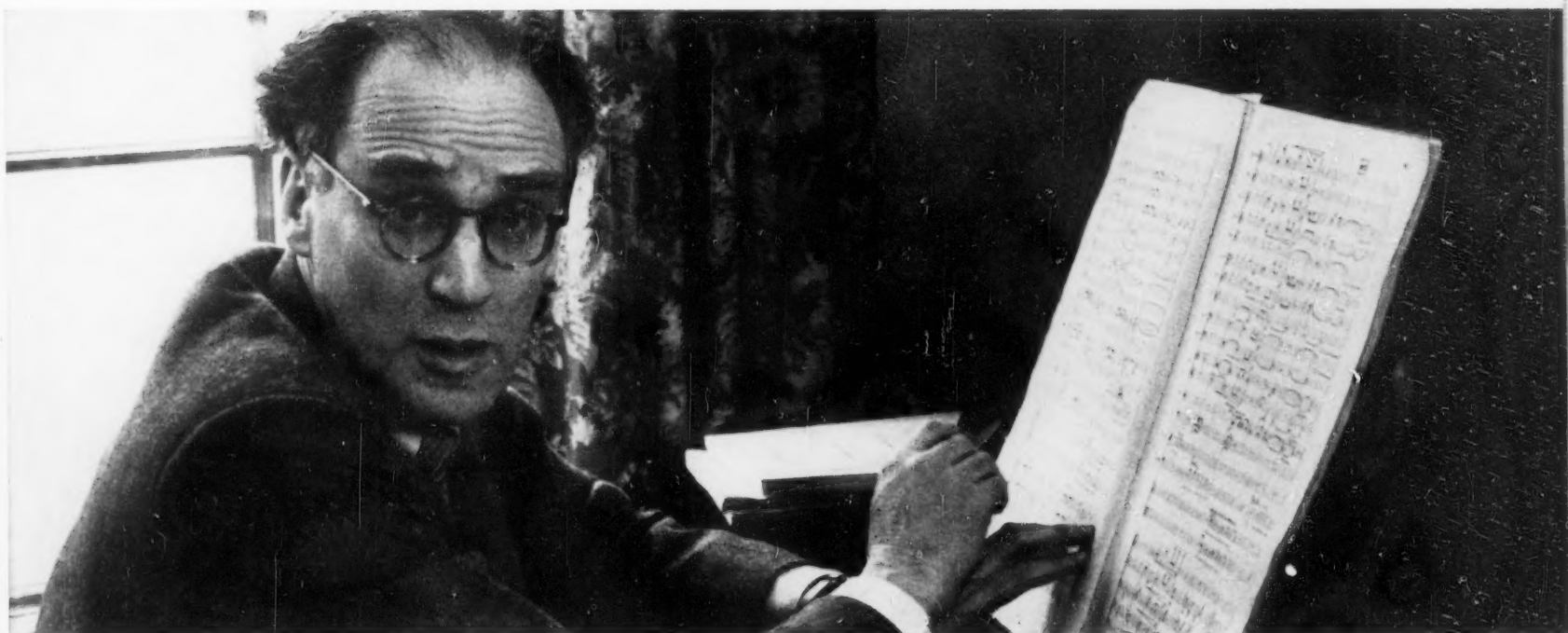
1959: louder critical applause, box-office failure

1960: bigger stars, slicker productions and faith—
if the box office doesn't pick up, Vancouver's
third festival will be its last

BY RAY GARDNER

NEW STAR: Leonard Bernstein, well known for his TV lectures, will lead the N.Y. Philharmonic.





OPTIMISTIC PRODUCER: "Now," says Nicholas Goldschmidt, "we have the exact formula for success." By "success" he means high standards and moderate losses.

■ THE MOST LAVISH but shakiest spectacle in North American show business, the Vancouver International Festival, faces its crucial test this summer. In its third season, the festival must pack 'em in or pack it up.

In 1958, Vancouver set out to crash the big leagues of world culture by attempting to mount an annual international festival of the arts that would rival those of Edinburgh and Salzburg and surpass, at least in scope, the yearly Shakespearean spree at Stratford, Ont.

In two years of trying, Nicholas Goldschmidt, founder and impresario of the Vancouver show, has produced two festivals of spectacular size and variety and of considerable, if uneven, artistic quality.

But, so far, the people of Vancouver have not shown they are ready to buy culture by the carload lot. In its inaugural season, the festival lost \$150,000—more than was anticipated but not a disastrous loss. Then, last summer, it took an even stiffer jolt at the box office and lost two hundred thousand dollars. This almost wiped out the Vancouver Festival Society, which runs the show.

The society, a non-profit organization, expects the

festival will always lose money, but it could not survive another loss as big as last season's.

To meet the challenge, Goldschmidt has fashioned a program that promises to be the most spectacular yet. It will also be the cheapest of the three to produce.

For three and a half weeks, from July 22 to August 16, he'll bury the town under an avalanche of the world's finest long-hair and crew-cut entertainment. In all, six hundred performers from six countries—musicians, singers, dancers, actors, and even acrobats—will take part.

To top the bill Goldschmidt has booked two sure-fire international show-stoppers: the Peking Opera, which caused a sensation when it made its first western appearance in Paris in 1955, and the brilliant Leonard Bernstein with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

For a time, Goldschmidt had a third big attraction booked: Jerome Robbins' Ballets: U. S. A., a modern dance ensemble which made a sixteen-month tour of Europe last fall without playing to a single empty seat. But suddenly Robbins telephoned that his ballet couldn't keep the engagement.

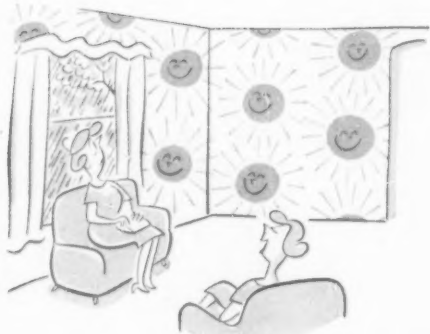
Continued on page 58



"It's nice to see you smile for a change."



"Whenever they quarrel, he puts her age on the window."



"I think it brightens up the room, don't you?"



"Guess what you're doing on your vacation?"

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING SOMEBODY

"To maintain his self-respect it is essential for a man to feel he is somebody in his own home." — Prof. Desmond Winter, British psychologist, in a news interview.

That's exactly right. I know I'm full of self-respect, because I'm certainly somebody in my house.

Why, early this evening my wife came home from shopping and said, "Somebody had better bring the groceries in from the car if anybody expects dinner in time to get out and play cards tonight." I knew right off whom she meant. I ran and lugged in all the cartons so I could be sure of getting out in time.

No sooner had we finished the dishes than she said, "Somebody's going to get an awful surprise if I find any more clothes dropped around the house." I knew who this was, too. I picked up my hat and coat from the coffee table and hung them up — even though I was going to put them on in half a minute.

When I turned around, I was surprised to see she was holding some sponges and a can of gummy substance in her hands. "If somebody doesn't help me clean down these walls," she said, "they needn't expect me to lend them any money."

As I was just about to mention this very subject to her — the money, not the walls — I realized suddenly I wasn't in such a hurry as I thought. I grabbed a handful of wallpaper cleaner and went to work.

Later when I put on my newly dry-cleaned hat in front of the mirror, my wife commented, "You think you're somebody, don't you?"

I don't know why she asked me that, because she should know: If there's anybody in my house who's somebody, it's me.

— STUART TRUEMAN

Sweet
and
sour

Home is where you hang the expense

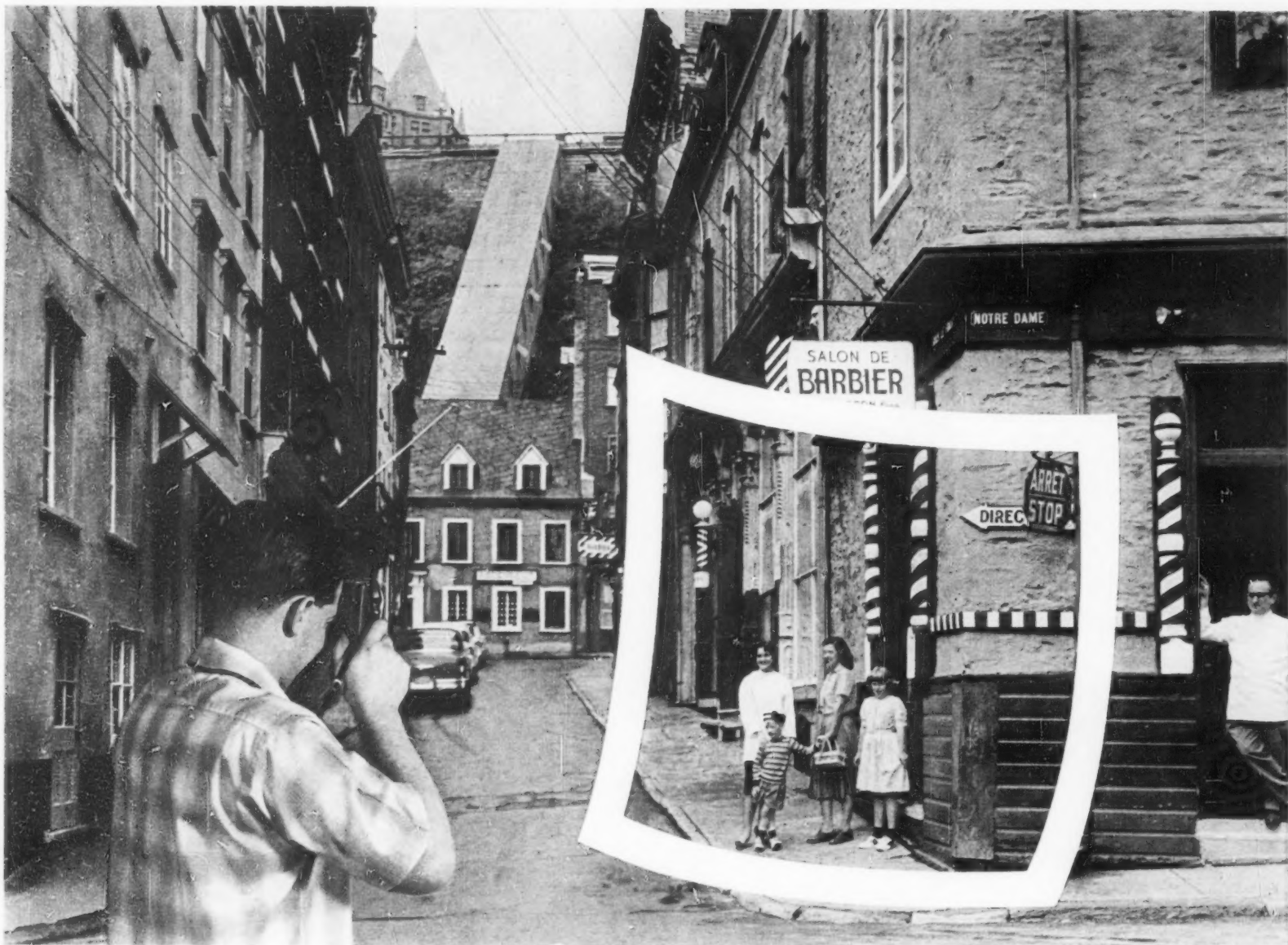


"We're going to call it . . . er . . . ah . . . 'Pringle Manor'."

WATER TELLS THE TRUTH ABOUT WHISKY. When it meets whisky, water is the essence of outspoken frankness. It adds nothing, detracts nothing, disguises nothing in making the whisky express its own character and flavour... Such a meeting is the critical test we urge for Seagram's "83". For here is one whisky deliberately distilled, aged and blended to satisfy the most discriminating palate when mixed with nothing more than plain or sparkling water... Make this easy, all-revealing test with "83" and see if you don't agree that a whisky of such light, clean, round, palate-tingling flavour must certainly be an ideal drink when combined with anybody's favourite mixer!



*A distinguished new decanter
for a distinguished Canadian Whisky...
for generations a great
Canadian favourite.*



All the quaintness and old-world charm of Quebec's Lower Town comes vividly "alive" in a Kodacolor snapshot.

PICTURE IDEA OF THE WEEK

Show early Canada in Kodacolor snapshots

Colorful, storied places are even *more* unforgettable when you take Kodacolor snapshots.

And it's easy! All you do is put Kodacolor Film in a Brownie Camera and shoot away. Kodacolor Film works like a charm in *any* camera. It can be processed locally in many cities, or by Kodak. Ask your dealer.

Kodacolor Film
is now available
at new low prices



Kodak
— a trademark since 1888



The Citadel at Quebec takes Peter back to the seventeenth century — and a prized Kodacolor snapshot for Mother and Dad.



You'll see the colorful sights of Quebec from your calèche again and again when you take them home in Kodacolor snapshots.

See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" on CBC-TV Network

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto 15, Ontario



Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

CHANCE MEETING: An important Englishman's restless French wife (Micheline Presle) and a boyish but tough-minded Dutch artist living in London (Hardy Kruger) are the principals in this intelligent British mystery. Their furtive amour ends abruptly: she is killed, he is accused of murdering her, and all the circumstantial evidence is against him. In both the writing and the acting these characters are developed with a skill and depth not usually found in the screen's whodunits. Even the man from Scotland Yard (Stanley Baker) is a sharply etched individual — with a temper and a nasty cold in the head — instead of the familiar stereotype.

ALL THE FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS: Vaguely resembling both *Peyton Place* and *Home From the Hill* but not as good as either, this is a long and tedious melodrama about the sexual rivalries of a bunch of young people in present-day Texas. A funeral service in a brothel is presumably intended as a smashing finale. The cast includes Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner, George Hamilton, Susan Kohner and Pearl Bailey. Rating: poor.

THE CHAPLIN REVUE: Three of the great Charlie's silent hits — *A Dog's Life*, *Shoulder Arms* and *The Pilgrim* — are packaged into a two-hour unit with a sound track consisting of music written by Chaplin and his own spoken introductions. The three together strike me as being a bit too much of a good thing, but each segment has its share of superbly funny moments.

THE ENEMY GENERAL: Van Johnson is an American undercover agent in Nazi-occupied France in this unexciting wartime drama. On-the-spot camerawork in Europe lends a surface plausibility despite the pulp-fiction shallowness of the characters involved.

HELL BENT FOR LEATHER: A thoroughly competent old-fashioned western, devoid of the Freudian complexities so often encountered nowadays in Hollywood's "adult" lope-operas. The Good Guy (Audie Murphy) is an innocent rancher who is mistaken for an escaped murderer, and the Bad Guy (Stephen McNally) is a sadistic deputy sheriff who wants to bring in a dead suspect — even if the real killer gets away. There is also a pretty schoolmarm (Felicia Farr).

TAKE A GIANT STEP: A Negro schoolboy's painful gropings toward maturity are depicted with muddled compassion. Johnny Nash plays the central role. The people in the story remain rather shadowy figures throughout. The film bravely emphasizes that strong racial bias exists on both sides of the color line in America.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Angry Red Planet: Science-fiction. Fair.
Battle of the Sexes: Comedy. Fair.
Because They're Young: Drama. Good.
Behind the Great Wall: Travelogue plus odors. Good.
Ben-Hur: Biblical drama. Excellent.
Conspiracy of Hearts: Drama. Good.
A Dog of Flanders: Drama. Good.
Flame Over India: Drama. Good.
The 400 Blows: French drama about childhood. Excellent.
The Fugitive Kind: Drama. Good.
Heller in Pink Tights: Comedy-drama of Wild West show-biz. Good.
Home From the Hill: Drama. Good.
I'm All Right, Jack: Comedy. Good.
Kidnapped: Adventure drama. Good.
Left, Right and Centre: Comedy. Fair.
Man on a String: Spy drama. Good.
Masters of the Congo Jungle: African documentary story. Excellent.
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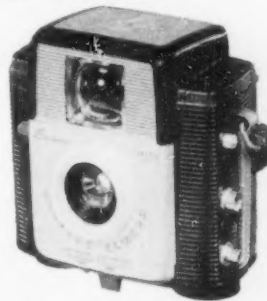
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The mystery of the Merrifield continued from page 17

"Find out why he rang action stations — before I crack your heads together!" Winters roared

for the fray. Alert was the watchword and alert they were indeed, an oak-hearted and oak-headed company.

"Range and bearing!" shouted Captain Winters when he reached the bridge. "What's the range and bearing, man?"

"I-I-I—"

"Glory be to God! Are you panicking too, the way that other fresh-water dandy did? Why isn't the asdic repeater turned on? What's the classification of the echo? Speak up, you bloody fool!"

"Wh-wh-wh-wh—"

"Hell's bells, boy, have you gone out of your mind? What's that you've got in your hand? A dirk?"

"Uh-uh-uh-uh—"

"What in blistering hell are you doing

with a knife? Playing cowboys and Indians?"

"I-I-I—"

The captain knocked the gaping officer of the watch out of his way and seized the bridge-adsic voice-pipe: "Give me the range and bearing of that contact. Lively, now!"

"No contact, sir!" cried Joey Smith from within the hut.

"No contact? Glory be to God, man, you mean you've lost it already? Carry out lost contact procedure!"

"But sir!"

Sub-Lieutenant Simpson rapped the asdic set with his knuckles and frowned crossly at the operator: "How dare you argue with the captain! Carry out his orders at once, do you hear?"

"But—"

"Well?" bellowed the captain through the voice-pipe. "What about that contact?"

Simpson's face blanched and he stared helplessly at Henshaw: "What shall we do?"

"Tell him the truth."

"Well?" roared the captain.

"We, that is, Smith . . ."

"Speak up, man!"

"No contact, sir. We haven't had a ping all night."

On the sea-swept bridge Winters lifted his head from the asdic voice-pipe in time to receive a slash of spray across his jaw. His hatred for these inland play-boy sailors rose to fever pitch, and his eyebrows contracted with fury as he turned toward the officer of the watch. Leslie Potter gulped and quaked and trembled, and the hand which held the legendary dirk shook so fearfully that the knife was in danger of clattering to the deck.

"Westlake!"

"Sir?" sniffed the first lieutenant.

"Ask this shackle-mouthed juvenile why he sounded action stations. Lively now, before the whole crew's washed over the side."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the first lieutenant stiffly, "but if I may say so this is hardly the time and place to interrogate a commissioned officer. Sub-Lieutenant Potter is a gentleman, and to subject him to—"

"Sub-Lieutenant Potter's a pot-headed moron!" raged the captain. "A pot-bellied, pot-licking potful of daydreaming irresponsibility! The boy's potty, d'you understand? Potty! Now will you find out why he rang action stations, before I crack your heads together like empty chamberpots?"

Lieutenant Westlake glared at his commanding officer. Good heavens, this was intolerable! Simply intolerable! Was the chaos in the elements to be matched by anarchy in the social order? How else could one explain the hideous reality of a Toronto Westlake knuckling to the brutal threats of this garbage-scow pilot, this illiterate sea-scum? What price breeding? What price wealth? What price any of the advantages poured upon his head by a doting parent? If only he were the captain! If only he could bribe the powers-that-be into a sudden reversal of the positions of Winters and himself! How he would make him suffer then! How he would grind him down and down . . .

"Well?"

The first lieutenant swallowed his re-



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sentiment for the time being and turned upon the hapless subby: "Well, Potter? Why did you sound action stations?"

"But I didn't, Peter! I didn't!"

"Then who did?"

"McAllister! It was McAllister!"

Westlake turned upon the commanding officer with a triumphant sneer: "You see? McAllister. I warned you something would happen if you let that lunatic aboard."

"How the hell could a lookout give the order to sound action stations?"

"He reported a submarine! That's why I sounded the alarm!"

"A sub on the surface in this gale?" asked the captain. "Bring that lookout over here."

McAllister was brought to the centre of the bridge and propped roughly against the shrapnel mats; directly in front of him glowered the awful figure of the captain, to his right towered the jimmy and to his left shone the cherubic countenance of Leslie Potter. Chick's eyes darted from face to face, his body trembled with cold and his liver shrank with fright. Now what? Now what had he done?

"How could you see a surfaced submarine in this storm?" demanded the captain.

"Submarine? I didn't see no submarine, sir!"

"You lie!" squealed Potter. "You reported a sub!"

"I didn't!"

"What did you see?" asked Winters.

"A fishing schooner, sir! I hears this foghorn so I reports it to Sub-Lieutenant Potter, then a minute later I sees this sailing vessel..."

"Liar!" shrieked Potter. "Liar! Liar! Liar!"

"Keep silence!" roared the captain. "Go on, McAllister."

"I thought we was gonna ram her, sir, so I hollers at the sub-lieutenant again, but he's waving that knife around like he's butchering a hog, so I..."

"Liar!" screamed Potter. "Fork-tongued liar!"

"Go on, McAllister."

"I figured he was having one of his daydreams, so I grabbed his arm and..."

"You dared lay hands upon a commissioned officer?" gasped the first lieutenant. "You'll get detention for this, McAllister! Ninety days hard labor!"

Moses Winters measured his executive officer with contempt, glanced with compassion at the frightened lookout then turned upon the subby.

"Well, Potter? What's your story?"

"I was standing watch in the proper manner, sir, eyes wide open, alert, and all that sort of thing, you know, when suddenly this seaman began to shout some unintelligible nonsense about submarines off the port bow. I tried to reason with him but he became violently abusive and threatened to fire off all the bridge rockets at once; he seized me by the throat, I drew my knife to defend myself and ordered action stations to save the ship. The man is a maniac, sir! A stark raving maniac!"

"But it was a fishing schooner! I saw it with my own eyes!"

"Keep silence!" shouted the jimmy. "You're on my report!"

Winters saw the frightened truth in the eyes of the little seaman and he dropped his own eyes in bitter shame. What could he do? Defy custom and tradition to espouse a lost cause? It was the word of an officer against the word of a rating and the lookout's fate was sealed as surely as if he had attacked the sub-lieutenant in actuality.

In the seamen's mess-deck Dusty Miller sprawled upon a bench and smoked hungrily, his craving for mischief stilled by the narcotic pleasure of his cigarette. Through heavy-lidded eyes he gazed at the hammocks swaying above his head, swept his glance over the littered tables and lockers and a sneer twitched his lips. Cattle; dirty cattle, that's all they were; hunkies and Frenchies and herring-chokers and slum-rats. He fingered the bos'n's pipe which hung from a lanyard about his neck, licked his lips, chuckled maliciously at the sleeping forms and

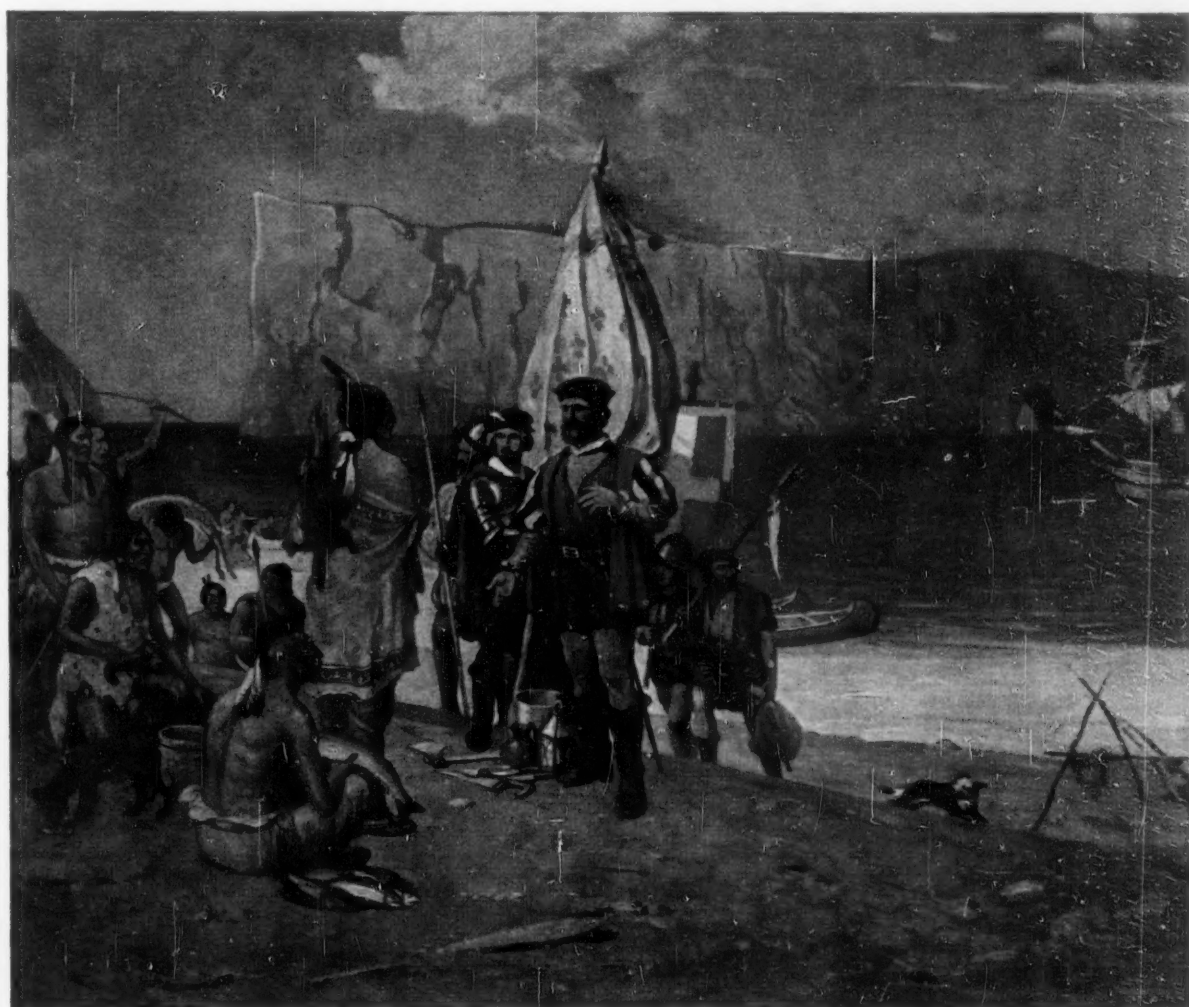
blew a blast which shrilled through tired nerves.

"Wakey! Wakey! Wakey! Rise and shine the morning's fine! Come on, my sons, you've had your time now I want mine! Roll out and hit the deck! Wakey! Wakey! Wakey! Rise and shine the air's like wine the sun'll burn your eyes out! Roll out! Roll out!"

He listened with pleasure to the curses which greeted his shout and his grin spread wider as his shipmates rolled from their hammocks. How he loved to prick their hides with the barb of his malice!

He lifted the pipe to his lips and repeated the call, even louder and shriller than ever, and a surge of satisfaction warmed his bile as he saw them wince at the noise.

Miller threaded his way across the littered deck until he reached the forepeak and stood beneath the hammock of Chick McAllister. The dogsbody. Dogsbody McAllister. He-hee! He picked a broken brush-handle from the deck and began to thump the bottom of the hammock with might and main, grinning and shouting and cursing like a madman.



Original painting by J. D. Kelly from the Confederation Life collection of Historical Canadian Scenes.

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AMONG the rugged sea captains of Brittany, none had won wider renown than the master pilot of St. Malo, Jacques Cartier. So it was no surprise when, in 1534, King Francis I named Cartier to lead France's expedition to China—by way of a passage through North America.

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"Wakey! Wakey! Wakey! Make a move, you creep!"

"Hey! Lay off that kid, Miller!"

"He can't feel it! He's a Jonah! Roll out!"

Dusty ended his exhortation with a last vicious cut and stepped back to draw breath for the next attack. Before he could strike again the hammock tilted to one side and the face of McAllister appeared over the edge of the canvas, twinkling in a cheerful grin.

"I thought I would find you at the other end of the stick, friend jackal."

The changeling raised himself within the hammock and craned his neck to drink in the scene, ran his eye over tables and lockers and bulkheads and faces, and he beamed with delight.

"Well. The whole menagerie."

THE electrifying news crackled into every corner of the Merrifield, and if an impudent U-boat had surfaced alongside her that morning it would have been pointedly snubbed by the excited matelots. The weird and wonderful stranger from the sea had returned to visit them. It no longer mattered whether he was McAllister or Davey Jones, man or devil, ego or alter ego; it no longer mattered whether the whole affair was a skylark being played by the genuine McAllister; all that mattered was that a novelty had been introduced into the drab routine of convoy duty and that with each appearance of the stranger a shock of happiness thrilled the crew. He was a being apart, a subliminal spirit who had come aboard to champion the lower decks, and the initial antipathy of the ratings had now been replaced with rabid hero-worship. Had he not deflated the insufferable subby with his sly *Admiral of the Fleet Lord Potter*? Had he not laughed at the mighty Westlake? Had he not tweaked the beard of the coxswain? Let hypocrites and bullies beware! The new Chick was aboard again and woe unto the Scribes and the Pharisees.

IN the wardroom, breakfast was proceeding with restrained dignity, and the three officers devoured eggs and bacon and toast with such decorum that the food seemed to disappear without the vulgarity of mastication. The end of the gale and a good night's sleep had restored Lieutenant Westlake's tolerance to all its pristine glory, and the smiles he bestowed on his companions were a credit indeed to the Theory of Tolerance for the Guidance of Wealthy Young Gentlemen. Simpson positively basked in their rays, and his yearning to establish himself on a first-name basis with the splendid Westlake leaped alive and set his palms perspiring with desire. Potter was also in fine fettle, and wisdom and witticisms tumbled from his lips in such abundance that one would have thought the seven Muses had slept upon his tongue. Hovering about the perimeter of the feasting Jovians was Steward Tessier, his face so contorted with suppressed excitement that his cheeks quivered under the strain.

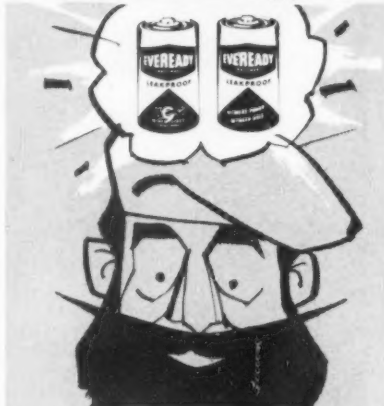
"Fishing schooner indeed," scoffed Potter. "Really, Peter, I swear that man's wits are as addled as his nose is long."

"Definitely paranoid," agreed the first lieutenant. "His attack on you last night proves beyond question that he is a homicidal maniac."

"Jolly good thing I had my commando dirk with me."

"I still think the man is subject to recurrent fits of schizophrenia," said Simpson timidly. "He's such a pathetic little creature when he's normal, it hardly seems—"

"Pathetic?" gasped Potter. "That would-be murderer?"



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"Well, I mean, that is, he . . ."

Simpson's voice trailed off into silence and he felt his neck crimsoning under Westlake's stare.

"A gentleman, Simpson, does not leap to the defense of every Tom, Dick, and Harry, particularly when one of them has just attacked a fellow officer."

"Yes. Uh, sorry, Number One. Sorry."

Westlake shifted his gaze from the subby to the steward and his tolerant smile slipped into irritation.

"Is there any reason for that idiotic grin, Tessier?"

"Yes, sir! Certainly, sir!"

"What?"

"The gentleman's back in the mess-deck, sir!"

"Gentleman?"

"Yes sir! The new McAllister, sir! He's back again!"

The officers stared at each other in dismay, and as the import of the news made itself felt on their minds their faces reflected the emotions created by it: tolerance vanished from the Westlake visage; a harried frown replaced Simpson's flush; all color fled from Potter's cheeks and the poor boy's lips began to quiver tearfully.

"It's not fair, Peter," he whimpered. "I mean, it really isn't, you know. It's not. No."

ABOVE in the captain's cabin, Moses Winters listened thoughtfully to Chief Macdonald's plaintive tale, and at its conclusion he leaned forward to jab with his pipe-stem.

"Of course the boy saw a schooner. What else would it be in this latitude with a westerly gale blowing? Of course that pot-headed subby was dreaming. What else does he ever do? And I stood by and let them bear false witness against an innocent lad for the sake of peace and quiet. My soul for a mess of pottage, chief, and now the jig's up and it's time to pay the piper."

"I'm sure, I dinna ken, sir."

"We'll pay," repeated the captain grimly. "We'll pay his fee before the voyage is over."

Macdonald stared at his commanding officer in horror and his face paled at this unexpected confirmation of his superstitious fears.

REQUESTMEN and defaulters fall in on the wardroom flats! Requestmen and defaulters to the wardroom flats! On the double! Chop! Chop!

The quartermaster underlined his orders with a squeal from his bos'n's pipe, tossed back the hood of his duffel coat and grinned at the assembled sailors, and his knowing winks and grimaces threatened to twist his face into a granny knot. An audience always brought out the best in the man and the opportunity to perform pantomime before this distinguished gathering sent him soaring to the pinnacle of mimicry. Grouped about the starboard table were Perstanski and Pariseau, Henshaw, Campbell, Miller and McLeod, to say nothing of a great swarm of lesser dignitaries drawn from every mess in the ship: there were off-duty stokers and off-duty coders, signalmen, telegraphists, cooks and stewards, all of them staring in awe at the little changeling who sat at his ease on the table.

"A noisy young man," said Chick. "Anyone that pleased with himself must bring bad news."

"Bad news for you," said Campbell sorrowfully.

"For me?"

"This is what we been telling you about, Chickie," explained Perstanski. "This is defaulters, see?"

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"The trial?"

"Yeh. But this won't be a trial, it'll be a farce. They're gonna railroad you right into chokey."

"Chokey?"

"Detention barracks, sir," explained Billy McLeod. "Dey'll give you ninety days, sir, sure as sin, sir."

"And you are all quite sure I'm innocent?"

"Of course you're innocent," cried Henshaw. "Whoever heard of a sub on the surface in a gale like that? You saw a schooner, all right, and Potter's trying to frame you to cover up his daydreaming."

"Admiral of the Fleet Lord Potter?"

"Dat's him, sir!" cried Billy. "Dat's him!" He turned rapturously toward the attentive sailors: "Lord, did you ever see such a corker, me sons?"

"Here's your cap, Chick or Sir or Devil or whoever the hell you are," laughed Perstanski. "Billy will take you down to the wardroom flats, the coxswain will parade you up before the jimmy and order Off Caps, you'll doff your trilby, he'll read the charges, you'll stare the braid into the deck and singe their bloody eyeballs! Good-oh!"

From the sun-flecked well-deck Turnbull's voice roared above the chattering in the mess.

"McAllister!"

"The Grand Inquisitor," said Chick. He swept the cap from his head and bowed to his peers: "Gentlemen, your honor is in safekeeping."

And amid the cheers and well-wishes of his shipmates the changeling marched off to battle.

OFF caps!" ordered the coxswain. McAllister removed his cap, held it behind his back, spread his legs apart and beamed pleasantly at the officers before him. Turnbull stared at the relaxed rating and his black beard began to bristle with rage: were his eyes deceiving him? Was this bloody misfit actually lounging, yes, lounging, while up before the executive officer as a defaulter? The chief's hands knuckled at his side and he fought down an impulse to beat the insolent wretch within an inch of his life.

"Defaulter, defaulter hun!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Don't stand there gaping and gawping. Stand at attention! Attention!"

"You really must watch that blood pressure, sir," said Chick kindly. "With your choleric disposition . . ."

"Keep silence!"

The coxswain ground his teeth in a frenzy, rubbed a sleeve across his forehead and rolled a reddened eye toward the deck-head. Ten seconds of deep breathing enabled him to regain partial self-control, and he turned panting toward the first lieutenant.

"Begging your pardon, sir, but as you can see, sir, Ordinary Seaman McAllister is not quite right, sir. A bit balmy, sir. Bonkers."

"I told you he was dangerous, Peter," whispered Potter. "He should be in a strait jacket. He's mad, I tell you. Mad."

The subby leaped back in alarm as the defaulter suddenly snapped to attention with a click of his heels.

"Admiral of the Fleet Lord Potter! The darling of Toronto! The scourge of the Hun! The watchdog of the Western Approaches! The hero of the North Atlantic! The modern Sir Launcelot! The Nelson of the North! The Canadian Hamlet! The Commando Kid! The . . ."

"Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!" squealed Leslie.

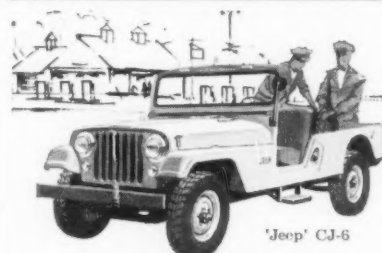
So carried away was he by his hatred of the mocking elf that he jumped up

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and down in a tantrum and shook his fist under the nose of his tormentor. The latter widened his eyes in surprise and stepped back out of harm's way, and whether by accident or intent he ground the sharp heel of his Wellington into the sea-booted toe of the coxswain. Turnbull emitted a howl of pain and sent the defaulter flying forward with a brutal shove, the defaulter collided with the subby, the subby tripped over the jimmy and both officers ended up in a nerve-shattered heap on the wardroom settee. The coxswain gaped at his superiors in dismay, and in the furious face of the first lieutenant he saw all his dreams of commissioned rank bursting before his eyes like bubbles in the bow wash.

"Begging your pardon, sir. An accident, sir."

"Accident?" shrilled Westlake. "An accident?"

"Yes, sir. Accidental, sir. You see, sir, the defaulter stepped—"

"It was deliberate, Peter!"

"Of course it was deliberate!" The first lieutenant struggled to his feet, his face so masked by injured pride that it was scarcely human: "You'll pay for this, Turnbull! I'll make you suffer for that shove!"

"But sir, it was an accident!"

"It was deliberate. A deliberate attempt to embarrass your superiors. We know how bitterly you and the captain resent Potter and I. We know how you sneer behind your beard at our civilian mannerisms!"

"But sir!"

"Don't think for a moment that we've been taken in by your apple-polishing, your obsequious sniveling and boot-licking!"

"Me? Sniveling?"

"Certainly," sniffed Potter.

"And you thought I'd recommend you for a commission, did you? Is that what you thought, Turnbull? Considered yourself to be wardroom material, did you? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Hee hee hee!" echoed Potter.

A scowl was rapidly replacing the coxswain's original dismay, and as his anger increased his face grew blacker and blacker until the dividing line between skin and beard was almost obliterated. Westlake watched the gathering storm and reveled in the man's suffering.

"You a commissioned officer! Why, you aren't even a gentleman, Turnbull. You're nothing but an ignorant lout. A social-climber."

"Definitely," sniffed Potter.

A burst of fury shook the coxswain and he waved his paw an inch from Potter's chin: "Badger me, will you, you little crumb! I'll break your..."

"Hun!" shouted the first lieutenant.

The chief snapped to attention in automatic response to years of training and only the black scowl and the clenched fists revealed the inner turmoil. Westlake sneered in mocking silence for a few seconds, savoring the exquisite delight of his power over the man in front of him.

"I'll break you for this, Turnbull. Break you to able seaman."

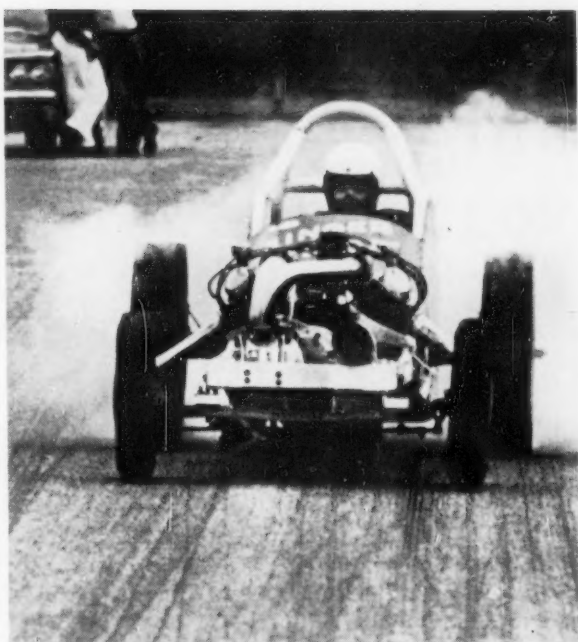
"Break and bedamned, sir."

"You heard that, Sub-Lieutenant Potter?"

"I certainly did, sir!" brayed Potter.

"Marvelous," said the defaulter. "Bull-baiting at its finest." He bowed with mock humility before the first lieutenant: "Forgive me, sir, for having earlier compared you with a Pomeranian; the wolverine is your prototype, sir."

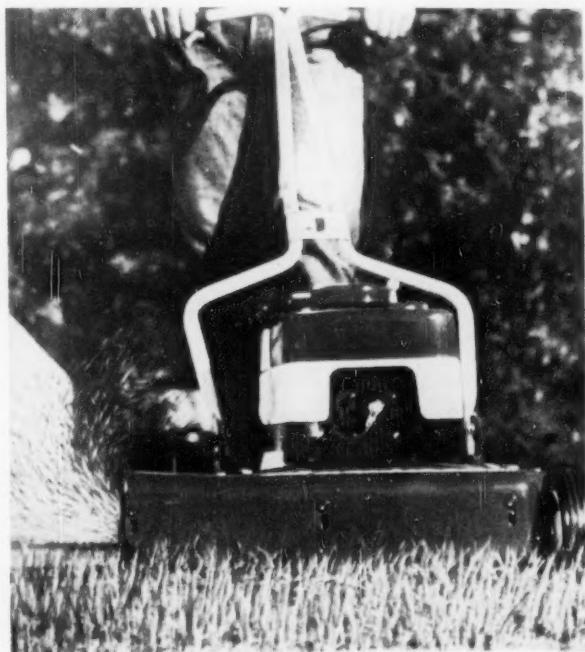
Lieutenant Westlake panted under the stress of his swelling rage and his muscles coiled for the spring. All his pent-up



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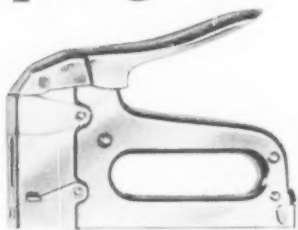
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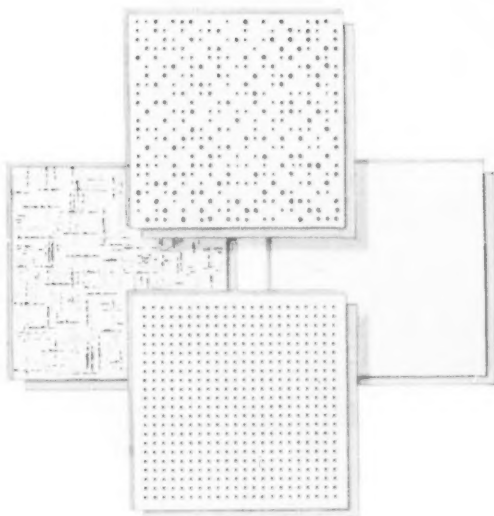
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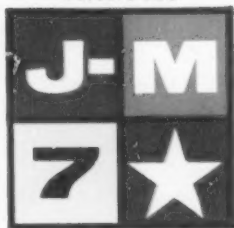
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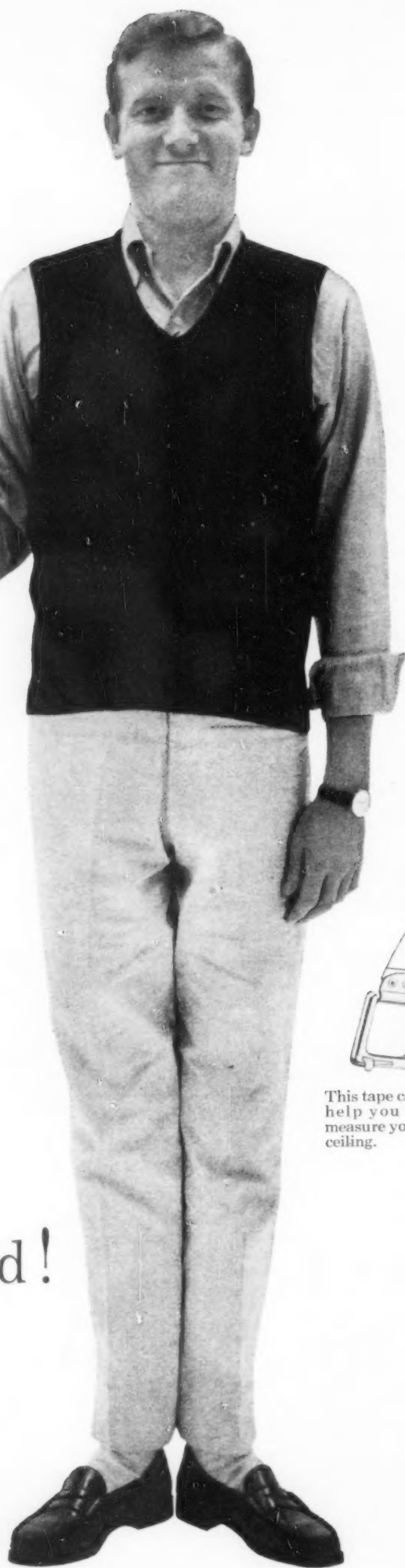


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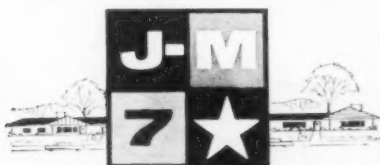
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rancor focused upon the ugly gnome before him, focused and burst in a scream of hate as he hurled himself at his nemesis.

"Bastard!"

With swift sure motion the coxswain knocked the defaulter out of the way and stepped into the path of the jimmy. The latter swung wildly at the figure in front of him, battered the chest and face of the impassive chief and clawed the hated beard with his nails.

"Peter!" squealed Potter. "That's the coxswain!"

The words pierced the red mist which had enveloped Westlake's brain and he dropped his arms to his sides. He stared stupidly into the face of the chief, saw a trickle of blood oozing through the latter's beard, saw the left eye reddening with pain and saw the gleam of triumph behind the pain.

"An accident, chief, I assure you. You see . . ."

"You'll be court-martialed and cashiered for this, sir," said the coxswain. "I request to see the commanding officer to state a complaint."

"Oh come now, chief, I'm sure we can settle this matter between ourselves. Shall we dismiss the charges against this rating and go to my cabin?"

"Are the charges against Ordinary Seaman McAllister dismissed, sir?"

"Yes, of course. It was a mistake, wasn't it, Sub-Lieutenant Potter?"

"But Peter!"

"Dismissed!" snapped the coxswain. "On caps! About turn! Double away!"

The changeling bowed to his betters, clapped his oversized cap on his head and sauntered away. The first lieutenant waited until the sound of the Wellingtons died away on the deck above then turned toward Turnbull.

"Shall we go to my cabin, chief?"

"Begging your pardon, sir, but I should first like to see the captain."

Westlake swallowed his returning anger and forced his mouth into a smile: "Now really, coxswain, why jeopardize your career by being stubborn? I'm willing to drop the whole affair, if you are."

"Begging your pardon, sir, but as the senior non-commissioned officer on board it is my duty to protect the rights of all hands, including my own. I have been brutally beaten by my superior officer, and I request to see the captain to state a complaint."

"Request granted!" snarled Westlake. "You'll curse the day you made that request, Turnbull!"

"Yes sir. Thank you, sir."

AN indescribable air of happiness hung over the mess-deck, a feeling of joyous release which found expression in rough good humor, clumsy dances and snatches of song. The seamen crowded about the mess-locker to obtain cups for Up Spirits. Stokers poured up through their hatchway with mugs in hand, communications ratings and miscellaneous ratings joined the throng and the deck-head echoed with boisterous merriment. Stewards Tessier and Williams held the centre of attraction, and in response to eager questions they told and retold and told again the tale of Chick's adventures in the wardroom, of how he had punctured Potter and needled Westlake, of how the jimmy and the subby had been sent flying and of the epic battle between the coxswain and the first lieutenant. With each retelling the story added exaggeration upon exaggeration, and the changeling grew in stature until he assumed the status of a demigod. Chick was the toast of the lower decks, and if Theophile Gauthier had been able to

prove beyond question that he was the devil incarnate they would have been hooted from the mess for their pains.

"Hey Billy! How come you got two mugs?"

"Chick's giving me his tot, look," beamed Billy. "After I explains about the rum, Billy-boy, says he, you may have my share, says he, as polite and easy as a politician at a christening."

"Where is he now?"

"Up on the fiddle, me son. Up dere on the fiddle, look, jist abaft the funnel, sitting and smiling and staring off into the sky as happy as a skylark. Lord, he's a corker, dat fellow; a proper corker."

THE convoy had been sighted, the coastal escorts relieved and the Merrifield assigned to her customary station astern. The dusk of late afternoon had brought an abrupt change in the weather, and as the laboring ships headed northeast toward Iceland, snow squalls began to arch the back of the sea into the ridges so characteristic of the North Atlantic.

Dusty Miller ducked low beneath the swinging hammocks and worked his way across the deck until he reached the mess-table. He fished a dry cigarette from his dungarees, lit it eagerly, squatted on the table and grinned at the men on the lockers.

"Dogsbody's still asleep, eh? This will wake him up."

He drew a lump of slush-ice from his pocket and reached over to drop it into McAllister's mouth, but before he could carry out his joke Billy McLeod knocked his hand aside, Campbell leaped from the locker and shook him roughly while Perstanski cursed all three of them with hoarse impartiality.

"Pack it up, before I fill somebody in!"

"What's the matter? I was only trying to wake up the little sneak."

Miller directed his most irritating sneer at the four men in turn, but they ignored his taunts and continued to stare wordlessly at the sleeper. Piqued by their indifference Miller smoked furiously for a long minute.

"What's everybody sitting around staring at him for? You waiting to see if his horns sprout?"

"We're waiting to see who he is when he wakes up," said Campbell. "Whether he's the new Chick or the old Chick."

"He-hee! You've really fallen for his skylark, haven't you? You really believe he's a supernatural being who can skip from one personality to another, don't you?"

"Nobody could put on an act like that."

"He's crazy, that's the answer," said Perstanski. "That crack on the skull rattled his brains."

"You're the one who's bonkers. I say it's a skylark."

"I say 'e is devil!"

"An angel!"

"The hand of God!"

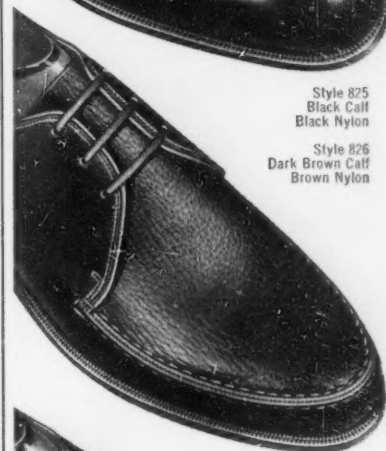
"Look now, me sons," said Billy. "What difference does it make whether he's crazy or whether he's skylarking, whether he's an angel or a devil or a sign from above? What I says is dis: the new Chickie is a proper corker, like, a merry little gentleman who makes dis old bucket of guts sparkle with excitement like a cruise ship on the West Indies run. What I says is we got to get rid of the old Chick, look; we got to throw him out of dat body and turn it over to the new lad for keeps, cause I says dat the new one is a spirit of good luck and dat as long as he's on board dere ain't a torpedo nor a mine nor a

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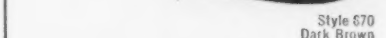
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Brown Nylon



Style 430
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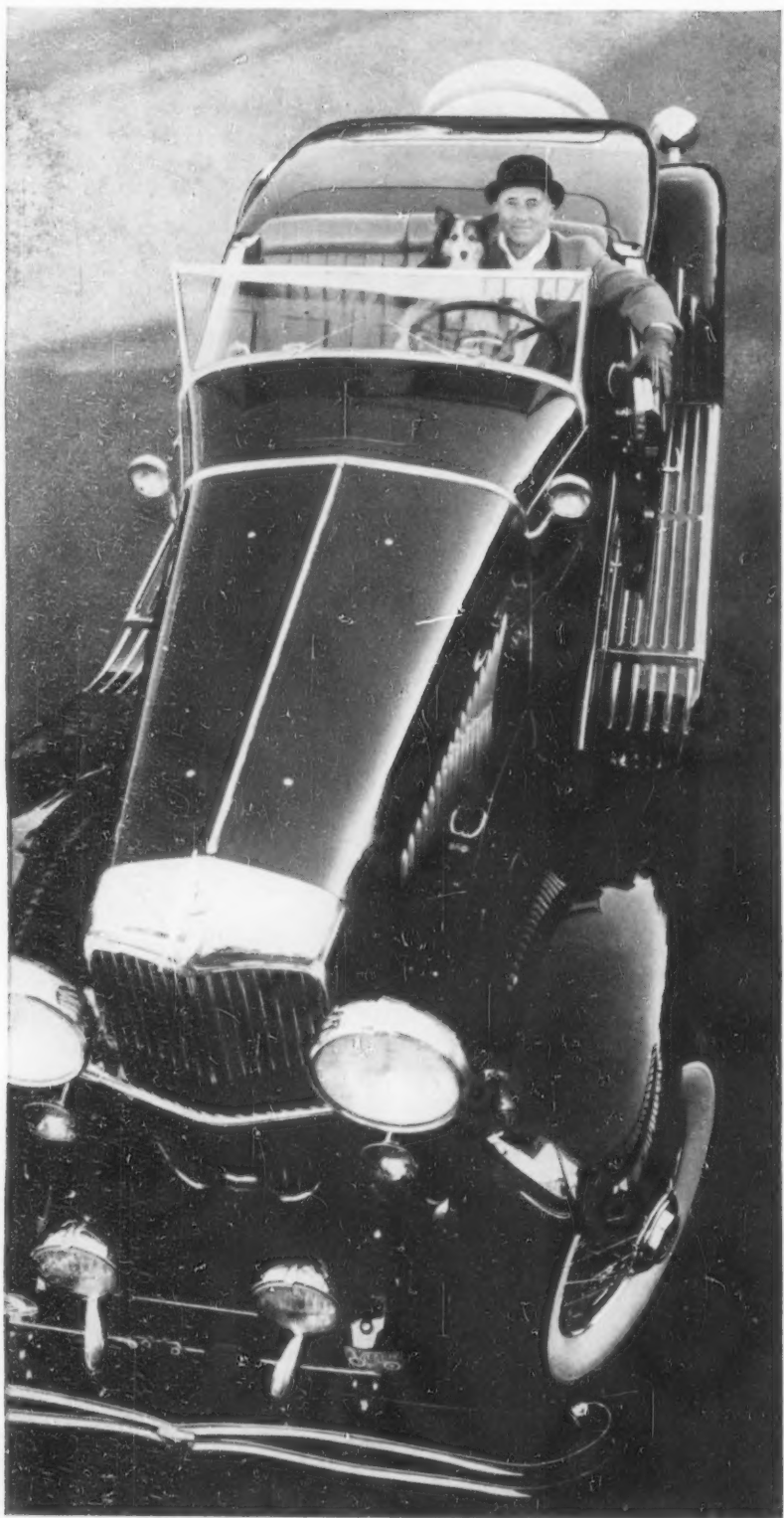
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bomb made dat can hurt us."

Perstanski and Pariseau nodded thoughtfully. Sensing some support, Billy McLeod went on: "Whatever he is we got to keep him on board, and we got to chase the old dogsbody spirit out dere into the darkness where it belongs."

Dusty Miller fastened the toggles of his duffel coat, flipped the hood over his head and climbed down from the table. He stared in mocking contempt at his messmates for a moment then leaned forward for his parting shot.

"Do you clowns want to know how to solve the riddle? Sew Dogsbody up in his mick, drag him back aft and dump him over the stern: if he's an angel he'll fly; if he's a devil he'll swim; and if he's a lunatic or a phony he'll sink like a stone."

The sea-lawyer disappeared into the stormy well-deck and Billy hunched forward again in eager haste.

"I've been thinking about dis all the long day, me sons. What I says is dis: the new spirit got inside dere the night Chickie was washed overboard and cracked on the skull. So we'll sit here patient-like until he wakes up; if it's the new one, well and good; if it's the old one, look, why den we douses him wit a bucket of sea-water, raps him on the head wit a mallet, scares away the dogsbody spirit and leaves the coast clear for the proper lad to move in."

"Suppose the old Chick won't leave?" asked Campbell.

"Dat cowardly little rat?" scoffed Billy. "When we hits him wit the water and the mallet he'll tear off into the night like a scared rabbit!"

"Har! Har! Why not? Why not? It's only McAllister! Okay, Billy-boy, you got the gear for the doings?"

"Dat I have, me son! Here's the mallet, look, and I'll be back wit the sea-water in a leap!"

Billy drew a mallet from beneath his duffel coat and placed it on the table beside Perstanski, groped beneath the mess-locker for a fire-bucket and hurried out to the well-deck. A warning hiss from Campbell focused attention once more upon the sleeping changeling and the three men drew closer. A bitter struggle was racking the body of the seaman: he twisted and tossed on the locker cushion, his arms and his legs shot out into grotesque patterns, held rigidly for a few seconds then doubled and contracted into muscular knots; saliva dribbled from his slack lips, beads of sweat stood out

on his forehead and fragments of broken words tumbled from his mouth in pain. The three sailors watched the agony in silence, and not even the arrival of Billy McLeod with his sea-water could distract their attention.

"He's waking! He's waking, look!"

"The new one! Make it be the new one!" prayed Billy.

McAllister uttered a shuddering sigh, opened his eyes to stare blankly at the deckhead and sat up. His mouth hung open to reveal the discolored teeth, his wispy hair straggled across his forehead and his stubbled chin and cheeks were mottled with red patches from the locker cushion. Beneath their sleep-heavy lids his eyes darted from one man to the other and in the glance neither wit nor wisdom was to be seen. Only a lurking fear. He watched his mates warily, his muscles tensed for flight; reassured that no hostile moves were forthcoming he pushed back the hair from his eyes and forced a smile.

"Look! He's smiling, me sons! He must be the new one!"

"Wait'll he talks!" hissed Mike.

What were they whispering about? What was the mallet doing on the table? Why was McLeod holding that fire-bucket? Why were they staring at him? Was this another skylark? Fear knotted Chick's windpipe and parched his lips. What should he do? Run? Curse? He would grin and bluff it out. He grinned and grinned until his jaws ached.

"He's nervous wit us all staring at him," whispered Billy. "Suppose I gives him a smile and a good word, me sons, by way of a welcome?"

"Go ahead."

"Good evening, sir," said Billy. "Would you like a cup of tea, sir, before closing up on watch?"

So! It was a skylark! The smile vanished from McAllister's face and was replaced by a hangdog scowl; he cringed on the locker top and his eyes darted fearfully from one to another.

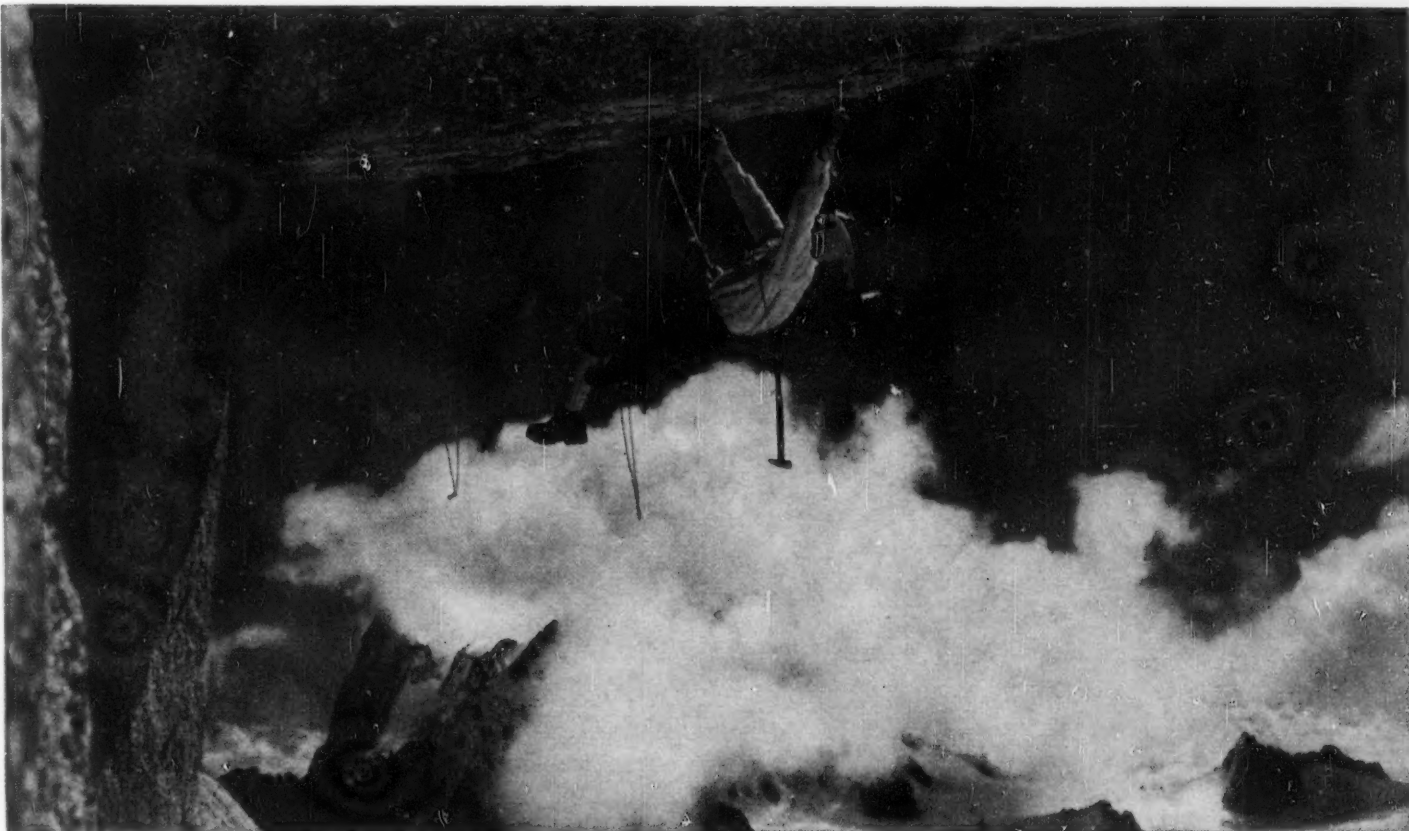
"You guys better lay off, see? Youse are always picking on me! I'm gonna make a complaint to the jimmy!"

"It's the old one!" howled McLeod furiously. "Drive him out, me sons! Drive him out!"

The messman picked up the fire-bucket and dashed cold salt water into the face of the little seaman. Chick squealed and leaped gasping and choking from the locker, Pariseau whooped with delight and hurled himself upon the victim,



"Please, son. Daddy's tired of inspecting all your little discoveries."



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*A great black wave crashed
over the corvette,
and McAllister was gone.*



Campbell seized the thrashing legs and the grinning killick waved his mallet before the fear-filled eyes.

"What are you gonna do? What are you gonna do?"

"Chase you out of dere!" snarled Billy. "Dis body belongs to the other one!"

"Hold him steady!" cried Mike, and he laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. "Hold him till I get a good crack at him!"

Chick sobbed and twisted and wriggled in terror until he landed upon the deck. He kicked himself free from the clutching hands of his shipmates, grabbed his duffel coat and fled into the night, and at his back the laughter of the awakened mess-deck cackled above the gale.

IT was cold and miserable and wet. By the time the fourth hour of the middle watch rolled around Chick McAllister no longer cared whether he was alive or dead, and so intense was his misery that existence paled into futility and nothing mattered but the ache which enveloped him. He had stood his watches without mitts or scarf or balaclava or sea-boots; he had taken his trick at the wheel amid the jibes and jeers of his watch-mates; now he stood alone on the pom-pom platform, an unwanted outcast, and the why and the what of his life grew until they dwarfed the sky and the waters. The gale increased in force as the night wore on and the seas smashed ceaselessly across the fo'c'sle, battered the bridge and the fiddle and raced along the flats to break with a roar on the quarterdeck. Raging gusts hurled the snow and spray with such force that the spume swept across the very funnel and blotted the corvette from sight, and the violence of the storm found a ready response in the turgid emotions of the lookout on the pom-pom platform.

He cupped his bare hands at his mouth and blew upon them to ease the pain of his frozen fingers, but the wind snatched the breath from his lips. His boots and his clothing were soaked with sea-water and stiff with ice, his head ached. Chills and flashes of fever trembled through the length of his body. The first watch

was drawing to a close. Soon Perstanski and Pariseau and Campbell and Jones would be hurrying forward to the snug warmth of their hammocks. What would he do? Where would he go? Return to the mess-deck to be exorcised once again, to have Billy McLeod once more attempt to drive him from his rightful body? What if they succeeded? He stared at the black sky and the black sea, saw himself whirling in endless agony between two worlds, saw himself stripped of flesh and nullified to the substance of a cry in the night. Wave after wave of terror broke across his mind, and to counterbalance the fear a spark of resentment began to glow within him.

What had he ever done to them, eh? Didn't he stand his watches? Didn't he turn-to and work like the others? What was he, a dog for everybody to kick? Hadn't he volunteered like the rest of them? What right had they to tease and torment him? He had as much right to the warmth and light of the mess-deck as they had. His soul was his, his body was his, his life was his. Let the skylarking thief howl in vain. He would see the captain. He would state his complaint directly to the commanding officer. Winters would see that justice was done. They would have to let him in the mess-deck. Yes. He would ask for a transfer ashore. Yes. He would see the captain right now. Yes. Go straight to his cabin. Yes. Personal reasons. Yes. Tell him the whole story. Yes. Yes. Yes.

PERSTANSKI clung to a funnel-stay as the Merrifield rolled on her beam ends, and when the green sea had broken its back on the fiddle deck he paused to wipe the salt from his eyes. He glanced at the waves to time the next onslaught, braced himself for the sprint across the open boat-deck then froze into disbelief as he looked aft toward the pom-pom platform. Chick McAllister was walking toward him, head up, arms swinging, scorning lifelines and rails. The killick opened his mouth to shout a warning and a great black sea crashed down upon the corvette; when the ship righted herself the little changeling was gone, swept into the sea without a sound.

"Man overboard!" ★



Eskimos corral reindeer on the Mackenzie. Only two Eskimos have become successful herd managers. The chief herder, a Lapp, helped drive the reindeer from Alaska in 1929-35.

THE HAZARDS AND HEADACHES OF THE REINDEER INDUSTRY

Blizzards, wolf-pack raids, faulty diets and human negligence have kept a government-owned reindeer herd fighting extinction for 25 years. Now some private entrepreneurs think they can make it pay

After twenty-five years of frustration and crisis, the federal government is giving up its battle to raise reindeer in the Arctic and has decided to let private enterprise have a whack at the job.

Graeme Douglas, superintendent of the Government Reindeer Station on the Mackenzie River, sixty miles from the river's mouth, is leaving the post this fall.

He'll be replaced by two entrepreneurs who will go into the business as soon as a few contractual wrinkles are ironed out. They are Al Oeming, an Edmonton naturalist who finances his work by promoting wrestling shows, and his partner, John Teal, Jr., from Huntington Center, Vt. They will take over four thousand government reindeer now in the care of two Eskimos from the Northwest Territories, Joseph Avec, of Coppermine, and Bob Panaktalok, of Cambridge Bay, who are the only two successful government herders.

Oeming and Teal hope to succeed where others have failed, by systematically crossing reindeer with the native caribou to get a sturdier breed.

The reindeer's lack of sturdiness has been only one of the problems that have dogged the whole project ever since the day in 1935 when 2,370 gaunt animals crossed the Mackenzie delta to end a six-year trek from Alaska. They had been driven 1,800 miles by Lapp herders hired especially for the job, and the herd was to provide fresh, low-cost

meat for many far-northern communities.

Of the Laplanders who fought blizzards, wolves and loneliness to deliver the initial herd, only one remains today. Mikkel Pulk elected to stay; he is now chief herder.

The Eskimos hired to work with Mikkel, the government painfully discovered, were no herders; they started losing interest — and reindeer — within a few months. It wasn't unusual for wolves to take twenty-five or thirty animals in a night while the herders were asleep in their tents. If a blizzard blew up, the herders stayed in their sleeping bags, and the reindeer wandered off, often to mingle with their migratory cousins, the caribou, and vanish forever.

Nevertheless, the herd began increasing slowly. And then, in 1940, came the first of a series of tragedies.

There were two Eskimo families herding that year on the six-thousand-square-mile range which extends sixty miles south of the Beaufort Sea coast and a hundred miles east of the Mackenzie. The herd had spent the summer on Richards Island, at the Mackenzie's mouth; now they were sleek and fat as they headed back to the mainland and the winter range.

The crossing completed, the Eskimo families prepared to follow in their schooner. Halfway across the broad main channel of the Mackenzie they were caught by a gale; the schooner sank

with all hands. By the time word reached the reindeer station, the herd had scattered. Many animals were never found.

Drastic measures were taken. The new herders were given Border collies — the original sheepdogs — to help them keep the reindeer together. They were not allowed to have sleeping bags in their tents, and a week-on, week-off schedule was introduced. They were equipped with skis to patrol the willow-dotted tundra more easily; an intensive campaign was launched against the wolves that harried the herds.

But still the losses remained high. The big herd had been split into several herds of eight hundred each; Eskimo managers were chosen to run them under government supervision. Once an Eskimo had increased the size of his herd to 1,200 animals, he was to be required to return only six hundred and could keep 200 of the others for himself. It seemed like a fine idea, but by 1955 there were only three Eskimo-managed herds left, and none was anywhere near 1,200.

In that same year a new calamity struck. The reindeer's bones grew brittle; frequently the weight of an animal's body would snap its legs. The government discovered that part of the range was lacking in vital minerals. But by then the herd was decimated.

Two years later, Douglas was delighted to find that, for the first time, two Eskimos had brought one herd up to the

point where they could strike out on their own. They returned six hundred animals and left as full owners of 200 others. That was a great day at the reindeer station. Then, in 1958, Douglas learned that the two men had lost much of their herd through neglect.

Shortly before the summer roundup was to begin, Douglas' records showed they had only nine hundred reindeer. Reluctantly, he told them they must surrender the whole herd to the government. He repeated his warning the day before the roundup.

No Eskimos slept that night. "I saw a boy chasing one old bull across a lake in a canoe," Douglas recalls. "And when we made our final tally next morning, they were two hundred animals over. There couldn't have been a stray caribou or reindeer left on the Mackenzie delta."

There have been signs in the last two years that the herds are finally going to be a success. Former herders are drifting back, having discovered herding less arduous than trapping or working on the DEW Line. And the government has learned a lot from its unhappy experiences. But its main hopes lie with Oeming and Teal, who will have a big stake in the fortunes of the reindeer and a free hand to run the herd by whatever methods they want to try. The government hopes that by the time their five-year contract is up, the herd will have grown to ten thousand.—ERIK WATT



The market that won't sell out to progress continued from page 21

There are no union hours here. "What you need most," says one clerk, "is a willing heart"

canny chefs and stewards and dietitians come in person to choose their supplies. Stream of trucks from the loading ramps with barons of beef for the Lord Simcoe Hotel, tomatoes for Toronto Western Hospital, heads of lettuce for the salad

plate at the Canadian Bank of Commerce cafeteria. Down under the ramp, on the west side, the huge wholesale St. Lawrence Fish Market keeps seven direct telephone lines and ten trucks busy supplying halibut to the fish-and-chips shops,

lobster and Dover sole to the Royal York, "wet" fish to most of the retail stores in Toronto.

But only on Saturday does the whole market come to life in the old way. This is the day the farmers, as they have for

a hundred and fifty years, converge on the north building to line their stalls with fresh newspaper and set out their fruit, vegetables, eggs, chickens, crocheted doilies, box plants and preserves. This is the day the wholesalers in the south building become retailers to take advantage of the crowds and unload, at bargain prices, the bananas, oranges, hamburger, lettuce, chicken giblets and tomatoes they don't want to hold over the week end. And, while seventy percent of Canadians shop in supermarkets, and on Friday nights to boot, this is the day that tens of thousands of hold-out Torontonians go marketing hand in hand with a homelier past.

Some of the farmers, having arisen at 3 a.m., are there by five. Fifty years ago parents of the present stallholders started out on Friday night with teams and wagons to get to market on time. A hundred years ago, when the water front was just outside the back door, farmers from Quinte or Burlington even brought their produce in by sail. Now the lake shore is half a mile away and the stallholders come by truck, driving through the gaping side doors right onto the market floor. It's still dark outside, and under the lonely dangling lights their shadows swoop like hawks as they unload the baskets and crates.

No psychology — or green stamps

The produce displays make no cosmetic pretense. The rows of naked chickens still have their scaly, dark-yellow legs and their toenails. Chicken hearts are tumbled in open trays, pink heaps with the yellow fat clinging like curds of scrambled egg.

In the rowdier, slicker south market the pyramids of oranges are ready too. Garth Burt, a big, curly-haired young man in a grubby coverall, pauses to explain why he left a chain store to work here for the fourth generation of Lightfoots, fruit dealers. "All you have to do in a supermarket is work eight hours, have a union card, and wear a clean apron every day," he says. "The important thing here is two hands and a willing heart."

Farther along, a grocer fastens price tickets above his vegetables with clothespins. A pig's head, set out on a butcher's counter, has the thick, sightless vacancy of a pink-putty model; some passing wag jams an apple in its mouth. At the back, in Sid Perkins Fish Store—If It Swims We Sell It — the live lobsters quest through thickets of evil oily seaweed.

At 7 a.m. the barn-red doors of the north market are opened to the public, and almost all the 170 stallholders are ready.

The first customers trail in from King Street through an arcade hung with a florist's display of artificial funeral wreaths. This is no supermarket and the clientele is not coddled. No psychology, no chrome buggies, no peek-aboo packaging, no green stamps.

Shoppers tote their own purchases. Those who wheel buggies have brought them from home, with babies in them. Almost everyone else comes armed with string bags, duffel bags, burlap sacks, wooden boxes or a limp clutch of used shopping bags. One small boy turned up recently with a wheelbarrow.

"What a chump I was...a simple phone call for reservations and the kids would have been in bed long ago. I'll sure phone ahead next trip."



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The early shoppers are the serious cooks and the gastronomes who make their own court bouillon, chop their own vegetables and scorn kitchen shortcuts. They move around, chatting with the farmers, buying eggs, hand-picking baby yellow beans. When they cross Front Street to the south market they are seeking not bargains but Belgian endive, crisp celery from California, fresh Mexican pod peas and perhaps a pound of raw shrimp from the fish counter.

They are joined by the old-fashioned housewives who come to market for their staples because their parents and grandparents shopped here. "I've bought my apples from Mrs. Watson for twenty years now," says one, brushing at her sealskin coat where it is bruised from leaning across a counter. She knows the farmers she patronizes by name, asks after their children and shares their clucking disapproval of "the foreigners."

For, with the spate of postwar immigration, New Canadians have become a notable new ingredient of market day. Indeed, stallowners estimate that they now make up fifty percent of the customers. This, after all, is the kind of market they knew in Genoa or Bonn or Paris or Budapest, and their influx is making changes in the market. In the north building one or two newcomers from central Europe have taken stalls and bring in their homemade cream cheese, cottage cheese and spiced sausage. Over near one wall, a Dutch couple in wooden shoes clatter up and down the cobblestones behind their display of fresh pork. In the south market, the butchers now stock unprecedented quantities of Polish and garlic sausage; the Bamford brothers pile one counter with exotic herbage such as dandelion greens, Italian parsley, *rapino*, and *finocchio*; the fish shop imports squid from California, octopus from Portugal and all sorts of salt herring.

Around noon, when the foot traffic across Front Street is at its heaviest, a man crosses between the two buildings, carrying something inside his topcoat. It's a tiny, pudgy, black-and-white spaniel puppy. Inside the south building he starts cornering people and showing the dog, still inside his coat. He's furtively seeking a buyer. There used to be a pet shop in the market. It even carried a Rhesus monkey, which rebelled one night, let itself out of its cage, and freed all the other livestock, including chickens, bantam roosters, rabbits and white mice. The next day it considerably startled a downtown stenographer by soaring through the open window of her office

and landing on her typewriter. Not long afterwards the medical-health officer closed the pet shop, and now the only livestock to be found in the market are the baby chicks, ducks and rabbits that delight youngsters at Easter.

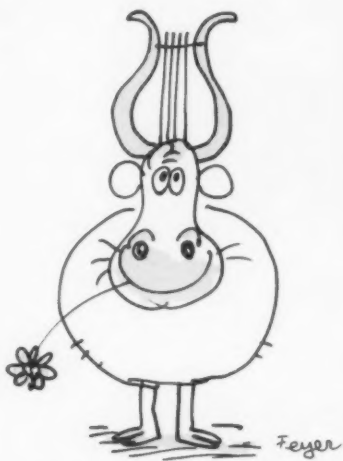
The market is still crowded by mid-afternoon, but a new group is noticeable. These are the ardent cosmopolitans, snobbish in their unique knowledge of the city's quaint byways, contemptuous of the rites of suburbia. Girls in black stockings and suede greatcoats stop by the flower stall to pick up three dozen

carnations going for two dollars. The flowers are rumpled, but they will make a good show in the dim light of a Saturday night party. Pairs of young men in touring caps and expensive parkas carry off bundles of greens for salads and "that wonderful smoky bacon. At the German stall. Too marvelous." A jockey, Emil Roy, with expensive haberdashery and a weary face, stops at a counter in the south market to buy carrots for a horse.

Already in the north market some of the farmers have sold everything and are

packing up for home. In the south market the merchants who buy job lots of produce specifically for market day are beginning to cut their prices. They get right out in the aisles with trays of specials and accost the passers-by with impudent directness: "Bananas cheap, lady," they bawl. "Who wants some lamb chops here? Seventy-five cents," and "Anyone for a bargain on chicken? You, lady?"

The late-day customers are bargain-hunters, hoping to pick up a basket of windfalls or over-ripe tomatoes for a quarter to eke out the old-age pension



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or unemployment insurance. One little sparrow-woman, with a hectic flush and bright nervous eyes, hops behind a counter to scavenge a severed chicken head.

At 6 p.m. the market is closed for another week, restored to its private occasions. For the next six days it will exist only as a forlorn anachronism—a community centre for a community whose real centre is already fifty-four blocks away and still shifting north.

Only a few people care that it is also a recapitulation of the civic past. The site itself is the original one set aside for an open marketplace in 1803, when Toronto was still York, the town of swamp mud, shanties and stoneboats.

Two earlier buildings preceded the north market and in the second of them Toronto's first city council held its first meeting under the leadership of Toronto's first mayor, William Lyon Mackenzie, reformer and hothead. This building was gutted by the great fire of 1849.

Meanwhile part of the lakefront had been reclaimed and in 1851 the two massive edifices were unveiled that are now respectively the front end of the north market and the front end of the south market.

The south building, on reclaimed land, was the old City Hall. Vacated before the turn of the century, it has suffered many indignities, not the least of which was the red-brick caboose that was promptly tacked on to form the present south market.

The north building, with its own epic caboose still to be added, was St. Lawrence Hall, the major centre of culture and entertainment in Victorian Toronto.

The Family Compact held soirées in the elegant auditorium on the third floor. Jenny Lind and Adelina Patti gave concerts there. There were evenings of elo-

cution, lectures, *conversaciones*, chorales and minstrel shows. "General" Tom Thumb, the twenty-eight-inch midget, exhibited himself in the hall. There were tightrope walkers and glass blowers and Swiss bell ringers and panoramas.

Then, as the city got too big for any single focus to civic pride, the hall began its long decline. It was chaperoned by three generations of the Riddell family, who not only served as caretakers but for many years lived in apartments on the floor below the great auditorium.

Refuge for derelicts

The youngest member, now Mrs. John Songhurst, was born there, in 1901, and married from there, in 1937. In between—since little girls couldn't run loose in that neighborhood—she roller-skated in the great vacant hall where Jenny Lind had once sung, slid down the elegant banisters all the way from the third floor to the ground, and took her turn at climbing up into the beifry four times a day to ring the huge bell by which people downtown used to set their watches. "You can understand," Mrs. Songhurst said recently. "We're very fond of the old building."

It's a minority taste. In the Twenties an altruistic local lady, Miss Ivy Mason, borrowed it and ran a soup kitchen for a while. After World War II the Fred Victor Mission used it every winter as a sleeping annex. Having regard to the hall's genteel past the mission officials ruled that all derelicts had to be deloused, frisked for liquor and rinsed down before they could bunk in the hall. Then, in May of 1951, Celia Franca, in the midst of founding the National Ballet Company, discovered the hall and got

the city to disinfect it and let her use it for the summer for a nominal sum. Though the mission transferred its winter dormitory elsewhere last year and Miss Franca now has the hall fulltime, it still smells of Lysol when it's warm. It's seldom very warm in the winter, though, and many of the little ballerinas pull woolen hockey stockings over their leotards when they're in class. The hall now has low-slung battens of fluorescent lights, a bank of tarnished mirrors leaning against the stage and rows of portable practise bars pushed against the walls. Above the Plimsoll line of new canoe-green paint the dirty old cream plaster is flaking into ugly scabs. But high overhead the time-gnawed garlands and lyres that decorate the ceiling still glint with the last traces of gold leaf. "At home in England we're used to working in a dismal, dungeony place," Miss Franca says. "It's just the sort of place I wanted."

She, too, is a minority voice, and ballet rehearsals are a minority use of a city-owned property that covers two valuable downtown city blocks. In the same way, the handful of farmers who still choose to retail their produce at a weekly public market are a minority group and so, in a city of a million and a half people, are the thousands who scorn the supermarkets and come here to shop.

From time to time, therefore, there is talk of pulling the old market down and using the land in some more "realistic" way. Since there are both museums and supermarkets in other parts of the city, the market is replaceable.

Or is it quite irreplaceable?

It depends. It depends on whether you love the hall, and history, like Mrs. Songhurst, or need a big, cheap, well-sprung

floor for ballet classes, like Celia Franca. It depends on how lately you've come from Europe to an alien new land, or how long you've farmed in the old way, in the same place, in Ontario.

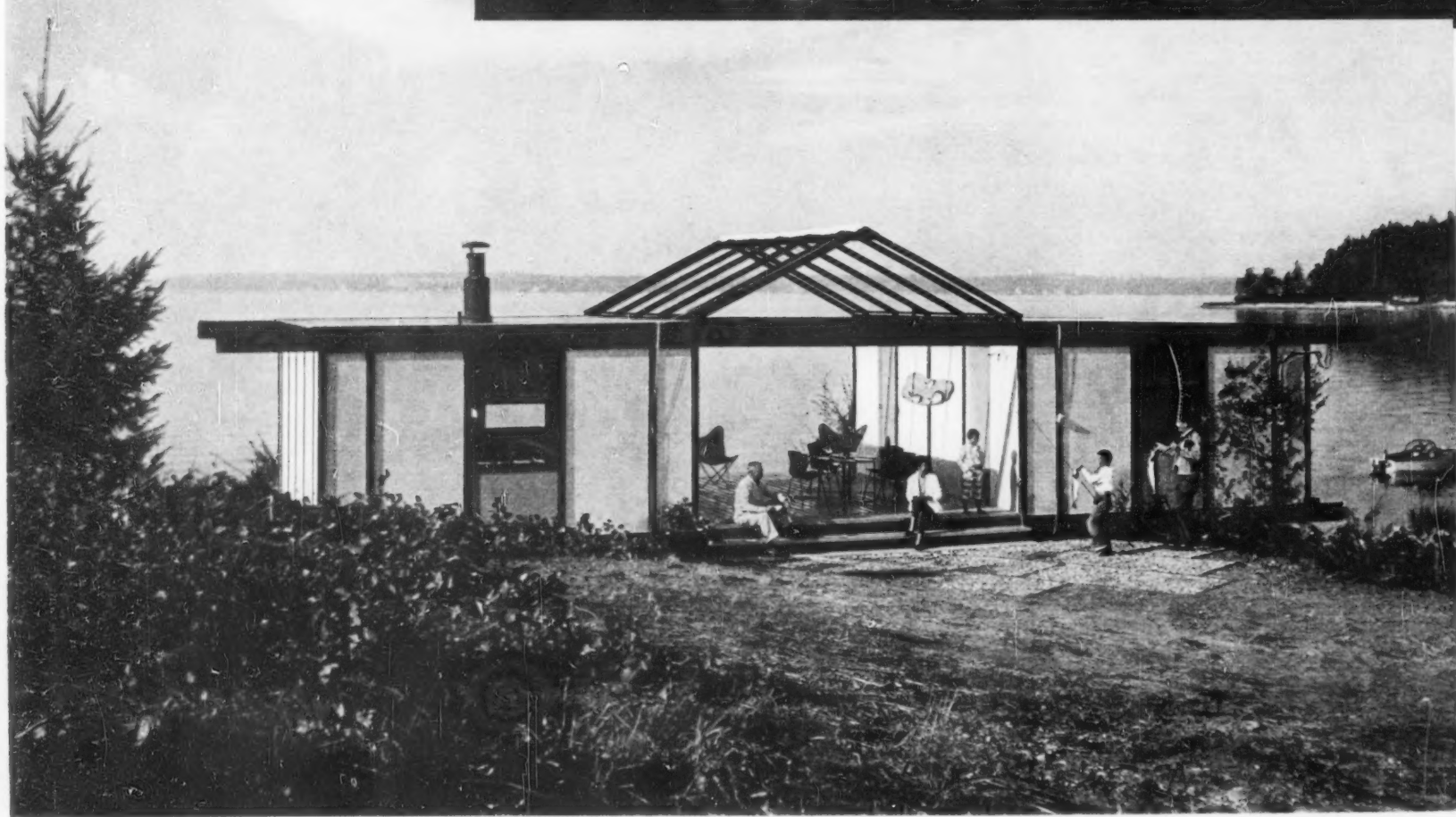
In a way, it depends on how you feel about someone like Sam Rakoff.

Rakoff, general jobber, doesn't even sell produce. He sets up two counters every Saturday in the southwest corner of the south market, and heaps them with gimcracks and novelties—enamel jugs, plaster Madonnas, egg timers, paper flowers, china pigs with painted eyelashes, key chains, tin cookware, ice-cream scoops, glass ash trays. "Business would be ten times better out in the main corridor," says Rakoff. There is no room for him in the main aisle, but he has had this backwater to himself for thirty-two years now. His merchandise may be brummagem, but he is an authentic, operatic old brigand, with a villainous mustache and twinkling eyes. He is Russian-born, and an ex-merchant seaman, an ex-policeman, an ex-miner, an ex-dancing teacher.

He is seventy-four, has eight grandchildren and eats garlic, which he claims once inoculated him against a typhus epidemic. He roars at the youngsters who can't keep from handling his gaudy wares, then gives them trinkets free. "How long I been here in this market," he says. "I always was here." He looks up and chuckles richly. "I know 'em well. I treat 'em well, I sell 'em cheap, and I speak ten languages."

So, when you come right down to it, how you feel about St. Lawrence Market depends on whether you think a big, modern, bustling progressive city like Toronto has room in some backwater for a place that has room for Sam Rakoff. ★

You can do it!



"One big company almost fired a man because he was a hopeless drunk; today he's head of the firm"

the drinker who comes to work partially inebriated or suffering from a hangover. He goes through the motions of working but usually he's useless, and often he's a serious safety risk. Under the circumstances, he's better off at home.

Ninety-five percent of the firms stated that there was no connection between heavy drinking and industrial accidents.

Available facts and figures do not support this comforting opinion. Dr. E. M. Jellinek, an internationally recognized authority on alcoholism, estimates that the rate of fatal accidents among alcoholics, both off and on the job, is twice as great as among other employees. Milton A. Maxwell, of Washington State University, who will become program director of the Alcoholism Foundation of Alberta this fall, studied the work records of forty-eight problem drinkers in one company; they had been involved in fifty-five accidents on the job. In the same period, a similar number of non-alcoholics had only twenty-seven accidents.

Accidents are usually costly in the modern industrial setting. An oil-refinery worker, with a hangover, turned the wrong valve. The cost to the company in wasted oil: fifty thousand dollars. A foreman, recovering from a binge, was directing a crew in the placement of a fifteen-ton press. His impaired judgment resulted in one death and three serious injuries.

Seventy-five percent of the firms stated that it would not pay them, in dollars and cents, to embark on a program of rehabilitating their alcoholic employees.

The hundred or so industries in Canada and the United States that have had experience with such programs vigorously dispute this view. Problem drinkers are usually people with skill and experience. To replace even one such employee may cost several thousand dollars. The Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company, Milwaukee, estimates that its rehabilitation program saves the company eighty thousand dollars a year in reduced absenteeism alone. The firing rate for problem drinkers has dropped from ninety-five percent to eight percent in eleven years. Like other companies, Allis-Chalmers have found that of every ten employees seeking help, six or seven will achieve sobriety and hang onto their jobs.

Enlightened personnel practices with regard to alcoholism have enabled the Bell Telephone Company of Canada to salvage inspectors, engineers and star salesmen. "The benefits to the company are significant," says a Bell vice-president. In another multi-million-dollar corporation one man was nearly fired because his bosses considered him "a hopeless drunk." Today, he's the head of the firm. In the vast Du Pont industry, two out of every three known alcoholics, including executives, have been successfully treated. A spokesman for the company

says, "Treatment cost us about a hundred dollars per alcoholic. That's an insignificant amount of money compared to the value of their restored usefulness to the company."

The alcoholic in industry remains largely undetected because business executives don't know how to identify him. The stereotype they're looking for is an

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*Rich desserts you must get into
End in skirts you can't begin to.*

IDA M. PARDUE

unkempt bum who hangs out in dives and is drunk most of the time. This picture may fit the chronic, full-blown Skid Row alcoholic but only about one in ten alcoholics belongs in this category.

The alcoholic you'll likely meet in a plant or office is a far different creature. He can more properly be tagged as a "problem drinker." He's a true alcoholic in the sense that he can't resist the bottle and that drink is affecting his work and family life. But most of the time he's sober and manages to create the impression that he's performing his job adequately. The difficulty of distinguishing between the alcoholic and non-alcoholic

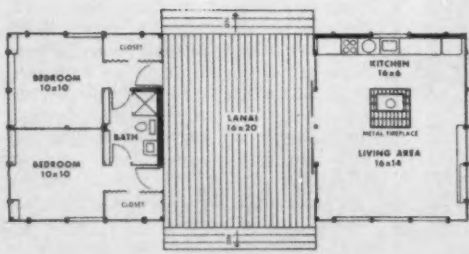
employee was underlined by a study of two thousand male alcoholics by Dr. Selden D. Bacon and Ralph Henderson of the Yale Centre. Seven out of every ten men held jobs involving skill or special responsibility. Most of the patients were between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five — a period where men of ability are reaching their peak of productivity. The majority were married and living with their wives, in an established household. Nearly sixty percent had held their last steady job for at least three years; many for ten years or more.

This status-and-skill profile of the industrial alcoholic has been confirmed by studies elsewhere. After counting noses in Ontario's "County X," the Alcoholism Research Foundation reported, "Of every one hundred alcoholics in industry, sixty percent fall in the category of executives, white-collar workers, skilled and semi-skilled labor." At Consolidated Edison of New York, the average length of service of 183 employees being treated for alcoholism was twenty-two years. At Allis-Chalmers, two thirds of the cases had been employed anywhere from five to fifteen years. A spokesman for the Bell Telephone Company of Canada says, "Alcoholism occurs throughout the work force . . . among craftsmen, line crews, middle management . . . and occasionally in higher management."

How can a problem drinker continue on the payroll year after year without being detected? One explanation is that

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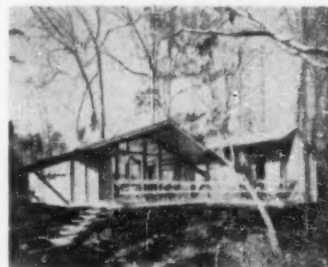
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the disease of alcoholism has no sudden or dramatic onset. It develops gradually, almost imperceptibly, over a period of ten to fifteen years. On top of this, the drinker — aided and abetted by his co-workers, supervisor and family—engages in a conspiracy of silence and deception to keep from getting fired.

This isn't too difficult in the early stages of addiction. His drinking is confined to evenings and week ends. If he's in bad shape on Monday morning, he'll have his wife phone the supervisor and explain that he's got a cold or stomach

flu. Personnel officers refer to this variety of post-week-end sickness as "Monday pneumonia."

If he decides to nurse his hangover on the job, he'll mask his condition by being immaculately groomed. He'll chew breath purifiers to disguise the aroma of the pre-breakfast drink. To avoid surveillance, he keeps away from others as much as possible. To avoid making mistakes, he does as little work as possible. A food-industry executive told me, "When I was drinking, I wasn't fit to work until mid-afternoon. I might just as well have spent that time

at home." This is a perfect description of the "hidden half man" on the payroll.

If an employee's position gives him freedom to travel about, concealment is simple. A salesman recalls, "I was only required to check in at the head office twice a month. I chose times when I was at my best." Executives of many large corporations find it easy to cover up: when they're under the weather, they phone in and explain, "I'm entertaining a customer," or "I'm dropping in at the branch office."

Because of the absence of dramatic

symptoms, the early-stage alcoholic is rarely spotted by his supervisor or co-workers. Later, as he sinks more deeply into the abyss of addiction, identification becomes easier. What are the telltale clues? Recently, Dr. Harrison M. Trice of Cornell University asked two hundred members of Alcoholics Anonymous, "What job-related clues would have indicated to an observer that you were developing a drinking problem?" Their replies, as well as information gathered from other sources, might well be used as a guide to industry to unmask the problem drinker before he reaches absolute rock bottom.

Increased absenteeism is one of the most noticeable features. Absences on Mondays and after pay days may become routine. During the week, he may knock off at noon. Having exhausted all reasonable alibis, he now offers ones which are unlikely. A forty-year-old clerk, who had no dramatic experience, said, "The TV station insisted I come over and try out for the Christmas play because I was so suited for the part." A woman receptionist (one out of six industrial alcoholics is female) explained, "Just as I was leaving for work this woman called and asked me to come to the hotel and see her because she was about to fly back to England. She said that she was my first cousin — the one we all thought had been killed in a London blitz. What else could I do but go?"

They work in fits and starts

In time, the alcoholic stops making excuses and simply stays away. His attendance record becomes studded with "no report" absences. Many authorities regard Dr. E. M. Jellinek's estimate that alcohol is responsible for the alcoholic losing twenty-two working days a year as conservative. The average industrial worker is absent about eight days a year. But eleven alcoholics on the payroll of an abrasive manufacturer in Worcester, Mass., were away an average of forty-five days a year. The members of A. A., interviewed by Dr. Trice, said their yearly absences totaled at least forty days.

The work habits of the developing alcoholic undergo a change. He works in fits and starts. "I'd go like blazes for an hour or so and then slump off," says one reformed alcoholic. These spurts of effort, according to Robert Strayer, director of an alcoholic clinic in Bridgeport, Conn., "are a reflection of the alcoholic's guilt feelings about time lost from his job as well as an attempt to prove his adequacy." But these improvements in job performance are short-lived and only temporary detours in the inevitable decline in his efficiency. For how can he work well with a hangover? For the middle-stage alcoholic, this is an agonizing combination of a throbbing headache, upset stomach, parched throat, burning thirst, the jitters, disturbed breathing and deadening fatigue. This is the result of being forced to drink more to achieve his accustomed sense of psychological well-being. So massive has become his daily intake of alcohol that the liver is unable to slough off certain toxic substances; his body chemistry is thrown awry in a dozen different ways. He stays up too late, he smokes too much and he doesn't eat.

Because he's tired, foggy and tense, the alcoholic becomes an expert in procrastination, doing only what is absolutely essential. He's willing to settle for a third-rate job — any kind of job, to get it done. An accounting executive recalls, "I was so beaten and tired that in a single year I made bad decisions which cost the

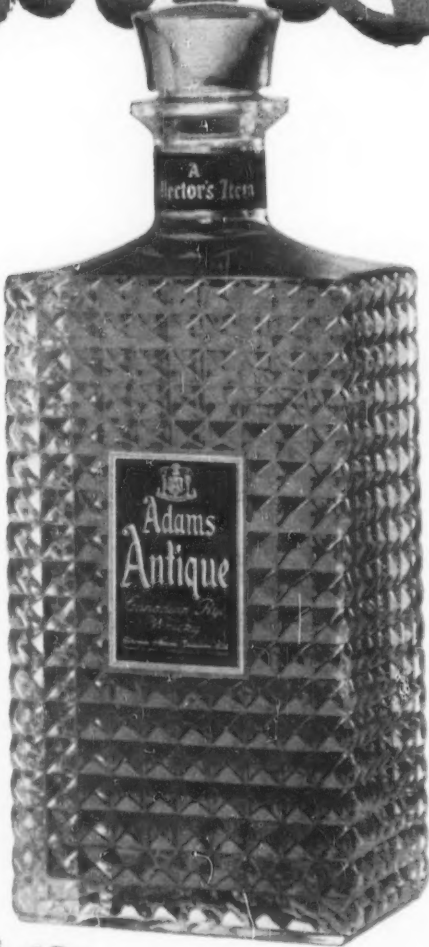
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company \$150,000." An advertising vice-president says, "We were in line to get a new one-million-dollar account. Had I been able to think clearly for three or four hours on the day we made our presentation it would have been ours. But I could hardly stay awake. We lost out." At this stage, many alcoholics drink on the job. This is easy for the executive who has a private office. The lower-status workers have to show some ingenuity. One lathe operator used to carry a "mickie" of rye concealed snugly in the top of his sock. Another skilled craftsman came to work every day with a thermos of *café royal* in his lunch box: it contained more liquor than coffee.

As he continues on the downward path, the alcoholic tends to become more prone to accidents and sickness. Within a period of a few months, one company had two serious accidents — involving heavy property damage and serious injury — because of drinking on the job. Another firm told me about an engineer, in charge of live steam, who worked an entire eight-hour shift in spite of an alcoholic blackout. "He could have killed a half dozen people," said his supervisor. The alcoholic's liability to accidents and sickness is reflected in the study by Sociologist Milton A. Maxwell of Washington State College. In one large industry, the average sickness payment made to alcoholic employees was \$2,260. This was in marked contrast to the average of \$769 paid to non-alcoholic employees during the same period of time. The disparity between these two figures might have been even greater had the alcoholic not been protected by his supervisor and co-workers. When he's under the weather, they generally assign him to less hazardous tasks and share his work with him.

The problem drinker in industry can also be detected by certain off-the-job clues. He's no longer satisfied with a few drinks with "the boys" after work. He'll arrive at the bar ahead of everyone else, drink faster and insist that his friends continue drinking instead of going home. When his friends don't go along with him, he seeks out — and finds — other chronic drinkers who share his prodigious thirst. His personality changes. He reacts sensitively to any kind of criticism — especially about his drinking. He becomes argumentative.

It's surprising how long a supervisor or foreman will continue to put up with a half man in his section. He's motivated both by practical and humanitarian considerations. Discussing one alcoholic employee, a supervisor explained, "When he's in good shape, Bill is the best and most experienced man I've got. Besides

— if I fire him — what'll his wife and kids live on?"

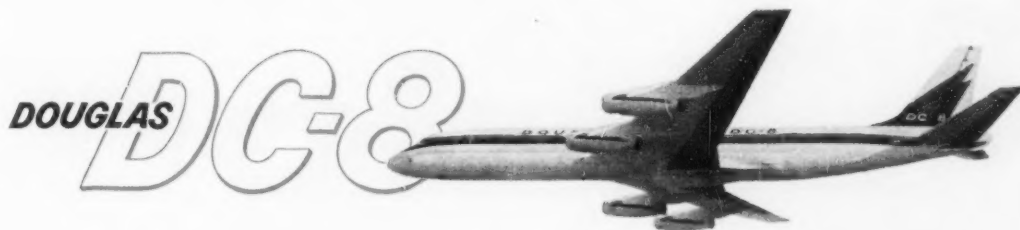
This is a tough question. A growing number of business firms are arriving at the conclusion that the only really satisfactory answer is to attempt to rehabilitate the industrial alcoholic. The cost is well within the reach of any industry, whether they have fifty or five hundred employees. While the program may vary from business to business, certain features are essential.

First and foremost, the right "climate" must be created. The company must

make it apparent that they regard alcoholism as a disease to be treated, not a sin to be punished. The approach to the drinking worker must be non-critical, non-moralistic and sympathetic. A formal statement from management can start the ball rolling. In essence, it should say to the problem drinker, "We're not going to fire you because you're an alcoholic. We want to help you give up drinking. We're ready to give you counsel, medical advice and financial assistance." A top-to-bottom educational program is necessary to acquaint everybody

— especially supervisors and foremen — with the nature of alcoholism and how it can be recognized. "When the climate within a company is right," says a Yale University publication, "the half men will overcome their reluctance to admit that they have a problem and need help."

Such has been the case at the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, a pioneer in the rehabilitation of alcoholics. The Bell, well known for its progressive labor policies, probably has fewer alcoholics on its payroll than most Canadian industries. But there were still enough



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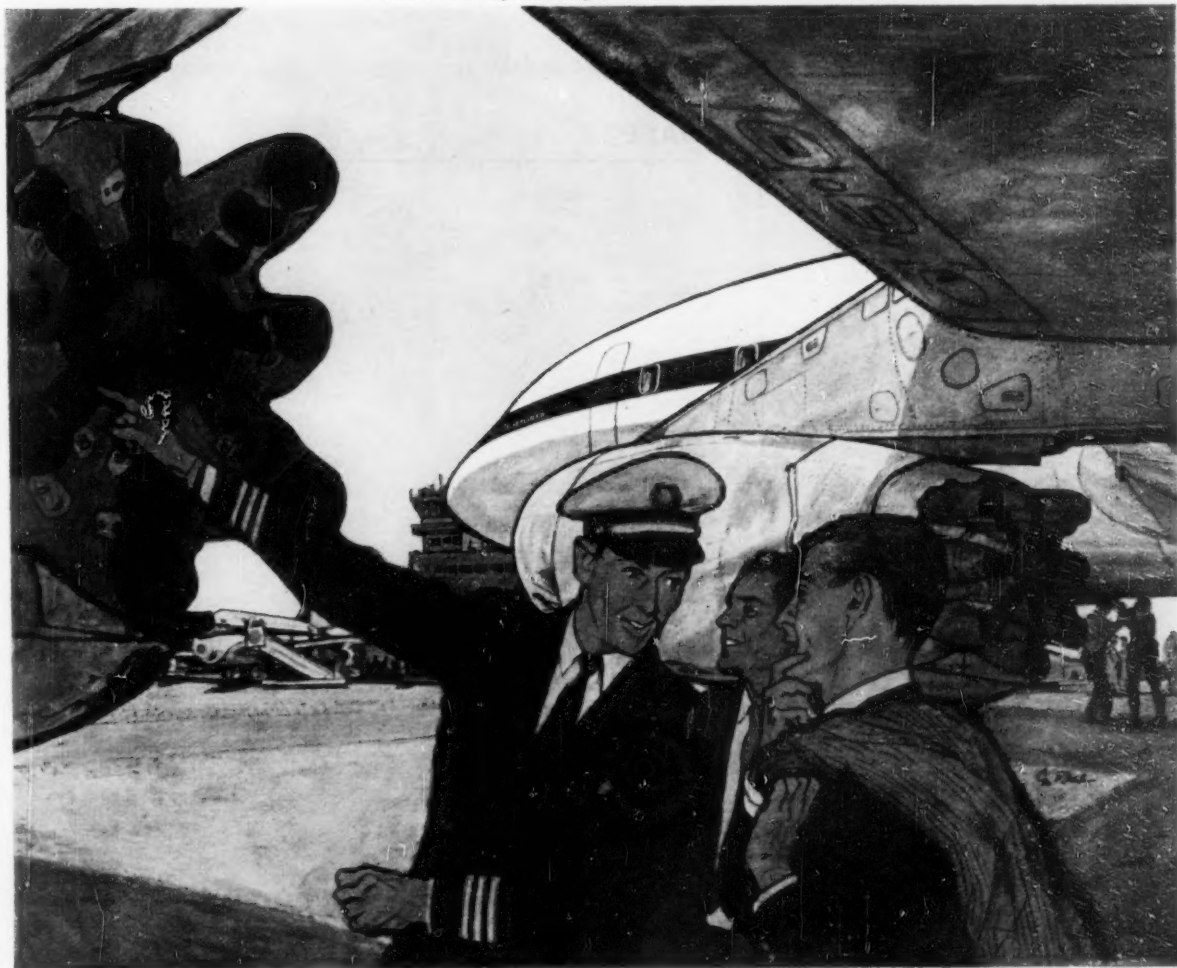
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"A drinker may ignore his family's pleadings but he'll be shocked to realize his job's in danger"

cases to cause grave concern. In 1951, a document was distributed throughout the company announcing that, henceforth, the alcoholic would be treated — not fired. The message was driven home by talks from the medical department and articles in house publications.

Not unexpectedly, Bell supervisors have played an important role in the program since its inception. When a supervisor sees that drinking is interfering with a man's work, he privately takes him aside and acquaints him with the basic facts about alcoholism. "If you keep on drinking, you'll probably get to the point where you can't go on working," he tells him. He urges the man to visit the medical department. Nearly all drinkers accept this invitation. "A man may ignore the pleadings of his family and friends but he's shocked by the suggestion that his job is in danger," a Bell medical officer explains.

The medical officer now carries the ball. He checks on the man's physical health and discusses his drinking problem with him. This might take several visits. If necessary, he'll refer the drinker to some other source of help—the family doctor, a psychiatrist, an alcoholic clinic or AA. During the entire treatment period, the company doctor keeps in contact with the man, encouraging him and making the course as easy as possible for him. One traveling salesman, for example, was temporarily stationed in the Toronto office so he could regularly attend AA meetings. In advanced cases of alcoholism, the doctor may arrange for hospitalization. The costs are borne by the sickness benefit fund.

"We've been successful with half our alcoholics," says a Bell physician. "In

some cases, the results have been dramatic." A forty-eight-year-old female supervisor, for instance, was drinking so heavily that "a marked deterioration in her personality took place." She was drunk so much of the time she had to be removed from her job and hospitalized for six months. During this period, she received the equivalent of her salary in sickness benefits. She responded well to treatment and went back to work at a lower-grade job. Within a year, she worked her way back to her former position. She's been "dry" now for over six years.

Other companies report equally dramatic results in their attempts to reclaim "hopeless" alcoholics. The Eastman-Kodak Company of Rochester reports, "Sixty-five percent of our problem drinkers are back on the job and doing well." The Consolidated Edison Company of New York reviewed the histories of 183 alcoholics who underwent treatment: sixty percent today are regarded as valuable employees; their periods of absence due to sickness have been slashed to one third. "The program more than pays its way," says Dr. S. Charles Franco, the company medical director. After treatment, six chronic drinkers employed by the Norton Company of Worcester, Mass., cut their annual loss in pay due to absence from \$3,738 to \$930.

Alcoholism—like cancer, heart disease and mental illness — is a major health and social problem. It is a problem which employers, both big and small, are especially able to attack. They can detect the individual alcoholic. They can motivate him to seek help. If industry accepts this urgent challenge, millions of dollars will be saved and thousands of lives reclaimed. ★

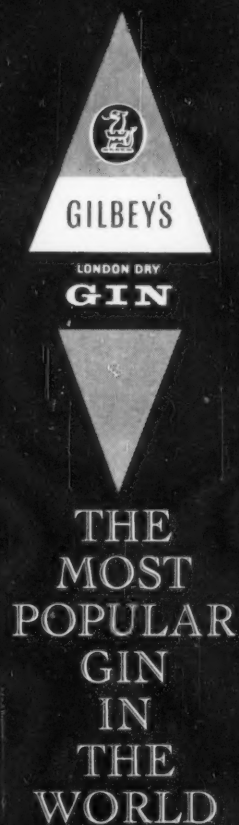
JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Gosh, you gave me a scare. I thought you were my mother."



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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

54

Everything that's fit to
print in every language
fit to read

Continued from page 25

asked: "Where are two young hearts in ladies' form who would like to share their loneliness with two pleasant gentlemen?" Instead of the conventional box number the romantic Hungarians use slogans, such as "Understanding heart," or "Happy life," or "I am longing for a faithful little wife."

The Polish paper also serves its readers by listing those who are sick at home or in a hospital and would welcome visitors. Though personal-advice columns are rare in the foreign-language press, the Courier has a lively one in which Frau Sylvia answers such questions as, "Is it proper to take a dog to a party?" and "What do you do with a nagging mother-in-law who can't find her place in Canada?"

Although ethnic papers differ greatly in size and circulation their contents are remarkably similar. Each devotes at least one page to news from the old country as well as the usual important ethnic and international news. But few ever report even big fires, plane crashes, or murders, and none has ever published comics. Their place is taken by fiction. Many papers run complete novels in installments. Croatian Voice is currently printing Alexandre Dumas' *The Count of Monte Cristo*. And there is probably more poetry printed in the ethnic papers during one week than an average North American will see during his entire life. Even the smallest papers will find room for poems. Many publications reserve a corner for ethnic jokes, usually supplied by readers. (Sample, from the Czech New Homeland: Two French diplomats are having lunch in a restaurant in Prague. "Listen," says one of them to the waiter, "I just can't cut this dumping." "I'd be surprised if you could," says the waiter. "It's a microphone.")

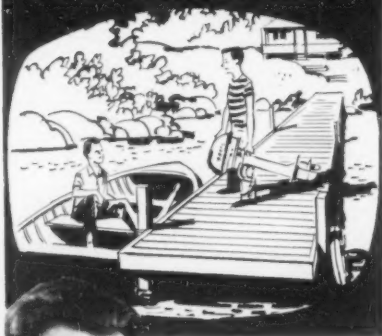
Most ethnic papers aren't gold mines and some are published by idealists who expect to lose money. Staff members of the Czech Our Voices work for the paper for nothing after finishing their regular jobs. Even so, the five-year-old paper barely breaks even.

A few papers do blossom into large and profitable operations. In 1954 Dan Iannuzzi Jr., a handsome third-generation Canadian of Italian descent, decided to relearn his forgotten language and start an Italian paper in Toronto. Today his firm, Daison's Publications, owns four weeklies with a combined circulation of 38,000 and recently spent \$250,000 on an expansion program.

Most foreign publications are owned by an individual publisher or an organization. There are exceptions. The shares of the Finnish Vapaa Sana (Free Press) are held by two thousand Finns all over Canada who fully control the paper. The Japanese New Canadian belongs to its staff.

The largest and most powerful ethnic paper is generally agreed to be the German-language Courier, published in Winnipeg, with seven editions — Montreal, Toronto, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Vancouver. When it began in 1907 as the Saskatchewan Courier, it was written in farmhouses.

PETER WHITTALL asks:



"Will this wharf
last 3 to 5 times
longer than yours?"

"Take it from me", says TV's popular 'Mr. Fix-it' (Peter Whittall), "nothing can rot quicker than a wharf, if it hasn't been protected. That's why I have been a PENTOX user for years. PENTOX gives wood three to five times its normal life...and with today's prices, that means important savings in the cost of lumber...to say nothing of the replacement work it saves".

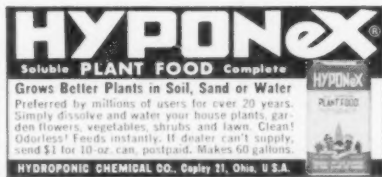
That's right. PENTOX, the proven effective wood preserver-primer-sealer should be used on all exterior wood...fences, garden furniture, porches, steps and so on. Simply brush on. PENTOX preserves wood against moisture and rot with water repellents and a powerful wood preservative. Use PENTOX before you paint. It costs less than the primer coat it saves. Available at hardware stores and lumber dealers across Canada.

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Today it is a three-hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year operation managed by Wilfred Ehman. The Courier's circulation is about 22,000, but since ethnic papers pass from hand to hand, its editor-in-chief, Frank Haarhof of Toronto, thinks it has about a hundred thousand readers.

"We're not a German paper, we're a European paper printed in German," he says. "Many of our readers are Austrian, Hungarian, Ukrainian and Swiss."

During World War I, the government ordered the Courier to switch to English, but by the time of the next war the paper was judged to have proven its loyalty and was allowed to continue in German. John Ehman, who managed the paper from 1921 to 1942, didn't leave any doubt about his strong dislike of Hitler's regime. One of his editors, Bernard Bott, however, didn't agree with him. Before the war began he went to Germany and was trained by the Ausland Institute to turn the Courier into an outlet of Nazi propaganda. When Ehman found out, he wrote to Bott in Germany, telling him he was fired and advising him to stay in the Third Reich. Bott returned anyway to start a paper of his own and was later interned. John Ehman was followed by his son Wilfred, who became an equally loyal and democratic managing director.

German papers democratic

In form and content, the Courier and the Torontoer Zeitung (TZ for short) are very similar, but the latter reflects the eastern Canadian orientation of the postwar German immigrants, most of whom live in Ontario. After a short, unsuccessful start, the TZ was revived by a former ladies' tailor and designer, Karl Julius Baier, in whose hands it has been thriving ever since. Baier, a prominent figure in the German community, is president of the Canadian Ethnic Press Club, an organization of publishers and editors.

Ever since the Nazi Der Deutsche was banned, after appearing for four years in Winnipeg, all German publications have followed a democratic editorial policy. "There are no frictions among our people," says Baier. "We're propagating a Canadian outlook and aren't interested in political fights."

The same is not true of smaller ethnic papers. The Voice of Canadian Serbs and Kanadiski Srbobran, for instance, argue for the return of the Yugoslav monarchy, but the Croatian Voice opposes it, dreaming of the days when Croatia was independent. Meanwhile, a small Serb monthly tries to promote fraternity between Moslems and the Greek Orthodox Church.

Polish papers usually agree on important political issues, but for a while the Alliancer and Glos Polski disagreed over the Polish art treasures in Quebec. Glos Polski didn't think they should be returned to Poland but later changed its mind.

Hungarian papers are said to have the widest variety of political outlook, but their differences aren't apparent to the casual eye. Kanadai Magyarsag is said to be read avidly by former Nazi sympathizers. The Hungarian Herald often swerves Leftward, while Hungarian Life, considered the best of the lot, is more inclined to the Right.

While Ukrainian or Baltic publications fight dead-serious battles against communism, the easy-going Hungarians handle it with humorous sarcasm. But the Hungarians do fight battles of another kind. Since duels are illegal in Canada, "satisfaction" is often sought through an open letter in a Hungarian paper. One "injured party" recently wrote:



PEOPLE WHO KNOW CHOOSE A QUALITY SWISS WATCH

...because only a Swiss jewelled movement gives a long life of trouble-free accuracy!

LARRY HENDERSON, Canada's famous newscaster, world traveller and author, says: "Whether visiting out-of-the-world places like Tibet or Samarkand, or keeping engagements in Canada, one really appreciates the accuracy of a quality Swiss watch. I have carried my fine Swiss watch through many years of globe trotting, and even in tropical or sub-zero temperatures, its time-keeping ability is remarkable."

The big difference that makes a quality Swiss watch is on the inside... in the watch movement itself. A fine Swiss watch is jewelled in the very heart of its movement to cushion wear. Its top quality metals are polished to micro-smoothness to

reduce friction. Every part is fitted to incredible precision, and the movement is electronically tested to assure performance worthy of the skill and pride of the world's finest watch craftsmen.

You can depend on a quality Swiss watch for time-keeping accuracy, and a long life of trouble-free operation. Ask your jeweller to show you the inside difference in watches. Insist on a quality Swiss jewelled movement for lasting satisfaction.



THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

Leftist papers, accused of being "idiotic Reds," label their rivals "Nazi-loving separationists"

"It has been brought to my attention that on January 6, 1960, on the pages of a certain Hungarian weekly one Mr. L. M. offended me gravely. Above-mentioned gentleman claimed that I used to be an enthusiastic member on the staff of (a certain) anti-Semitic newspaper. This is wholly untrue for I have never been enthusiastic and I have not written one single line into that paper. Similarly

I refute the charges according to which I was supposed to sing hymns about the glory of Himmler... Unfortunately I am unable to ask Mr. L. M. to give me satisfaction, for to do this he would have to be a morally responsible person which is not the case. After thorough investigation I was able to acquire evidence which proves that Mr. L. M. . . . was convicted for unlawfully using the title

of attorney in 1948 . . . for embezzlement in 1951 . . ."

Slightly different battles are fought in the Czechoslovakian press, where anti-fascist Czechs are accused of communistic tendencies by nationalistic Slovaks, who in turn are called Nazi-loving separationists.

"These Sodomites," writes the Slovak Domobrana about the democratic Czech

Our Voices, "continue to play their idiotic Red games in Canada."

"The Slovaks of Domobrana can't stand the democracy they are living in," writes Our Voices. "Their Slovak Republic was the worst tyranny of which only cursed memories remain."

Most ethnic papers are weeklies or semiweeklies; only the Chinese print dailies — three in Vancouver and one in Toronto, all established around the beginning of the century. All are violently opposed to the Red Chinese government. The only Chinese pro-communist paper went bankrupt in Toronto two years ago.

There are two Japanese papers, both published in Toronto. They were begun in Vancouver but moved during the wartime evacuation of Japanese-Canadians.

While eighty of Canada's foreign-language papers are strongly anti-communist, there are thirteen others that often startle new immigrants with the way they use the same expressions and party line as newspapers published behind the Iron Curtain. Hungarians, Yugoslavs, Poles, Italians, Lithuanians, Finns, Slovaks, Macedonians, Ukrainians and Russians each have one or more publications that sound like supplements of Pravda.

Some peddle Soviet "peace"

Between the peace doves decorating their pages, the communist papers carry large doses of national and international news aimed at discrediting the Canadian and U.S. governments. A recent issue of the Slovak People's News explained the U.S. farm situation this way:

"The farmers will have to leave the farms their fathers cleared of tree roots and rocks; whether they want it or not they will have to go for a vacation to the Salvation Army . . . The abandoned farms will be rented to bankers for the terribly high price of twenty-five cents per acre. And Washington's own Santa Claus will pay them \$7.50 an acre."

The Hungarian Worker recently claimed that Elliot Lake was founded simply to help make thermonuclear bombs to be used against the U.S.S.R. and assured its readers that the Soviet Union, on the other hand, is developing atomic energy exclusively for peaceful purposes. Its comments on the Canadian domestic scene dwell on "the misery of hundreds of thousands, the failure of our farming, our tremendous national debt, the loss of our independence."

If the communist papers are financed (as some people insist) by Moscow, it doesn't show. Most appear only at irregular intervals and have to be kept alive by donations from readers. The Macedonian Voice, for instance, now needs \$1,700 to keep going, even though the staff is unpaid.

To fight this Red competition, all the democratic press can do is to offer better, more enjoyable, more useful papers. In this effort it is greatly helped by Canadian Scene, a news service providing ethnic publications with material on Canadian political affairs, history, social customs and industrial progress. Every week it sends a free 2,500-word dispatch, already translated, to every democratic ethnic paper. Canadian Scene was started in 1951 by Mrs. Barbara Osler and Mrs. Douglas Jennings but the idea came from Wing Cmdr. John Gellner, who was an immigrant himself. It is supported by donations from national associations, business firms and individuals. Although no one but the Canadian ethnic

Your car makes any map a Magic Circle



Just turn your car out of your driveway. You'll find yourself surrounded by some of the easiest, breeziest summer living ever.



Cool off by car this summer. Get out where the air is fresh and funfilled. See what's new in scenery.



Try the easy entertainment of a drive-in movie. After the show, there's always that cool ride home.



Run away to sea. Wherever the water is, your car takes you to it. Fishing, boating, swimming—it's yours.



Head for a shady woods. Find new picnic spots. Or take along camping gear. Your car makes it easy.

This is one of a series of advertisements published to help you get more enjoyment from your car. Ethyl of Canada's Sarnia plant manufactures antiknock compounds, used by Canadian oil refining companies to improve their gasoline and your driving pleasure.



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ETHYL CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED



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Toronto 7, Ontario

papers are given permission to use its material, reprints have been reported to appear in the U.S., South America, Africa, even communist Hungary.

In most cases ethnic papers distribute more unpaid copies than paid ones. To survive they need advertisements—more advertisements than the local shoemaker and butcher can afford. In 1952, Polish-born Stan Mokrzycki established New Canadian Press (now New Canadian Publications) and launched a campaign to explain the importance of the New Canadian Press to the government and to national advertisers.

"How are the people who can't read the local papers supposed to find out about health insurance, savings bonds, postal regulations, night classes?" Mokrzycki asked the government.

"The New Canadian is not a pauper," he told the national advertisers. "He wants to buy and he has to buy — more than an established Canadian would. He will consult his ethnic paper on that matter."

Mokrzycki offers the advertiser a package deal: he will translate the ad and place it in any or all of fifty foreign-language papers. Often the ads have to be rephrased. "More mileage to a gallon" means nothing to an immigrant who knows little about miles, gallons and North American cars, but "A car in Canada is a must" might easily attract his attention. The fact that most ethnic papers today carry ads for Coca-Cola, Labatt's, Kraft Foods, Canadian Westinghouse, and many other important companies can be attributed mainly to Stan Mokrzycki's efforts. But Mokrzycki isn't satisfied. "We're still not getting enough ads from the government," he says. "We are really the stepchild of the Canadian press."

Mokrzycki has a rival in Frank Kowalsky who used to work for New Canadian Publications before he established his own Lingua-Ad Service. But Mokrzycki concentrates on national advertisers, while Kowalsky, who is also of Polish origin, handles both national and local ads. He considers his greatest achievement was persuading some local theatres to advertise in ethnic papers. It took him five years.

Not all of the newcomers read the ethnic papers and not all of the readers

are newcomers. Many immigrants outgrow them with time and switch to English-language dailies. Dr. A. W. Schippers, editor of the Nederlandse Courant, says he often gets letters from grateful readers who express their thanks for the help they received from the paper during their first years in Canada, but add they don't need it anymore. Others remain loyal all their lives. On its fiftieth birthday the Courier got a card from a seventy-six-year-old reader who claimed he had never missed an issue in fifty years. As a sign of appreciation the management

gave him a free lifetime subscription.

Loyalty to the ethnic paper is often carried on from one generation to the next. For those who have forgotten the language of their country of origin or perhaps never learned it, many papers are printed partly in English. Some ethnic papers have switched entirely to English. But most still cater to the latest immigrants who are often completely dependent on them.

Some Canadians, arguing integration would be faster without ethnic publications, have dubbed them "DP papers."

Mokrzycki says this should not be taken as a slur. He has devised an ingenious translation for the term DP. "DP in this case does not mean Displaced Persons," he insists. "Once he has settled in Canada the immigrant is ready to follow in the footsteps of the pioneers who have come here hundreds of years ago. Therefore, DP in fact means Delayed Pioneers. The only difference between them and the old pioneers is in time."

As the ethnic editors see it that's their job: to bridge the gap of time for Canada's newest pioneers. ★

How Canadians Plan for Tomorrow



George Hill kept his promise to help keep a family secure

George Hill is always a welcome guest in his sister-in-law Helen's home. "My very favourite uncle," young Beth calls him. And today, George has good news for his brother's widow and daughter.

"Before he passed on three years ago," George recalls, "my brother had named me executor of his estate. I promised I'd do the best I could for his family—but I soon found that estate taxes, investments and so on are a complicated business. I just couldn't give the estate all the time and attention it needed."

George and his sister-in-law decided to call in the people at Canada Permanent, where George

had often done business before. They took over the estate's administration on an estate agency basis, and now take care of all accounting, investing and supervision of assets.

Today, George and a Canada Permanent officer are delivering a tidy interest cheque to Helen . . . and as she herself says, "With such good friends working for us, we'll never have financial worries."

In *all* matters of estate management—as executor, trustee or agency—Canada Permanent may well be of service to you and *your* family. Consult Canada Permanent, and benefit by the judgement that comes with 105 years of experience.

EARN HIGH INTEREST ON SAVINGS through Canada Permanent Debentures. Easy to purchase, approved trustee investment.



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in next season's attire?
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and new-fangled?
Will I be globular,
cubic or flat,
Octagonal,
square or triangled?

What will my type be
a few months from now?
Seductive or strictly
no nonsense?
Whose personality
shall I adopt,
Bardot's,
or Ingemar Johanssen's?

Is it the frail as a flower
look this time,
Or robust as a
prize rutabaga?
What brand new me
has been lovingly hatched
By Givenchy
and Balenciaga?

MARGARET STAPLEY



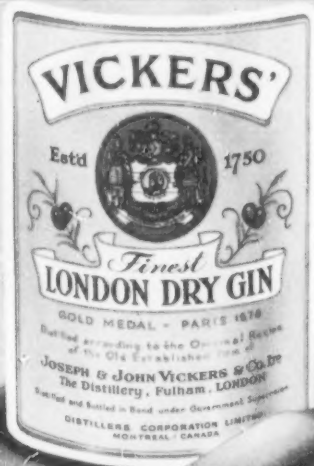
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DEALERS FROM COAST TO COAST



DRYEST GIN
SINCE 1750

VICKERS'
Finest
LONDON DRY GIN

DISTRIBUTED IN CANADA BY CALVERT DISTILLERS LIMITED

Vancouver's bold, shaky international festival

Continued from page 29

"Three of my best dancers," he explained "are pregnant."

It was a hard blow but Goldschmidt reacted calmly as he almost always does. "It's an act of God," he said, "so what can I do but accept it?"

The Peking Opera and the New York Philharmonic are only the headline acts of a show that will cover almost the entire field of the performing arts, from a production of Puccini's opera, *Madame Butterfly*, to folk singing by the Kingston Trio, the United States college boys who shot to fame with their recording of the song Tom Dooley.

Even the festival's setting will be superb, for most of its major events are to unfold on the stage of the new six-million-dollar, civic-owned Queen Elizabeth Theatre, described by Sir Thomas Beecham, the great English conductor, as "not the best concert hall in the world, but one of the best."

As a curtain-raiser to the big show, an international film festival will open on July 11 and run for twelve days.

Everyone else may wonder if Vancouver, the pretty but primitive belle of the west, is ready to support such a lofty undertaking, but the festival's impresario won't admit to a single doubt.

"How can we lose?"

In fact, Goldschmidt, a European-trained musician who looks something like a tall and upright version of Groucho Marx, won't even acknowledge that this is a critical year for the festival.

"Nonsense!" he snorts. "This is not a do-or-die year. Not at all. This is the year we *do*. We have two festivals behind us and we have learned from them. Now we have the exact formula for success. The festival is here to stay."

Goldschmidt produces figures to show why he's so confident his 1960 extravaganza can't miss. The key, of course, is that the festival does not have to make money to survive; it simply has to hold its loss this year to \$110,000.

This deficit would be met from a \$150,000-fund the society expects to raise this year — much of it even before the first curtain goes up—to cover losses and have some left for off-season operation. The Canada Council and the city of Vancouver have already given \$35,000 each and a \$35,000 grant is being sought from the British Columbia government. The rest will come from private donations.

Although the 1960 program appears to have far stronger box-office appeal than those of the past two years, the budget can be met even if the festival draws fewer people than the one hundred thousand who attended in 1958 or the 114,000 who came in 1959. This year it can get by with only 83,000 customers because production costs have been slashed to \$363,000, compared to \$471,000 in 1958 and \$532,000 in 1959.

While it is true the festival would meet its budget and survive for another year if it drew a total audience of 83,000, it would hardly be considered a roaring success. But Goldschmidt is actually counting on drawing far more people than that.

"With the Peking Opera and the New

HARVEY'S



HARVEY'S



HARVEY'S



HARVEY'S



THE NAME FOR FINE SHERRY SINCE 1796

Whether you buy Harvey's famous Bristol Cream — expensive, but worth every penny — or one of Harvey's moderately priced sherries, you're buying the best. Pick up a few bottles soon — a rare pleasure for yourself and your guests.

Write for free booklet — Harvey's "Guide to wines," Dept. M-3, P.O. Box 216, Station H, Montreal.

York Philharmonic how can we lose?" he asks.

"The New York Philharmonic!" exclaims Goldschmidt. "One calls it—how is it?—ah, yes: the hottest thing in show business today."

The man who has made it so is Leonard Bernstein, the orchestra's dynamic, acrobatic and versatile maestro who excels not only as a conductor but as composer, pianist and lecturer as well. The forty-one-year-old Bernstein, who leaps, stomps, and thrashes as he leads his musicians, is one of the world's most-sought-after conductors.

Last year he took the philharmonic on a tour of seventeen European countries and led it from triumph to triumph. As he walked off stage in Athens, a woman exclaimed, "A new god has come to Athens!" In Moscow, after hearing Bernstein's rendition of Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony, the famous Soviet composer Dmitri Kabalevsky said, "Never have I heard a better interpretation."

But it is his brilliant, unorthodox commentaries on classical music on television that have made Bernstein the hottest man in canned culture and which Goldschmidt confidently expects will make Vancouverites rush out to see him in the flesh.

Even so, Goldschmidt considers his supreme coup was in arranging, after three years of negotiations, for the North American debut of the Peking Opera, a centuries-old company that now comprises ninety singers, musicians, actors and acrobats. It will give five performances in the Queen Elizabeth.

It's acrobatic "opera"

The Peking Opera, China's foremost theatrical company, made its first impact on western audiences in 1955 when it appeared at the International Festival of Dramatic Art in Paris. Every performance evoked a standing ovation. One ended in thirty encores.

"I have sheaves of reviews that are simply ecstatic," says Goldschmidt. "Of course it isn't opera in the western sense of the word. It is, with its flashing acrobatics and its pantomime, what you might call Peking Music Hall."

There are two aspects of the Peking Opera that delight Goldschmidt. One is that the festival will have to pay only for its performances as the Chinese government will meet the cost of transporting the company to Vancouver. The other is that the Peking Opera comes with built-in box-office appeal for Vancouver's Chinese community, with a population estimated as high as fourteen thousand. Although the company will not appear in Vancouver until August, in early February the festival office began to receive ticket requests from Chinese-Canadians and even from Chinese in Brooklyn and Honolulu.

Vancouver asks, "Can we keep our festival?" but elsewhere people wonder how Vancouver got into the festival business in the first place. The answer is: mainly because Nicholas Goldschmidt talked the city into it. And who is Goldschmidt?

He was born fifty-two years ago on his father's thirty-thousand-acre estate in South Moravia, now part of Czechoslovakia. His musical training began in Vienna under the famous composer Joseph Marx and continued with various provincial opera companies until he became a conductor.

In 1937 he went to the United States and spent ten years there, during which he founded opera schools at Stanford and Columbia universities. Then, in 1946, he came to Canada and for eleven



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jet-age
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DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

"Impressive," said the New York Times. But then came a hot debate: "Why did the festival flop?"

years was musical director of the opera school of Toronto's Royal Conservatory.

In 1950, Goldschmidt began coming to Vancouver for several months each year to teach at the University of British Columbia, where a lively summer festival of the arts had begun to develop. "I began to wonder: why can't we have a really big festival like those in Europe?" he recalls.

Leaders of the Community Arts Council had had the festival bug since 1948, and when Goldschmidt appeared on the scene he sold them on his grand conception and got action.

The Vancouver Festival Society was formed early in 1955 and Goldschmidt was appointed artistic and managing director. An inaugural festival was put in the works for 1958 to coincide with the province's centennial celebrations. The money to stage it was raised mainly by donations from industry. The Canada Council contributed a fifty-thousand-dollar grant.

One of the first artists Goldschmidt booked was a kindly and brilliant old man who might be called the father of festivals. This was Bruno Walter, the great German conductor, who helped found Salzburg's annual salute to Mozart and who took part in the opening performance of the first Edinburgh Festival.

Walter, then eighty-two and living in virtual retirement in California, accepted the engagement because, he said, "The world is torn to pieces by politics and it can be brought together only by culture." In Vancouver, he said: "You have the ideal frame and setting for an international festival and such variety and scope in presentation I have rarely encountered."

"I knew then," says Goldschmidt, "that we were in business."

Goldschmidt laid it on with a trowel, presenting a four-week jamboree of everything from jazz to opera, to mime by Marcel Marceau, the French master, to a wild and noisy epic drama that To-

ronto's Lister Sinclair had been specially commissioned to write.

A lively controversy broke around Sinclair's play, *The World of the Wonderful Dark*, which was set among coastal Indian tribes before the coming of the white man. Under the fire of professional critics, Sinclair's Indians bit the dust.

Surveying the whole undertaking, Arthur Goldberg, music critic of the Los Angeles Times, wrote: "Vancouver has entered the sharply competitive festival business in the grand manner, even, one might say, with a splash."

"In scope and content, the first season can be compared with such an established enterprise as Edinburgh," he said. "The artistic aspirations are equally high and the standards are decidedly meritorious."

Encouraged, Goldschmidt began assembling an even more ambitious program for 1959, extending the run of the festival from four to five weeks and the number of performances from fifty-nine to eighty. It proved to be far more ambitious than the traffic would bear.

Apart from four of the eight symphony concerts, the only solid box-office successes were scored by Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip and by folk singer Harry Belafonte. The royal couple drew a sell-out house of 2,800 at a gala concert in their honor during which the Queen gave her name to the city's new theatre. Belafonte played to the biggest crowd of all: six thousand people who packed the Forum hockey rink.

Howard Taubman, the New York Times music critic, described the whole festival as "impressive" and "alive and bursting with energy."

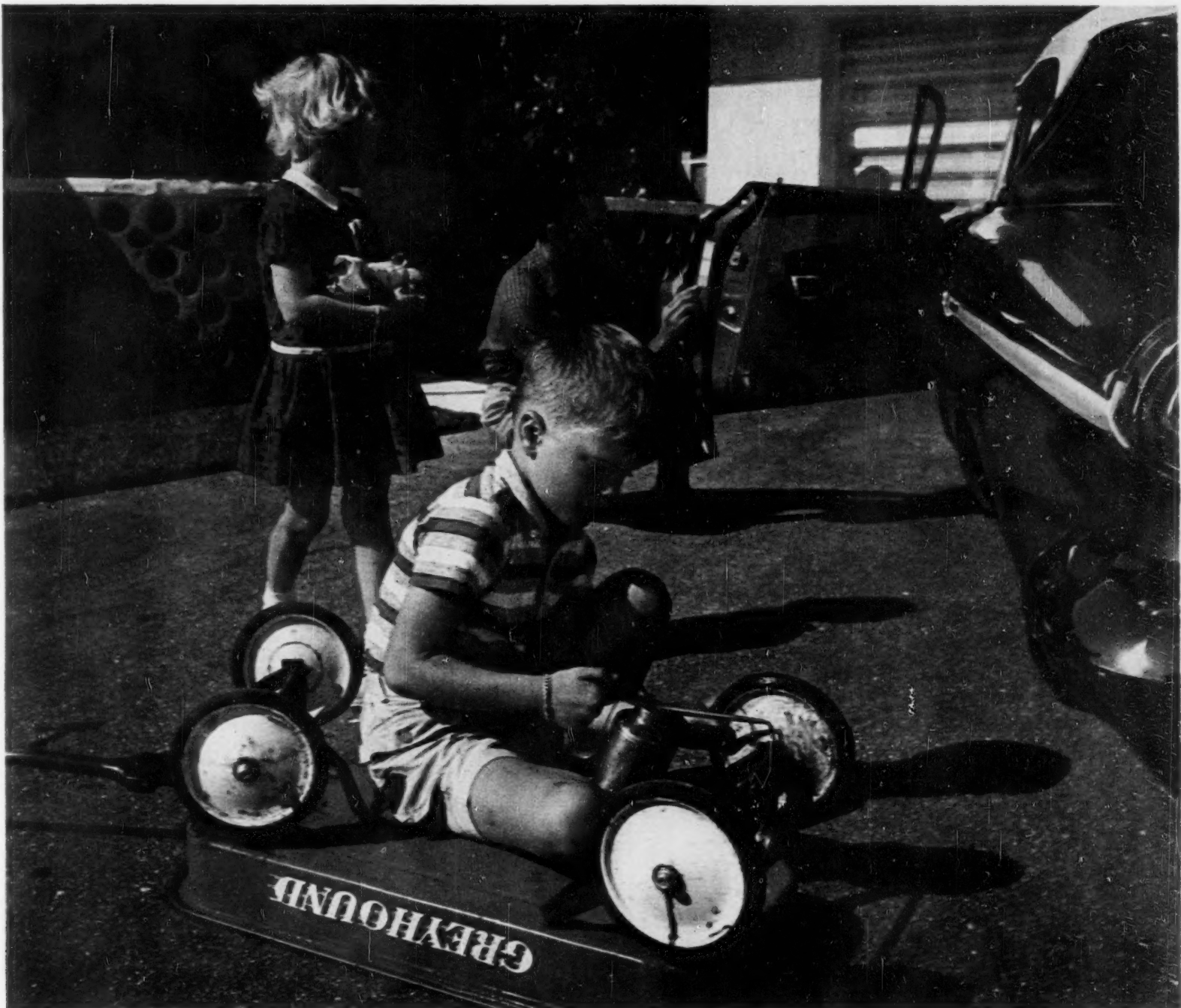
Yet, when the final curtain fell, the festival was more dead than alive; it lay in the wings, gushing red ink.

Why did it flop?

The question was debated furiously for weeks and, in the end, an almost unanimous verdict emerged: admission prices had been too high and the artistic



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standards too high-brow; there had been too many events and they had been spread over too long a period.

To revive the festival, generous transfusions of public money were pumped into it. The Canada Council and City of Vancouver had each given \$25,000 to put the show on the boards, and now they matched these original grants to keep it there. The province, already down for \$25,000, contributed another \$13,900.

A postman's wife made her own modest contribution, a fifteen-dollar donation, because, she wrote, "Summer in Vancouver has taken on a whole new joy! How can we leave for holidays when such exciting things are happening right at home?"

These contributions wiped out the society's huge debt and left it free to begin raising \$150,000 to finance the 1960 festival.

"We're confident," says Peter Bennett, the festival's administrative director, "that if we produce a really worthwhile festival this summer, we can count on raising \$150,000 every year to support it."

Goldschmidt has cut the festival's run to three and a half weeks, although he'll still crowd in about sixty performances, roughly the same number as in 1958. He has cut prices as well. There will be rush seats, at a dollar a throw, to most events, and cut-rate package deals are being offered.

Swedes and Bolivians, too

But the real key to survival is a program that will carry a box-office wallop and yet won't damage the high artistic standards Goldschmidt insists the festival must set. He is sure this is the kind of program he's fashioned.

It will include symphony concerts conducted by Carlos Chavez, Mexico's most distinguished maestro, and by William Steinberg, of the Pittsburgh Symphony; recitals by Toronto's brilliant pianist, Glenn Gould; the famous Swedish mezzo-soprano, Kerstin Meyer, and Jaime Laredo, an international-prize-winning violinist from Bolivia. There will be chamber music performed by the Claremont Quartet, of New York, and Vancouver's Cassenti Players.

Even Mark Twain will get into the act when Hal Holbrook, a young American actor, presents Mark Twain Tonight, a smash hit in New York. Holbrook impersonates the great humorist reading from his own works.

The festival will be given a stronger Canadian and even local accent. Goldschmidt will conduct an all-Canadian cast, headed by the Toronto soprano Teresa Stratas, in Madame Butterfly. Seventy Vancouver children will take part in a production of Benjamin Britten's musical setting of the medieval miracle play, Noah's Flood.

The Deadly Game, described by the New York Times' Brook Atkinson, as "a provocative philosophical inquiry into evil in the world," will be staged by the Vancouver actress and director Dorothy Davies and acted by a local cast. The Deadly Game recently folded after a brief run in New York but Goldschmidt insists this has not shaken his confidence in the play in the least.

"We have no Mozart, as Salzburg has," Goldschmidt says. "We have no castle, as Edinburgh has. And we have no Shakespeare, as Stratford has. But we do have a beautiful city and we do have the grandest festival on the continent — the only one anywhere that brings together the best in the arts from Europe, the Americas, and Asia. How can we miss?" ★

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Seafoods



London Letter continued from page 10

"I would sooner talk to a young man," said Wilde, "than be cross-examined by an old QC"

cinated was I in my youth in Toronto by Wilde's books and poems that on reaching England with the Canadian Expeditionary Force in the 1914 war I made a pilgrimage to Reading Gaol where Wilde, during two years' imprisonment, was inspired to write that superb, if somewhat self-pitying, poem, The Ballad of Reading Gaol.

The warders could not have been more helpful nor more completely at a loss. Could I tell them how to spell the name? What was the date on which he was incarcerated? What was he in for? They were not putting on an act. Still anxious to be of assistance they called in a senior warden who said that he knew the name but could not say when or why Wilde had been there.

Now let us come down the years. The Blitz was on, and Hitler's bombers were turning London into an inferno. Lord Cecil Douglas was dining at my house in St. John's Wood. So violent was the bombing that he agreed with me that it was foolish to risk the bombs in the open streets, and I put him up for the night.

When I went into his room next morning to announce that breakfast was ready, an extraordinary sight met my eyes. Beside his bed was a perfectly shaped leg completely detached from his body. He had always limped slightly, but not until then did I learn that as a very young airman in the 1914 war he had been shot down and his leg had to be amputated.

His eloquence failed

Cecil Douglas is the grandson of the famous eighth Marquis of Queensberry, who prided himself on a temper that terrorized even his friends, and whose attacks on Oscar Wilde as a degenerate at last prompted Wilde to take him to court for slander. Understandably it was a *cause célèbre*.

But almost from the very beginning it was evident that Wilde was mad to have brought the action. Cross-examination by the relentless Sir Edward Carson made it cruelly clear that Wilde had sought the company of young louts whose morals were as low as their intelligence. In a desperate and partially sincere attempt to justify his conduct, he said he liked people who were young, bright, happy, careless and original. "I do not like them sensible and I do not like them old. I don't like social distinctions of any kind and the mere face of youth is so wonderful to me that I would sooner talk to a young man for half an hour than be cross-examined by an elderly QC."

There was laughter in the court, but Wilde was losing ground. His attempts to describe his association with young illiterate louts as the natural affinity of age with youth fell flat despite the beauty of his language.

Then came the disaster. Wilde's principal counsel asked permission to withdraw from the case. From that moment Wilde was doomed. His friends urged him to leave the country at once, and there is evidence that the authorities would have facilitated his escape, but he stayed in his house until the police arrived with a warrant for his arrest on a charge of indecency.

Thus the second trial took place, and I suggest that we now motor with my friend Lord Cecil Douglas to the film studios to see a re-enactment of the scene with Wilde facing his relentless prosecutor. We were given seats in the

setting of the Old Bailey. It was as hot and fetid as Africa but the electric studio lamps knew no more pity than Queensberry had.

There in the dock was Oscar Wilde, not quite so bloated as in real life, and

facing him was the relentless Sir Edward Carson. "Silence!" shouted the director. "Complete silence!" Then they recorded the number of the retake, for they had been at this one short, vital scene all morning.



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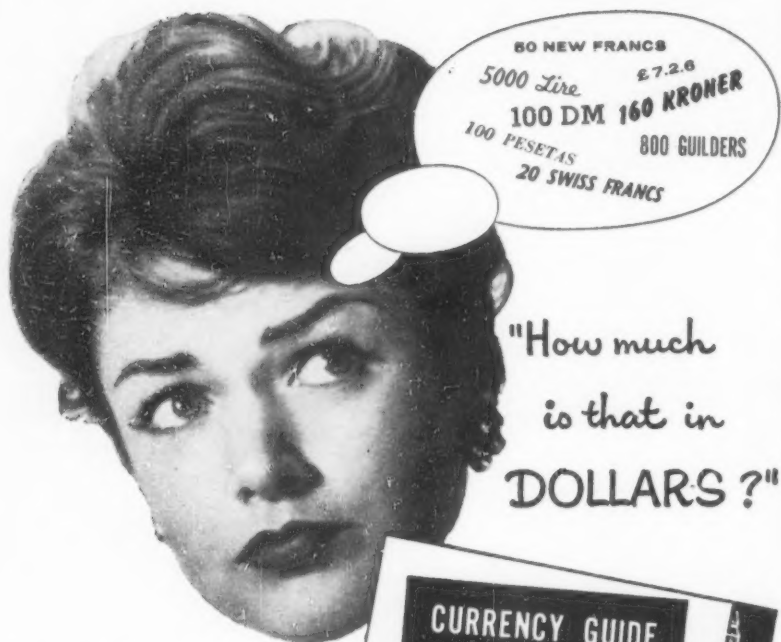


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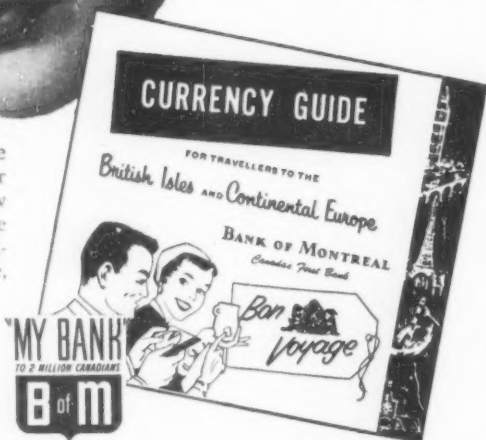
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James Mason as the prosecutor, facing the accused, asked Wilde if it was true that when he had some young fellows at his flat he kissed one whose name was given in court.

"Certainly not," said Wilde.

"And why not?" asked the prosecutor calmly.

"He was much too ugly," answered Wilde.

Following the script, the crowd of extras and the members of the jury tittered with embarrassment. "Silence!" roared the clerk of the court.

"Just a minute," said the director, and the tension in the studio relaxed. "You public people in the court must be startled, shocked, embarrassed, or amused. Think it out. Turn and talk to each other and when the prosecutor shouts 'Silence in the court!' see to it that you give me silence."

"Knock off for five minutes," said the director wearily. An actor dressed as a policeman lit his pipe. Members of the public, in costumes of 1895, fanned themselves in the fetid atmosphere.

Oscar Wilde and his relentless enemy, the Marquis of Queensberry, exchanged views as to what horse would win the 3.30 at Epsom. Four minor actors who had very small parts were playing bridge in the hall.

Then back to work. "Take off your glasses!" said the director to some members of the jury who were still studying racing forms. Thus even in the setting of artifice we are faced with reality. And thus came the adjournment for lunch.

Wilde and Carson, who had been insulting each other all morning, lit a friendly cigarette. Two young louts who had been among Wilde's grubby favorites entered into a highbrow discussion as to whether Wilde was a poet or a poseur.

And while all this was going on a rival studio was racing against time to produce its own version of the tragedy of Oscar Wilde. With some knowledge of the film industry and the cinema public, I imagine that each version will help popularize the other. Having partly seen this film in the making I shall let nothing, not even the discipline of the Conservative chief whip, prevent me from attending its premiere.

The forthright, downright man, to whom all things are simple would send every homosexual to prison and keep him there. On the other hand there is the sensitive, understanding man who contends that by treating homosexuality as a criminal offense you drive it into the organized underworld.

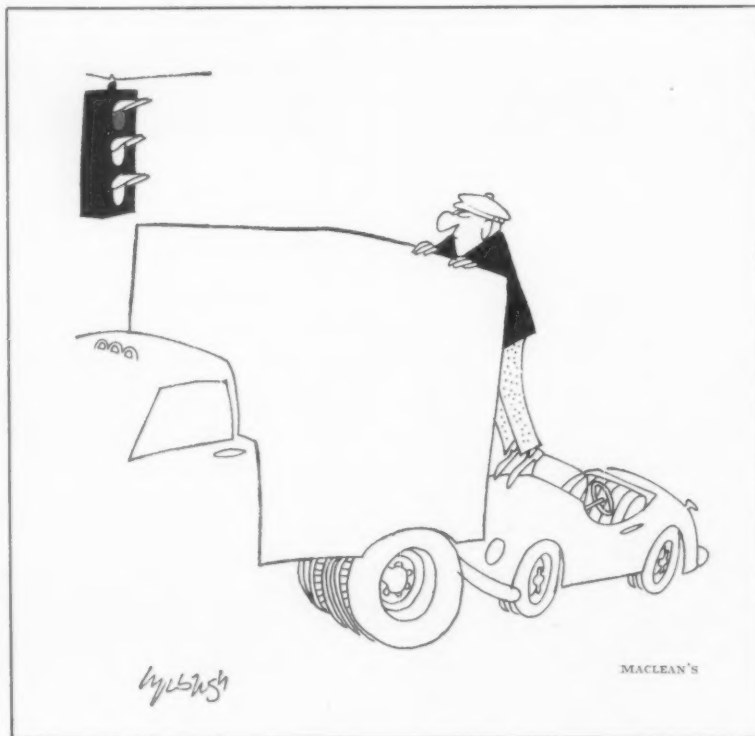
Some years ago when I was the theatre critic of the London Evening Standard I found myself faced with a dilemma which could not be set aside. One of our most famous and knighted actors had been arrested on the charge of soliciting a male for improper purposes. In this case, however, the magistrate combined justice with mercy. The disgrace and the tragedy of it did not need the extra shame of imprisonment. That was the wise decision of the court.

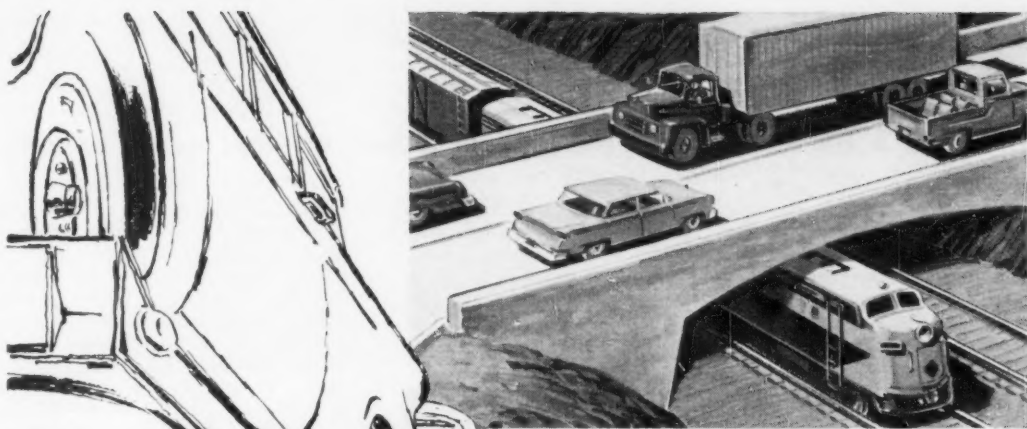
The actor in question did not withdraw from the stage. Instead there came the announcement that he would shortly be opening in a new play at the Haymarket Theatre in London. As a critic I was automatically invited but never did I approach a task with such apprehension. Would there be a demonstration from the gallery? If so, would the evening dress section in the stalls make a counter demonstration with loud applause?

The play had been running for about ten minutes when the cue came for his appearance on the stage. When he appeared there was a ripple of subdued applause and nothing more. Somehow, yet clearly, the audience acknowledged him as an artist and nothing more or less. It was exactly right, just as it was very English.

Degeneracy is one of the prices which old civilizations have to pay, and the irony of it all is that the degenerate, although an enemy of society, is so often gifted in the arts. Yet I am glad that I joined the march to the house where Oscar Wilde had lived and it seems to me that by the presentation of these two Oscar Wilde films we may experience the cleansing quality of tragedy.

So now as we come to the end of this London Letter we must pose this question of conscience. Should the films have been made? To my mind there is no subject that cannot be dealt with in the cinema or the theatre provided that it is based on sincerity and integrity. ★





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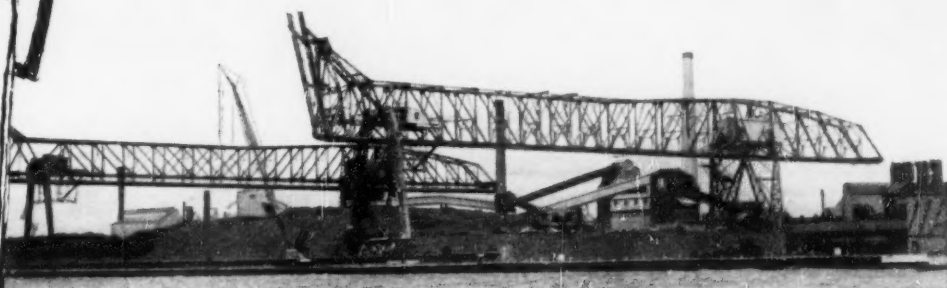
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TRADE:

the Soviet's not-so-secret weapon continued from page 13

"So far, Canada has felt only a touch of the knife — just a hint of what could happen"

but of an economic form of funeral, with trade as the grave-digger's spade."

Franklin Lindsay, a New York economist who was once a member of Allen Dulles' Central Intelligence Agency, recently studied the probable effects of a

Russian export offensive on Canada, in a project sponsored by the Canadian-American Committee, a group of business, labor, agricultural and community leaders. "The Soviet Union is potentially the greatest rival to Canada in world

trade," he concluded. "If Russia deployed her wheat, lumber, pulp and base metals in a serious attempt to become a leading world trader, Canada would be the first to suffer, and probably would suffer more than any other country."

Canadian exporters in several industries already have felt the effects of Soviet competition, although up to now they've endured only minor damage. "What has happened so far," says Wansbrough, "seems rather to be special raids into Western markets designed to earn foreign exchange, but perhaps also to make a show of strength of the weapons in the economic armory under the communist system; just a touch of the knife to let the victim know what could happen." Among the Canadian products which have been involved with Russian trade competition are these:

ALUMINUM: Canada received its first direct economic jolt from Russia three years ago in the United Kingdom, where one third of our aluminum output is sold. The U.S.S.R. began to ship in aluminum priced at least two cents per pound less than the Canadian product. Customers were guaranteed the price advantage, regardless of any change in the Canadian quotation. Aluminium Limited, in Montreal, simultaneously faced with a slump in domestic demand, lowered its price by two cents a pound — the first drop since 1941. The heavy flow of Russian aluminum to Britain was reduced only after anti-dumping measures were threatened by the U. K. government. Aluminum production is being doubled as part of Russia's current Seven Year Plan, leaving a huge exportable surplus by 1965. Even Poland, whose aluminum-making facilities were set up partly in response to U. S. strategic export controls, now produces nearly all the aluminum it needs.

LUMBER: This essential Canadian industry, which exports half of its annual two billion dollar cut, is losing a large part of its important United Kingdom market to the Soviet Union. Seven years ago, Canada shipped three times as much lumber to the U. K. as Russia; last year, the U.S.S.R. outsold Canada three and a half to one. In developing British sales the Russians have not only undercut Canadian prices but have also re-introduced a commercial device of the Twenties known as "the fall clause," which protects buyers against price declines between the dates of purchase and delivery. "With the Seaway," says J. A. Schryburt, the director of public relations for the Canadian Lumbermen's Association, "it would be possible for the Russians even to flood the Canadian market with their timber, if the only consideration was a question of competitive price." The forested areas of the U.S.S.R. are larger than those of the U. S. and Canada combined; Russian forestry employs more than two million workers.

PULP AND PAPER: "At the moment we have a respite while Russia is building up capacity for domestic needs," says R. M. Fowler, head of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, which represents our largest export industry. "But by 1965 or 1968 Russia may emerge as a major exporter of pulp and paper products." The current Seven Year Plan calls for a doubling of Russian newsprint output; paperboard production is to be increased by four hundred percent; building-board production by more than eight hundred percent. Fowler notes that the Canadian



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pulp-and-paper industry employs sixty-two researchers for each million tons of its product, while Russia, on a similar basis of comparison, will soon have five hundred and eighty researchers.

WHEAT: The pledge made by the Soviet Union in its current trade agreement with Canada to buy up to seven million bushels of our wheat a year is being interpreted by Ottawa grain experts simply as a recognition by the Russians that at this time it is more economic for them to move Canadian wheat from Vancouver to Vladivostok than to strain the trans-Siberian transportation system by moving their own grain. It will probably be in wheat that the most furious Canadian-Russian trade battles will be fought. In one recent year, the increase alone in the Soviet wheat crop was greater than the total Canadian yield of the last three years. The Seven Year Plan calls for a seventy-percent boost in agricultural output, so that by 1965 Russia will easily be able to overtake us as a wheat exporter. Russia will have additional wheat surpluses as a result of her rising standard of living, because people eat less and less bread as their living standards rise.

ASBESTOS: Nearly half of the million tons of asbestos produced annually in Canada has traditionally been sold in those European countries where small quantities of Russian asbestos have recently begun appearing at quotations well under the Canadian export price. "The situation is not yet serious," says the head of one large Canadian asbestos mining company, "but a cut-rate price on even ten percent of the quantity we sell in one of our markets disturbs the other ninety percent of the business."

This growing disruption of our traditional trading patterns may be arrested to some extent by the Soviet-Canadian trade agreement recently signed in Moscow by Trade Minister Gordon Churchill and N. S. Patolichev, the Russian minister of foreign trade. The treaty provides for annual discussions of mutual trade problems, including the difficulties created by the invasion of our export outlets by the state traders of the Soviet Union. The main effect of the three-year treaty is that it prolongs the granting to the U.S.S.R. of the "most-favored nation" tariff classification, given to the Soviet Union by the first Canadian trade treaty, signed in 1956. This allows the state traders of the Soviet Union access to the Canadian market on exactly the same basis as that given private exporters from such traditional trading partners of Canada as the United States, France and Italy.

The treaty sets a three-year target for Russian sales to Canada of \$37,500,000 by 1963. The Soviet Union will buy Canadian products worth \$75 million, including six hundred thousand tons of our wheat — provided we buy the promised quantity of Soviet goods.

The agreement places the Canadian government in a paradoxical situation. John Diefenbaker has repeatedly warned against the "economic and trade forces of hurricane proportions" being launched against the free world. But under the new agreement, the Diefenbaker ministry must do all it can to facilitate the sale of Russian products here. If Russia fails to break into our market—as it failed under the last agreement — Canada will lose an important outlet for the burdensome grain surplus.

It is not yet clear exactly what goods will be involved in our exchange with Russia. The Ottawa officials who participated in the negotiation of the treaty

predict that the Russian products most likely to be introduced to Canadians in the next few months include vodka, crabmeat, toys, china, linens, hand-knotted carpets, watches, glass, various industrial materials, musical instruments, cameras, canned ham, and the Moskvitch automobile. (The car, a peppy four-cylinder model with a short-wave radio included as standard equipment, already has been ordered by an Ontario dealer. It's expected to sell for about \$1,600.) In addition to wheat, Canada will probably sell to Russia machine tools, nickel, petro-

chemicals and a limited amount of consumer goods. "If the mutual suspicions are overcome, Canadian-Russian trade could amount to \$150 million to \$200 million dollars a year within a decade," predicts Steve Laufer, a Montreal businessman who has set up the North America General Trading Corporation to participate in the new business.

Most of the Ottawa officials who took part in the year-long negotiation of the Russian-Canadian trade treaty disagree with Laufer's assessment. They point out that the two countries have too much

geography and resource potential in common to make a large-scale exchange of products economically realistic. The current treaty, they say, is prompted mostly by Russia's desire to break into the North American market.

Such an entry would make good propaganda for the Russians, but this is not the aspect of East-West trade which frightens our experts. They are much more concerned over the increasingly frequent communist tactic of offering the same products as Canada sells abroad to our traditional markets, at below our price

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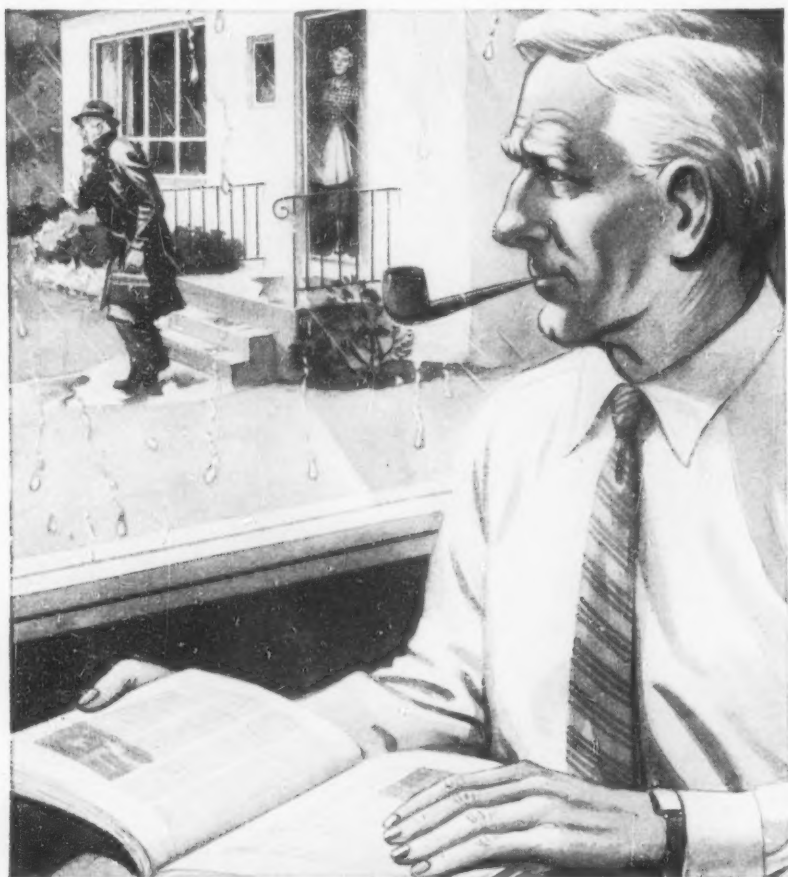
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quotations. In attempting to compete with this intrusion, countries like Canada are at a tremendous disadvantage.

Under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, to which most of the free world's major trading nations belong, exported goods cannot be priced below the fair market value in the supplying country. But it's virtually impossible to determine a "fair market" price for Russian goods. Not only because the communists conceal information, but because no market price, as we know it, exists in Russia. There is no free equilibrium between demand and supply, and no clear reckoning of actual costs. The capital tied up in the erection of a new factory, for instance, is not ordinarily included in Russian price calculations.

Another difficulty is that the ruble, the unit of account in all trade within the Soviet bloc, is a purely internal currency. No practical dollar-ruble relationship exists. The Russians are able to make the ruble worth what they say it's worth. Premier Khrushchov recently announced that next fall the ruble will be brought into an equal relationship with the dollar, instead of the existing four-to-one ratio. This will make little difference to foreign trade, because Russian export prices will continue to be quoted in the currency of the purchasing country. Some metal concentrates were recently priced inside the Soviet Union at a rate which implied a ruble exchange with the dollar of thirty-nine cents, while non-ferrous metals for export were priced at an implied exchange rate of six cents.

The capitalist world has not yet discovered how to compete effectively with the state-controlled trade of the Soviet Union. "The obvious answer to continued below-cost selling, if indeed that is what the Russian moves represent, is that it cannot continue in any one industry without government subsidization. Funds must come from somewhere to cover the cost that is not covered by revenue from sales," says Nathanael Davis, the president of Aluminium Limited, whose firm has so far been the most seriously affected by Russian exports. Douglas Jung, the Chinese-Canadian Conservative who represents Vancouver Centre in the House of Commons, already has sug-

gested the establishment of a Canada Trade Council which would rally government, management and labor representatives in an attempt to work out a way of meeting communist competition.

Price is not the only problem in business dealings with the Soviet Union. A major frustration encountered by Western manufacturers who have exported equipment to Russia is that Soviet engineers promptly copy the unit's best features. The Soviet Union does not recognize the International Convention on Patents. When Robert Kipp, president of Kipp Kelly Limited in Winnipeg, last year sold the Soviet Union two grain-cleaning machines of his own design, his Russian contact admitted that the equipment would probably be copied, but generously promised that any improvements discovered in the process would be relayed back to Kipp. The Winnipeg manufacturer is now waiting for further orders, but only because he is convinced the Russians couldn't use enough of the units to make copying economical.

Canadian exporters will have to find some method of competing with Russian traders in world markets before long. The current Seven Year Plan provides for doubling Russia's foreign trade, to the equivalent of twenty billion dollars a year, by 1965 — twice the current Canadian export-import total.

Disruptions in the trade of capitalist countries could become an objective of Russian state planners in the future. But their much more immediate concern, and the most essential current economic fighting ground, is in the business relationship of the world's two major blocs with the one and a half billion inhabitants of the underdeveloped and politically uncommitted nations of the Middle and Far East.

Since Soviet Bloc economic aid started in 1955, credits for the equivalent of nearly three billion dollars (excluding military aid) have been granted to eighteen countries. This compares with U.S. assistance of seventy-three billion dollars (including military aid) to fifty-five countries since 1946. But unlike the Russians, the Americans usually attach conditions designed to improve the economies of the receiving countries. Durga



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Das, editor of the Hindustan Times in New Delhi, has compared U. S. aid to an elder brother who helps to provide the food, shelter and clothing for his struggling young brother, but cannot also afford to hand out spending money. He described Soviet aid as more like an uncle who gives the boy spending money and becomes popular, while the elder brother is taken for granted.

The spectacular success of Russian foreign aid in the building of Egypt's Aswan Dam and India's Bhilai steel plant are well known, but there have also been

many flops. In one deal with Burma, for instance, the Russians exchanged some cement for part of the Burmese rice crop. The cement arrived in Rangoon during the monsoon season, when there was no available storage space. Despite Burmese pleas not to unload, the Russian shipmaster dumped his load on the docks, where the cement hardened into giant blocks under the rains.

Nevertheless, the economic achievements of the Russians are impressive. No nation in peace time has been industrialized as swiftly as the Soviet Union since

the death of Stalin. Before the Revolution of 1917, Russia accounted for less than three percent of world industrial output. At the outbreak of World War II its share was just over ten percent. By the end of the current Seven Year Plan, in 1965, thirty percent of the world's manufacturing capacity will be within the Soviet Union. With the satellite nations and mainland China included, the Soviet bloc will in the mid-Sixties hold custody over half the world's industrial output.

Soviet industrial activity has now

reached the level the United States' economy was at midway through World War II. But the U.S.S.R.'s annual production rate is growing twice as fast as that of the U. S. The current Seven Year Plan has as its target an eighty-percent boost in industrial output — a multiplication that will require a greater expansion of manufacturing facilities in seven years than has taken place in Russia during the forty years since the revolution.

"Our Seven Year Plan," Dr. A. A. Aroutunian, the Soviet ambassador to Canada, said recently, "is not a creation of the devil against humanity. It is a program of ordinary human beings trying to do their best to improve their economic and cultural life further at the fastest possible pace."

Nearly all of the Western experts who have studied the details of Russian industrial capabilities agree that it is now within the power of the Soviet rulers to wipe out present discrepancies between the Russian and Western living standards (in terms of per capita production) within the next two decades. The political implications of this achievement frighten even the most optimistic Western diplomats. If comparative poverty should become the price of freedom, democracy will have lost an important part of its political appeal.

An equally serious long-term threat, especially to trading nations like Canada, is seen in the future economic emergence of mainland China. The Sino-Soviet alliance marshaled into a unified common market—covering a quarter of the earth's surface and containing a third of its population — would possess economic bargaining powers on a scale hitherto undreamed of. Such a development was hinted at in a little-noticed speech made at last year's Communist Party Congress in Moscow by Konstantin Ostrovityanov, a leading Russian economist. Ostrovityanov also predicted that by 1965 the ruble will begin to supplant the dollar as an instrument of international trade.

With the established failure of communist propaganda as a weapon for world conquest, and the increasing impracticality of nuclear war, economic competition could during this decade become the final battlefield between the world's two main ideologies. Notice of such an intention has already been given by Premier Nikita Khrushchov. "We declare war upon you in the peaceful field of trade," he proclaimed at his meeting with New York businessmen last fall. "We are relentless in this, and it will prove the superiority of our system."

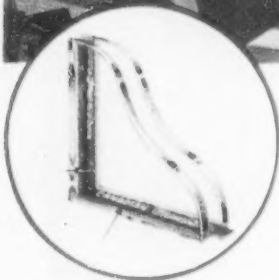
The opening skirmishes of the struggle are now being fought, and Canada is one of the main participants. If East-West trade evolves into full-scale warfare, this country could easily become the West's most severe casualty. Such a possibility seems disturbingly real in the face of the chilling prediction made forty years ago by Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, the chief prophet of international Communism, who wrote: "When the capitalist world starts to trade with us, on that day they will begin to finance their own destruction." ★

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"We searched our rooms for microphones but sheepishly decided we'd been seeing too many TV shows"

could have transported the six of us with space to spare. The Intourist man said we'd be staying at the Metropole, then he said *do svidaniya* (good-by) and vanished back into the airport, leaving us with the drivers.

We were driven fifteen or twenty miles on a paved road. There wasn't much traffic. None of the drivers spoke English so we couldn't ask questions about the landscape, but we passed farms, suburbs in which all the buildings were apartment blocks, and a modest skyscraper which had a sign at its top saying, in Russian, French and English, Atoms for Peace. Then there were spires tipped with red stars, and we were in Moscow, a city of five million which is the capital of the communist world, the capital of Russia itself, and the capital of the fifteen republics of the USSR — fifteen republics with a population of 210 million and an area greater than the combined area of Canada and China.

The Metropole turned out to be ancient, enormous, dimly-lit, gloomy. Since scores of newspaper items in recent years have suggested that Stalin's memory is not exactly cherished in Russia, we were surprised that an oversized portrait of Stalin dominated the lobby. There was no portrait of Khrushchov in the Metropole — or anywhere else that we saw.

No nightclubs in Moscow

After husky female bellhops took possession of the baggage, the desk clerk directed us to the Intourist office, off the lobby. It, too, was dominated by a king-sized oil painting of Stalin. A plump, dark-eyed girl greeted us in English.

She explained that the room rate, \$17.50 a day, included meals. She doled out a dozen meal tickets to each of us and said they'd be honored by all the leading hotels, not just the Metropole.

We asked her what we could do to have fun. Not much, she said with a shrug. It was after nine, too late in the evening for plays or concerts. Night clubs? Not in Moscow. Perhaps we'd like to go walking.

Then we asked whether she could give us rubles for Canadian dollars. Not on Saturday night, she said. Not until Sunday morning. But if we were hungry we had our meal tickets and maybe there were places where these would be accepted for drinks, as well as food. The six of us agreed to meet again in half an hour.

My room was so big that two double beds were practically lost in one corner of it. It had an ornate chandelier, a desk the size of a corporation president's, an elegant sofa, chairs, an eight-foot-high wooden wardrobe, two full-length mirrors, lamps with fringed silk shades.

The bathroom, too, was of heroic proportions. A card table stood beside the metal bathtub — a giant tub on curved legs. Though the plumbing was antique, hot water poured from the taps and, contrary to some reports, Russian hotels do provide a reasonable quantity and quality of soap and toilet paper.

I looked around, as most newly arrived tourists do, for a concealed microphone. So, I learned later, did the others in the group I was with. One rolled his rug back and lifted a loose floor board but all that was under it was dust. He admitted

with a sheepish grin that he must have watched too many television plays about communist agents and secret police.

When our party reassembled after our unsuccessful search for hidden mikes, we sallied forth to see the sights of a Mos-

cow Saturday night. The streets, at eleven, were still filled with pedestrians, an extraordinary number of them in uniform.

Young couples strolled slowly, arms wrapped round each other. Occasionally

they paused to kiss. I recalled reading that courting presented problems in Moscow, the housing shortage and overcrowding being so acute that boy could rarely be alone indoors with girl. Maybe this accounts for the street-corner buss-

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ing, but the Russians are naturally demonstrative. Two broad-shouldered naval officers sauntered by, arm in arm. This, in Russia, implied only that they were good friends, but looked odd to our Western eyes.

We, in turn, must have looked odd to the Muscovites, who could immediately and invariably spot us as foreigners.

It may have been the way we were dressed, for, while none of us would have passed muster as a fashion plate, Russian shoes and clothes are not only different in style from ours but are inferior

— notoriously poor, shoddy and expensive. One of my companions was asked by a man at the next table in one of the best restaurants whether he would sell the shoes he was wearing. And all of us were frequently stopped by *stilyagi*. The term, from the Russian word for style, is applied to youths who wear loudly patterned suits of unconventional cut. They are the Russian equivalent of Britain's Teddy boys and of the zoot suiters once familiar to North Americans.

Stilyagi, who nearly all seem able to speak English fluently, plead with you

to sell them suits, overcoats, shirts, ties, jazz records. It's apparent that they have facilities for reselling these at a profit in the black market. Their chief stock-in-trade is money. The official exchange rate is ten rubles for a dollar, but they offered twenty-five, thirty or even thirty-five rubles for a dollar.

But, none of us felt like doing business with the *stilyagi*, especially on our first night in Moscow. What we did feel like, after walking miles, absorbing new sights, sounds and smells, and rubbing elbows with the street throngs, was a ride on

the Metro, the world's most magnificent subway system.

We entered an underground station as spacious and as impressive as a palace — white marble, black granite, mosaic, bronze statues, arched ceilings, sparkling chandeliers. There are more than fifty such stations and the hundreds of thousands of Muscovites who pour through them daily grumble occasionally that if they weren't so fancy the Metro fare might be less than half a ruble — five cents at the official rate of exchange, less than two cents at the *stilyagi* rate. The six of us didn't have half a ruble among us — not in Russian money.

There was a fat, motherly looking woman at the wicket. We offered her Canadian money, U. S. money, Dutch money. *Nyet, nyet, nyet*. She shook her head. But she must have felt sorry for us, for suddenly she stopped shaking her head and nodded and beamed. She informed us, in an improvised sign language, that we were to be her guests. She waved us through the turnstile and we boarded a train.

It was as fast as the trains on Toronto's much-publicized subway, and much cleaner, smoother, quieter and more comfortable. During our free ride I had a completely unintelligible conversation with a Russian whose English I couldn't understand and who couldn't understand mine. I gathered he was one of a vast number of Russians now studying English.

Somehow, we contrived to leave the subway at a station close to the Metro-pole.

No blue laws here

Sunday. I arose fairly early. Breakfast was disappointingly like breakfast at home. Fruit juice, bacon and eggs, toast, coffee — served to the accompaniment of the Metropole restaurant's weary little fountain, which dribbles into a goldfish pond with a sound like a leaky tap.

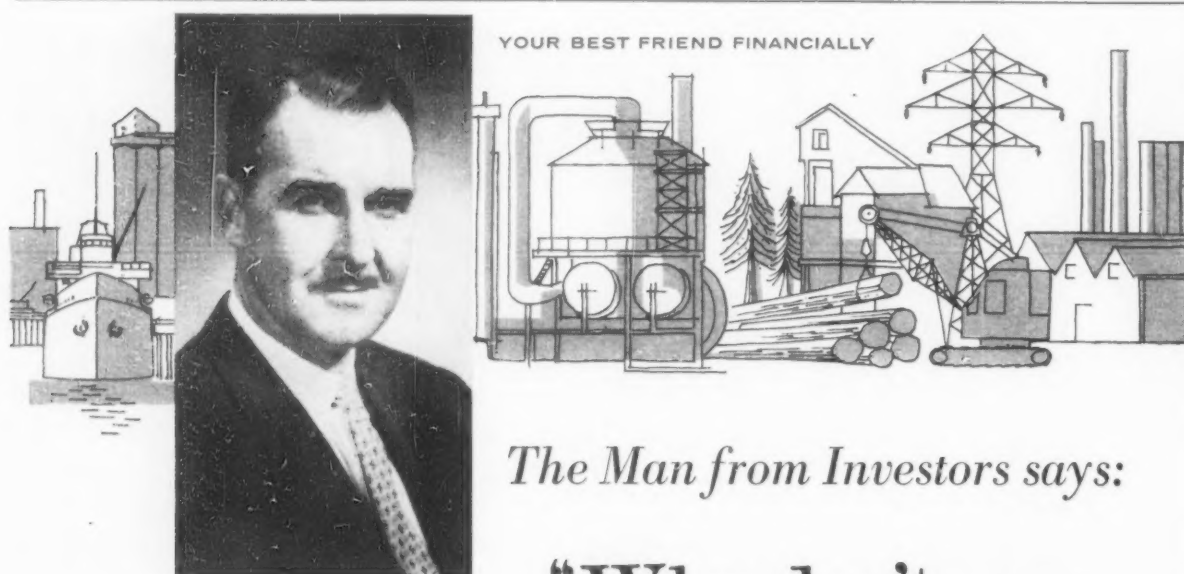
But, when I'd finished my coffee — Russian coffee is bad and Russian tea wonderful, just as the tourist guide books say — the money changer was on duty. I padded my pockets with crisp new rubles, asked the Intourist office to try to reserve tickets for me for the ballet, opera and circus, and learned that one of our party, who was up with the birds, had succeeded in engaging a guide-interpreter and cars for all of us for the afternoon. Then I went walking.

Even on Sunday morning the shapeless broad-beamed women with twig brooms, who look like overstuffed rag dolls and keep Moscow's streets cleaner than any other streets I've ever seen, were out in force, sweeping, sweeping, sweeping.

Elderly people were also out in force, dressed in their shabby, spotless, neat, respectable Sunday best, trudging toward Moscow's fifty Russian Orthodox churches, its Roman Catholic church, its Jewish synagogue, its Baptist church, its Moslem mosque.

Those who attend services certainly don't do so because Sunday blue laws have deprived them of other things to do. Russia has no such laws, and Sunday, while a holiday for more than half of Moscow's population, is the big day of the week at the stores, the markets, the race track, the theatres, the sports arenas, the museums, the art galleries.

Gosudarstvenny Universalny Magazin, which is called GUM for short, and no wonder, faces Red Square and is Russia's biggest store. GUM was jammed with eager customers when I passed it, window shopping, at noon. It holds two fashion shows on Sunday afternoons and



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Russia's prettiest models display the latest styles. I didn't see the models, but the dresses in the windows looked as smart as Paris or New York dresses. The rub is that they can seldom be bought. At the fashion shows the announcer tells the audience the number of the pattern of the dress a model is wearing and the kind and yardage of fabric needed to make it. A woman who likes the dress can either make it herself or have a government dressmaker make it.

Lunch at the Metropole was excellent — fresh caviar on dark bread thickly spread with unsalted butter, rich cabbage *horsesh* with chunks of savory sausage in it, Georgian wine, sturgeon steak, a salad, fruit, tea in a glass with a silver handle.

But the waiter looked blank when I said I was in a hurry. An hour and a half lapsed between the caviar and the tea. By then Nina, the guide-interpreter, had arrived at the hotel.

Nina is a pleasant young woman who, when not guiding and interpreting, teaches English in Moscow schools. She's married to a physicist and has one child. And she's what you might call a serious type. No lipstick, but lots of statistics. She led us up the Lenin Hills to see most of Moscow spread out under us, bristling with towers and minarets. The hills are crowned by Moscow University's thirty-two-story skyscraper.

Not far from the university, Nina showed us the Lenin Stadium, which seats 103,000, the Palace of Sports, which seats 17,000, the Children's Football Stadium, which seats 2,500. Nina covered so much ground and reeled off so many figures that Sunday afternoon was a whirling blur of museums, art galleries, tennis courts, swimming pools, historic squares, rows of apartment

blocks that reached to the horizon and had crisp curtains at the windows, and playgrounds.

On one street, as Nina and I stood talking, half a dozen small boys clustered around me, asking for chewing gum. You can't buy gum in Russia, and the kids there love it. Since I'd been told of this, I doled out sticks of gum I'd brought from Toronto. One youngster insisted on giving me a badge of some kind in return. As they marched off Nina looked at their caps, which were like soldiers' caps, and the military cut of their school uniforms. She sighed. "I wish they didn't have to dress like soldiers," she said. "We've seen so much of soldiers and war."

Insurance for aerialists

I was exhausted when Nina dropped us at the Metropole, but, buoyed by a beverage called pepper vodka, I made my way to the Prague restaurant for crab *julienne* and mushrooms in sour cream. As at the Metropole, the service was appallingly slow. So slow that, although Intourist had got me a seat at the circus, I missed most of it and saw just enough to convince me that it's superb entertainment. At one point in the program, water pounded down a chute with Niagara-like fury while colored lights played on it. The entire centre of the ring was turned into a pool in which mermaids swam and trained bears rowed a boat.

Like everything else in Russia, the circus is run by the state. There's a government school at which talented boys and girls are taught to be circus performers. And, by government regulation, the aerialists and high-wire performers must wear safety devices, since they are entitled to



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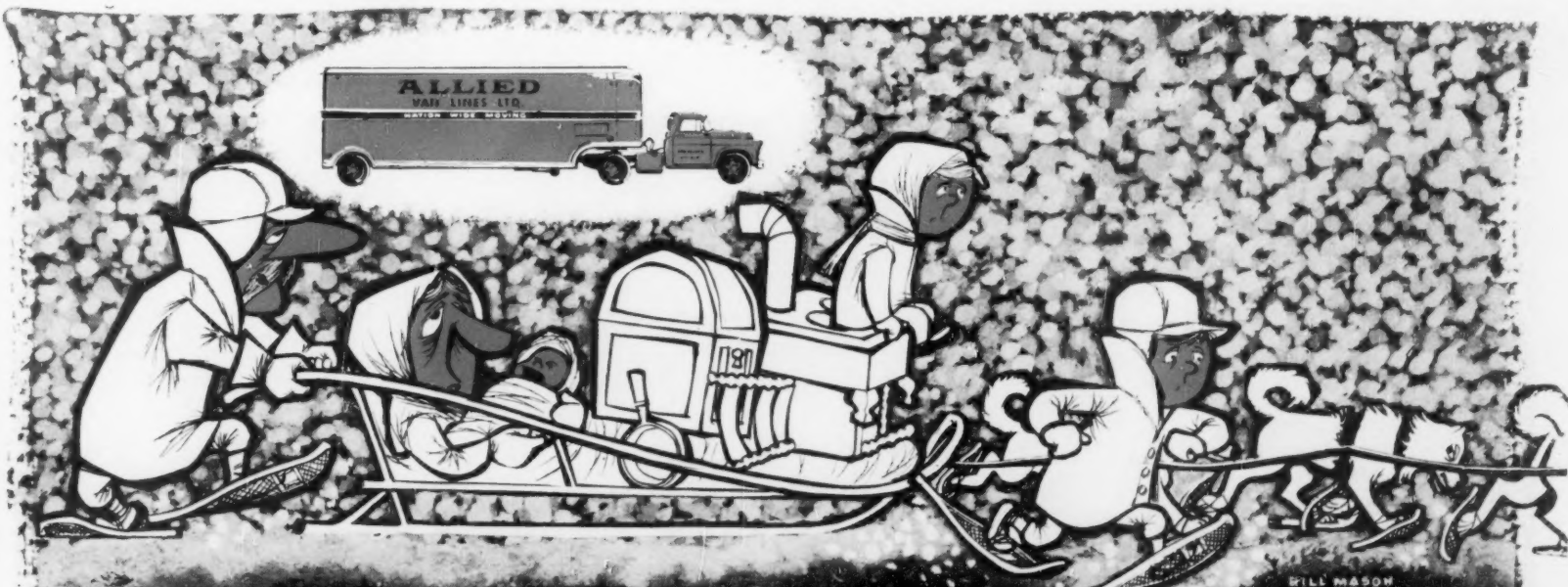
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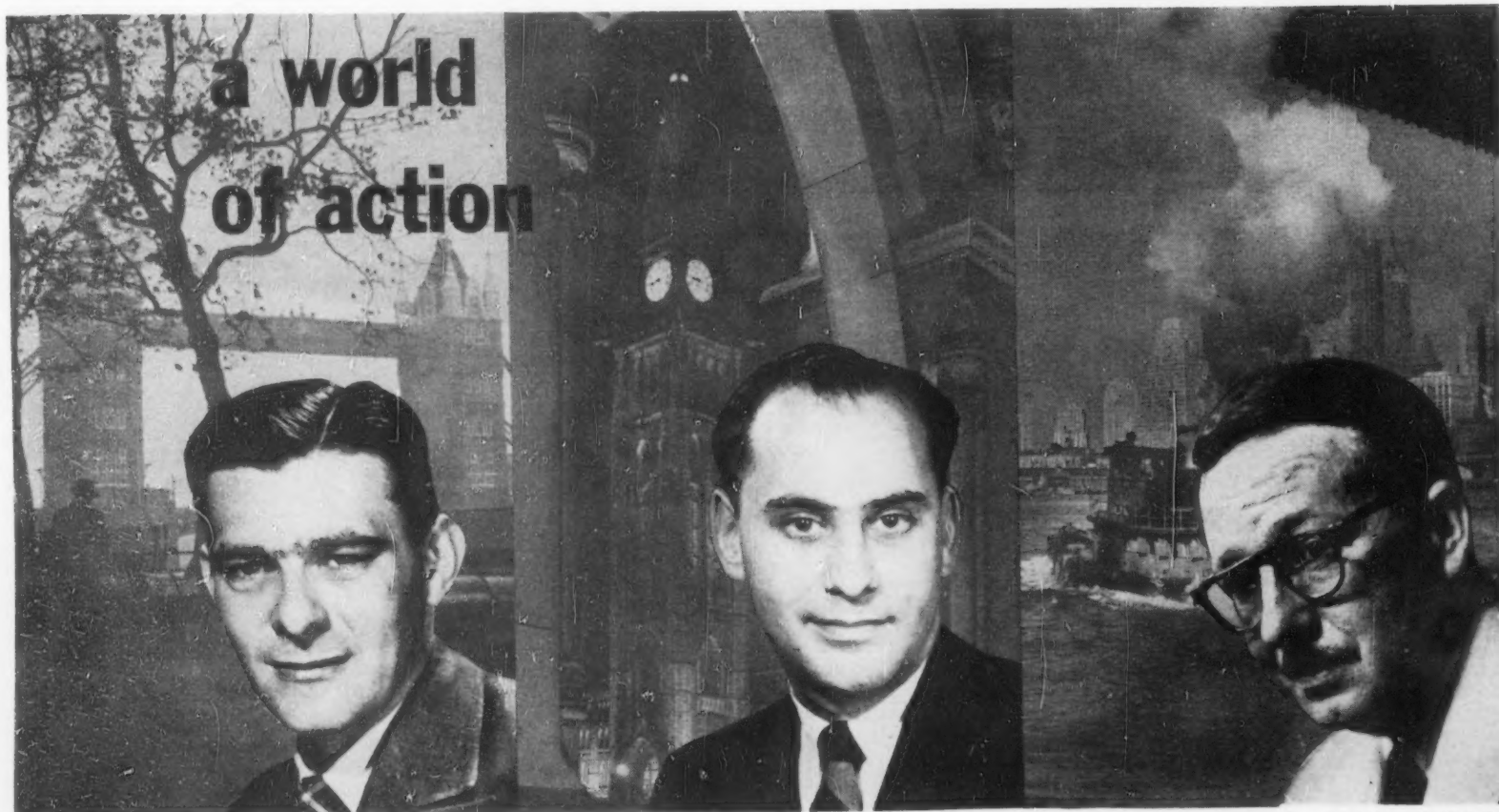
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"Between acts at the ballet you could eat caviar sandwiches and wash them down with ice-cold beer"

the same protection from accidents as other workers.

The Monday morning after the circus, I hired a blond vivacious girl named Tanya from Intourist, to guide and interpret. We went shopping at GUM, and for four dollars I got fifteen small dolls in the native costumes of the Soviet Republics. Other purchases included a three-stringed Russian *balalaika*, also four dollars; and a mandolin, seven dollars. I had to carry the musical instruments as hand luggage and cursed them all the way back to Canada. I still curse them for my two daughters now plink-plunk at them constantly.

Tanya convinced me that the Russians like bigness for its own sake. She took me to the Kremlin, which I found to be a fascinating assortment of cathedrals that are now museums, of palaces, of medieval walls and turrets. She proudly showed me the Czar Bell, or King of Bells, and the Czar Cannon. The bell weighs over two hundred tons but was broken before it could ever be rung and sits on a concrete base.

We lunched at the Ararat, which specializes in Armenian dishes, and where we had a soup so thick it was like a stew, and lamb cooked on a spit. Then we saw more sights — the Children's World, which is a store; the government second-hand shops where you might pick up a rare antique if you were lucky; the markets at which people from collective farms can sell at high prices any produce they are not obligated to deliver to the government.

When we returned to the Metropole and were having a beer, two girls at the next table joined the conversation. They were medical students and wanted to practise their English. They asked me to supper and I taxied them home to a mean little building in a sea of mud on Moscow's outskirts, where they shared a room. But the talk was lively, the sausage spicy, the vodka strong, the tea hot.

I had a ticket to an opera at the Bolshoi Filial, an annex of the Bolshoi Theatre, but left the students only in time for the last act. Somebody had moved into my empty seat. An amiable usher carried a straight-backed chair to the door of a bal-

cony box for me, opened the door so I could hear, and stood by me as I listened, jiggling his head to the rhythm of the music as he listened too.

Tuesday morning, Tanya called for me. This, she announced, was the day I was going to see all I had missed. She towed me through galleries and museums until my feet were blistered. We took in mile after mile of old masters and French impressionists, jeweled Easter eggs, royal crowns, gold dinner plates, the gowns of bygone czarinas. We even saw the boots of Peter the Great, who was more than seven feet tall. We had a Georgian lunch — warm bread, cold chicken with walnut sauce, cucumbers in sour cream — and a steak dinner. The steak was tough.

Then I hurried to the Bolshoi Theatre, where Intourist had managed to get me a seat for the ballet — a seat in the middle, a few rows from the stage. Just to see the theatre itself was worth the price of admission, \$3.50 in Canadian money. It has five gilt-edged tiers of red-plush seats, the frescoes on its lofty ceiling are masterpieces, its tremendous hanging chandelier sparkles and flashes. "Bolshoi" means big, and this is the right word. The auditorium holds more than two thousand and the stage, designed for huge troupes of dancers, incredible leaps, immense scenes, is as large as the auditorium. The ballet, this night, was *Cinderella*. It was a perfect performance in a perfect setting. Between acts, in the theatre restaurant, you could eat open-faced caviar sandwiches and wash them down with ice cold beer.

In the early morning, I had a last look at the gold, green, yellow and white domes of St. Basil's Cathedral and the red glass stars on the Kremlin towers, sparkling in the sun.

Then to the airport, and as the Electra climbed, circled and pointed toward Amsterdam, I could see scores of silvery planes, mostly jets, lined up on the runways like salmon swimming upstream. And, in the distance, Moscow — capital of Communism, capital of Russia, capital of the Soviet Union, a city whose people are eager to show visitors that today is better than yesterday and who believe tomorrow will be better than today. ★

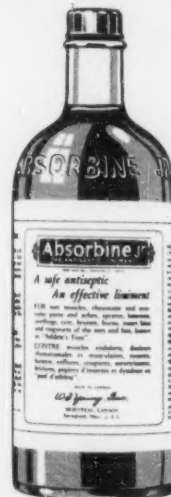


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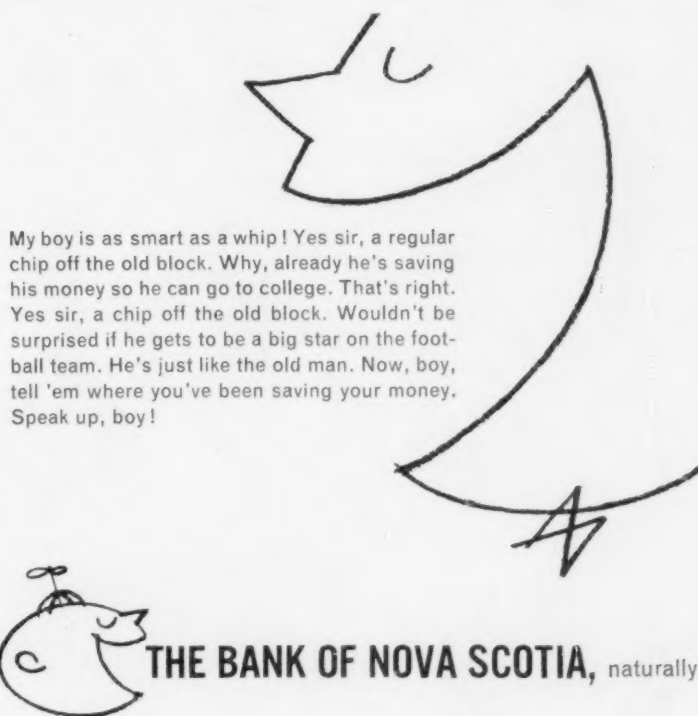
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THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA, naturally!



For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"What distinguished us as a nation was a desire to help. We left the preaching to others"

nent role in the drafting of the United Nations charter, in the establishment of NATO, in the various commissions to negotiate disarmament, in the enlargement of the United Nations, and in the containment of the Indo-Chinese and

Suez crises. Tributes to our helpful contributions came first when our External Affairs minister was elected president of the General Assembly of the United Nations and later when he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. History will record

that our contributions behind the scenes were even more substantial and constructive than those the world has recognized.

Our ability to play this useful role did not stem from economic or military power. True, we have until recently been

wealthy enough to pay our own way, even to spare a modest amount for others. However, in terms of effective power, our vast, largely empty real estate is more a liability than an asset. And our heavy reliance on foreign trade makes us vulnerable rather than influential. What might the Soviet Union, or the United States, do to our markets if they set out deliberately to ruin us?

Militarily, Canada is insignificant and growing more so. The relative strength of our military potential is declining with the recovery of countries like France, Japan, Germany and Italy. Further, the shift to missiles and nuclear warheads has caused even the United Kingdom to give up its pretensions to be militarily independent. With the Arrow and Bomarc so painfully fresh in mind, there is surely no need to labor the fact of Canada's decline in the field of modern weaponry.

A source of considerable Canadian influence has been an able team of diplomats, headed by one of the world's most experienced foreign ministers. The team is largely intact, and our recent foreign ministers have done their best to make up in moral fervor for what they have lacked in experience. I consider most unfair the newspaper that referred to Green as our "minister of affairs which are foreign to him." He has shown disarming candor about the gaps in his knowledge, and considerable capacity to learn. He could become an outstanding foreign minister.

No axe to grind

However, the most important source of our influence, by a long shot, has been the reputation for disinterestedness. The general belief that Canada had no axe to grind distinguished us from almost all other states and created for our representatives an exceptionally receptive audience, both in the United Nations and NATO. Most countries, like Russia and the United States, have interests which clearly set them apart from others and render their proposals suspect. Others, like India and Italy, have been so intent on gaining prestige that they have made themselves not only suspect but crashing bores.

Canada had been almost alone in seeming to be motivated solely by a desire to be helpful. We left the preaching to Dulles, Nehru and Tito. We displayed little interest in headlines although, ultimately, our contributions received recognition in full measure. Max Freedman, a Canadian who is Washington correspondent for the Manchester Guardian, said recently: "If there is such a thing as the Canadian tradition in diplomacy, it consists in not seeking national recognition for the ideas we have put in the common pool."

Canada achieved influence not because of its power; rather Canada achieved influence, prestige—and even power—very largely because it acted as if it were indifferent to prestige and power. In a world of would-be prima donnas, the voice of a well-informed but modest nation was listened to with extraordinary respect. It is this vital element in Canadian influence which the pretentious presentation of our policies is needlessly tossing away.

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THE CHARTERED BANKS SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY



Recently I read the following quotation from Green in *Die Zeit*, one of the most influential German periodicals: "The French have convinced me that we [Canadians] are a great power." This appeared in a column devoted to "comical sayings of the week."

If Green's *politique de grandeur* provoked only mirth, I should not complain. The world could stand more laughter. But there are less happy consequences. Our posturing must be inclining foreign governments either to ignore Canadian proposals or to examine them with new skepticism. Instead of being taken at their face value, as in the past, the question is probably being asked, behind our backs: "Is this Canadian proposal a genuine effort to be constructive, or is it yet another bid to impress the world with Canadian importance and virtue?"

Take, for example, the Canadian suggestion of a year ago for a United Nations' presence in Berlin, to be set up after the solution of that knotty problem. It was a helpful proposal, even if modest and premature. The loud fanfare which was sounded by Canadian ministers, however, caused incredulity in diplomatic circles when the details were explained. Surely, it was asked, the Canadians had more in mind than that?

Signs of waning influence

This Berlin suggestion was not the only Canadian initiative of recent years to have suffered through over-selling. Others were our proposal in the United Nations for the pooling of information on radioactive fallout, and the negotiation of a compromise between Poland and Turkey in the contest for a temporary seat on the Security Council. Useful activity, certainly, but did it rate the publicity drummed up by Canadian spokesmen? No longer do we seem content to insert good ideas unobtrusively into the common pool, or even to persuade more powerful allies to adopt them as their own. Our slightest move is the occasion for a press conference and vociferous self-congratulation. Unless there is the prospect of public acclaim, we seem unlikely to act. Is it any wonder our precious reputation for being disinterested is fading away?

A decline in Canada's stock is suggested by the cold shoulder received by Prime Minister Diefenbaker when he issued his public invitation to the great powers to hold their summit meeting in Quebec; the failure of the Canadian proposals for a new law of the sea after Green's confident prediction that they would carry the day; the choice of Moscow over Montreal for the site of the 1967 World Fair; the necessity for our government to learn from the newspapers of such developments as the German talks with Spain about bases, and the risky Allied decision to defy the Soviet Union by flying aircraft into Berlin at an increased altitude.

I rejoice that Canadian diplomats are giving of their best to make the disarmament negotiations a success. But does their minister ease the task by suggesting publicly that agreement with the Russians would be simple if our side only tried, that Western proposals do not go far enough, and that it is time to accept Russian protestations of sincerity at face value? Green's views may be right. However, he is a newcomer to the disarmament problem. It is hard to imagine his public exhortations being kindly received by the veterans of years of wrangling with the Soviet Union over this exceedingly complex issue.

Boasting, preaching, oversimplifying—

one need not be a Dale Carnegie to recognize this formula as an uncertain way to win friends and influence nations. Have we forgotten the self-righteous Dulles so soon? There is, of course, a distinction between Green and Dulles. Dulles really did speak for a world power.

Canadians, myself included, are charmed by the vision of their country emerging as the leader and spokesman of the middle and small powers. Many seem to think we have already achieved this attractive status, but it is hard to say on

what they base their belief. The results of an international Gallup poll, or popularity contest, might be sobering. The real thoughts of the decision makers in other countries are rarely made public, and we are showing ourselves extremely susceptible to flattery. Foreign ambassadors are usually willing to oblige. Green does not seem to have been told that diplomats, by definition, are gentlemen sent abroad to lie for their countries.

In any case, the price of greater independence, or even—assuming we could have it—the leadership of the lesser

powers, would be excessive if it entailed a weakening of our exceptionally close and friendly alliance with the United States. Indeed, a good deal of our influence in other countries derives from the belief that we are *persona grata* in Washington. Green recently asked: "... would not Canada gain more respect ... and ... influence if she forgot about this role of being a middleman or honest broker?" The answer is "no." If we wish to be influential, we should exploit our genuine assets, and leave to others the sterile pursuit of prestige and the shaky illu-



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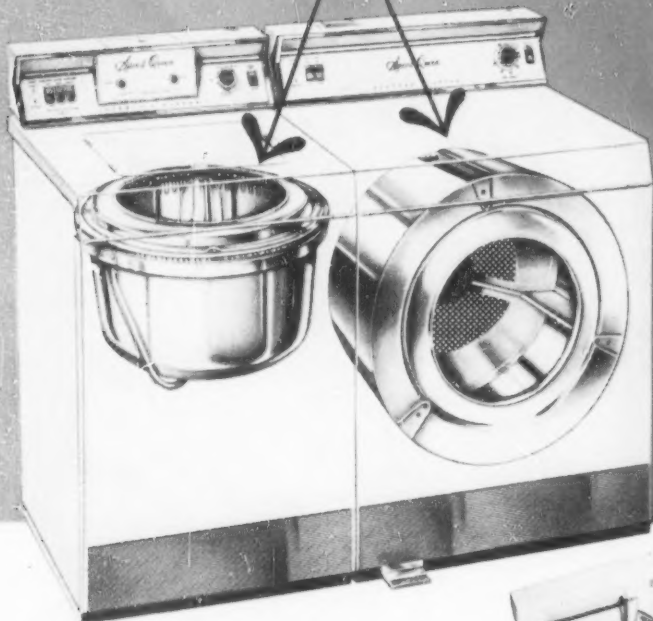
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sion of independence in the Nuclear Age.

We need not be subservient in order to play to maximum advantage the trump card of our unique status in Washington. In private we should always express our views forthrightly. Whenever the issue warrants it, our reservations or objections should even be made public, as they were during the Suez crisis, or in the Herbert Norman case. However, we cannot expect to be heeded as a close and candid friend if we advertise every difference in the world press, or show little sympathy for the devastating load of responsibility being shouldered by our American allies. So far as possible, our differences should be kept behind the scenes, as is customary among friends. This was the practice during the Pearson era, and our restraint paid worthwhile dividends.

We should remember that the constant scold, especially if the scolding is public, soon finds the welcome mat worn thin. We could so alter the American attitude toward us that we should simply not be informed of impending vital decisions. In the light of recent Canadian statements about the United States, is it surprising that we have had to complain increasingly of "lack of consultation"? And on such significant matters as the decision to hold a summit conference?

Now it's "Ike and John"

Consider Green's statement quoted by the London Free Press last October: "We no longer are a vassal of the powerful United States . . . It is only too obvious that we have adopted a more independent attitude toward our friends and neighbors across the border . . . In fact we are independent to the extent that in . . . the battle between Turkey and Poland for a Security Council seat, we have consistently voted for Poland, while Britain and the United States are supporting Turkey." Canada's decision here was correct, but Green suggests we took it, not on its merits, but to establish our independence. Surely it would be preferable to let our actions speak for themselves, or at least to express regret when we consider it necessary to differ publicly with our closest friends. We have been assured that all is well between Ottawa and Washington — that it is now a case of "Ike and John," "Chris and Howard." However, I wish there were some tangible evidence that Canadian influence has increased in the free world's capital. Most indications point to a contrary conclusion.

Green's magnificent obsession with Canadian virtue and greatness could be of some advantage if it proves infectious and stirs more support in the cabinet and country for an active Canadian foreign policy. Further, without a delusion of grandeur, he himself might not have the courage to play a vigorous role in the current disarmament talks; goodness knows, they need all the impetus they can get, naïve or otherwise.

Nevertheless, one hopes our foreign minister will soon realize that the prospect of playing a useful role — perhaps even a "world power" role — would be enhanced if Canada reverted to a more modest presentation of its case. To be influential with modest means, one needs to be modest in demeanor.

In diplomacy, moral fervor is no substitute for intelligence. For Canada's particular role, a brass band is no substitute for quiet persuasiveness. Let us tread softly and carry a bulging briefcase of bright ideas! We should then reduce the risk of being mistaken for a mouse that roars. ★



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✓ Air travel: Canada's "least obsolete industry"

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THE ARTICLE Is Air Travel Obsolete? (May 7) requires comment from the Canadian air transportation industry . . . I would like to ask whether it is fair tactics to employ isolated examples of passenger complaint in such a way that they appear almost typical, while ignoring the fact that the overwhelming majority of air travelers and shippers in this country do receive good service and have so signified in many surveys conducted on behalf of the air transportation companies? What businessman would not admit that his firm or industry is fallible and capable upon occasion of committing errors that when examined out of total context gave a false impression of the total efficiency of the organization? The ground handling of airline passengers is a much more complex matter than is generally realized and errors inevitably occur. However, it can be proven statistically that these are few in relation to the total volume of air traffic and that the standards of the Canadian airlines are at least as high as those of the best carriers elsewhere in the world.

Author Ken Lefolli's description of air transportation as "hazardous" is particularly unfortunate. In 1959 scheduled Canadian airlines flew two and a third billion passenger miles in both domestic and international services without a single passenger fatality. Speaking charitably we can only suggest that Mr. Lefolli is mistaken.

Finally, we feel that we are entitled to ask how air travel can be termed "obsolete" when the volume of passenger traffic has increased two hundred percent on Canadian airlines in the past five years; when Canadian companies are equipping with the most modern and efficient aircraft available to the world today; when Canadian airports in terms of runway construction and navigational aids are among the best equipped to be found anywhere; when a massive program of airport terminal building construction is being conducted by the Department of Transport; and when the airlines themselves in innumerable ways are revising procedures and acquiring ground equipment to ensure a very high quality of public service in the age of swift turbine-powered aircraft. It is difficult to conceive of an industry that is less "obsolete" or more progressive in its outlook. — J. A. M. AUSTIN, VICE-PRESIDENT, TRANSPORT, AIR INDUSTRIES & TRANSPORT ASSOCIATION OF CANADA, OTTAWA.

✓ Certainly the airlines have some pretty sizeable kinks to iron out but let's not call them obsolete before they've been given a chance. Even Mr. Lefolli grudgingly admits that Canadian airlines are second to none in the world. Let's adopt a positive attitude toward at least this one example of our country's progress. — MARY W. JOHNSON, VANCOUVER.

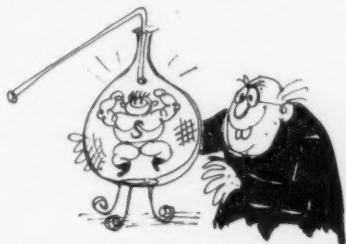
✓ I have been a regular reader of Maclean's for a good many years, and I have no hesitation in saying that I know of no other periodical published in North America that keeps one so well and intelligently informed of the Canadian scene. Your article, Is Air Travel Obsolete? (May 7) was exceptionally well written and informative. I was surprised that the railways would brush aside the

opportunity to provide passenger service from Montreal to Dorval. It would seem to me that such a service could be provided at a profit, if the railways were permitted to charge a fare corresponding to what the air traveler now pays for his ground transportation. — C. R. SEAL, PORT ARTHUR, ONT.

✓ Whereas I agree with some of the observations in your article, I find it necessary to take exception to your comments with respect to ground transportation between Montreal Airport at Dorval, Quebec, and downtown Montreal. We do not own or operate any Ford automobiles in connection with our airport services. I must also take exception to the statement that passengers are obliged to jostle other passengers in order to obtain a seat. In addition to operating motor-coaches of various capacities we also have available 10-passenger Chrysler sedans. Insofar as the four-passenger vehicles are concerned, our fleet consists of 95 late-model 1960 Chevrolets. Our total fleet allocated to the airport operations numbers 125 vehicles. — H. G. PERRY, VICE-PRESIDENT-SALES, MURRAY HILL LIMOUSINE SERVICE LTD., MONTREAL.

Does man want to change?

Regarding Does Man Dare Tinker With His Own Shape? (May 21): Prof. N. J. Berrill proposes an impossible solution to a thought-provoking problem. I doubt if the end would justify the means. A



sound body, and a brain capable of advanced intelligence do not guarantee a happy, productive life.

DENNIS WARE, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

About Sir Charles Tupper

In The Many Mighty Sifts (Dec. 5) Blair Fraser refers to my father, the late Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper (as "ineffectual." My father was a lawyer; and an MP for twenty-two years. He was a member of the government from 1888 to 1896. There are many people still in Vancouver who knew my father and considered him the opposite of "ineffectual." — CHARLES TUPPER, TORONTO.

Raymond Hull rediscovered

This is a belated comment on Let's Legalize Slavery by Raymond Hull (For the sake of argument, March 26). This writer, though a local product in B.C., was new to me until Maclean's brought this stimulating article to me. Last week I went to see two plays in our B.C. one-act festival, written by Raymond Hull. They were both excellent. Maclean's does an extra service bringing fresh and vigorous new writers to its wide audience. Thank you. — S. C. BOWDLER, GARDEN BAY, B.C. ★



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Parade

How to get rid of an unwelcome lodger

Each spring, out come the roses, the daisies—and the skunks. The one we have in mind discovered an open window and plunged into the cellar of a farm near Summerberry, Sask., and completely ignored the hint when the farmer cautiously inserted a plank through the window as a gangway out. Three days later the farmer's wife got fed up, marched down cellar, picked up the skunk by its tail, carried it outside, wound up three times and pitched the animal as far as it would go. Then the farmer stepped nonchalantly forward with his gun and shot the beast.

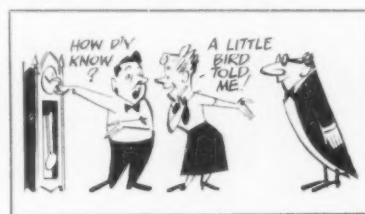
* * *

From North Bay, Ont., comes word of a typographical error that must have set some sort of record for expense and inconvenience. It came to light when a wrestling promoter plunked a heavy parcel onto the post-office counter and asked to have it insured for five hundred dollars. The clerk explained that parcels can't be insured for more than one hundred. "But what have you got there that's so valuable?" he couldn't help asking.

The promoter explained it was a championship gold belt that had already been to Montreal once for engraving. "Now I've got to send it back," he went on, "because the engraver spelled wrestling without the 'w'."

* * *

"Due to a network interruption we will be unable to bring you the Dominion Observatory official time signal," apologized a CBC announcer in Vancouver. But he obligingly provided a vocal count-



down himself: "Twenty seconds to ten . . . ten seconds to ten . . . five seconds to ten . . ." But just as time ran out, a voice evidently belonging to someone else in the studio announced loudly, "Cuckoo!"

* * *

A fellow in Don Mills, Ont., went to his doctor for a routine medical check-up, but the doctor proceeded to give him the lengthiest and most thorough going-over he'd ever had. Getting a clear bill of health after an examination like that made him feel pretty good—until the doctor encountered him on the street an hour later and inquired, "How are you?"

PARADE PAYS \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.

A woman in Windsor, Ont., who works in Detroit, has another woman commuter as a regular passenger. One morning just at the top of the Ambassador Bridge span her passenger exclaimed, "Hold up



a minute!" then stepped to the rail and dropped a flashing object over the side. The woman made no explanation and the driver politely restrained her curiosity—until about a month later it happened again, and later still again. "You mean you don't know?" she answered with surprise when finally questioned. "Those are my husband's used razor blades. I just save them up in a jar and toss them into the river."

* * *

What else could you expect in a Calgary kindergarten class when the teacher, reviewing yesterday's story, asked a little girl: "And what happened to the pumpkin?" The immediate reply was: "The fairy godmother changed it into a chuckwagon."

* * *

Bet this ad in the Montreal Star brought a record rush of applications: "Career opportunity. We are looking for able, stable, financially disturbed young married men . . ."

* * *

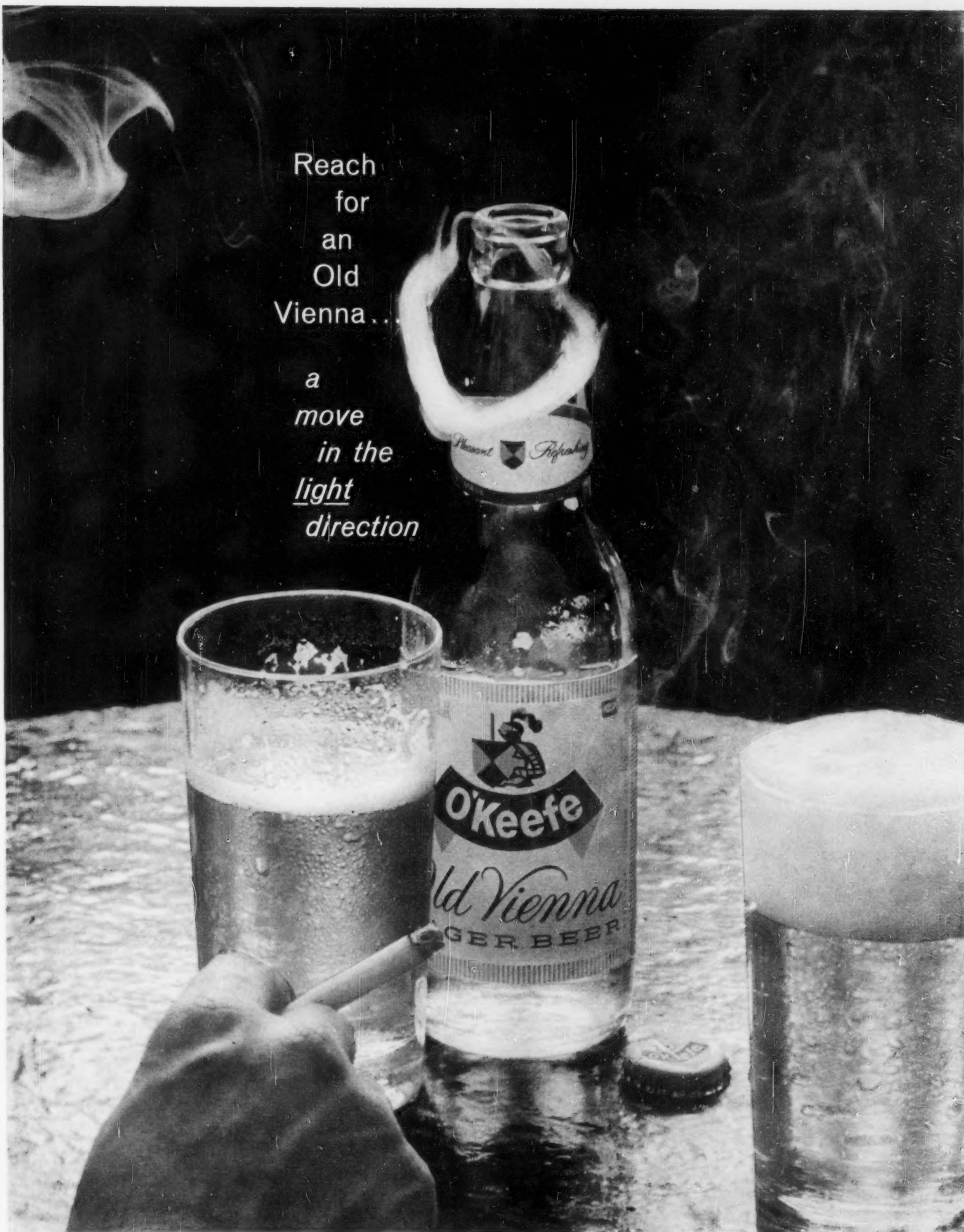
Niagara Falls offers all kinds of tourist accommodation including one place that advertises "Honeymoon Motel—Family Cabins."

* * *

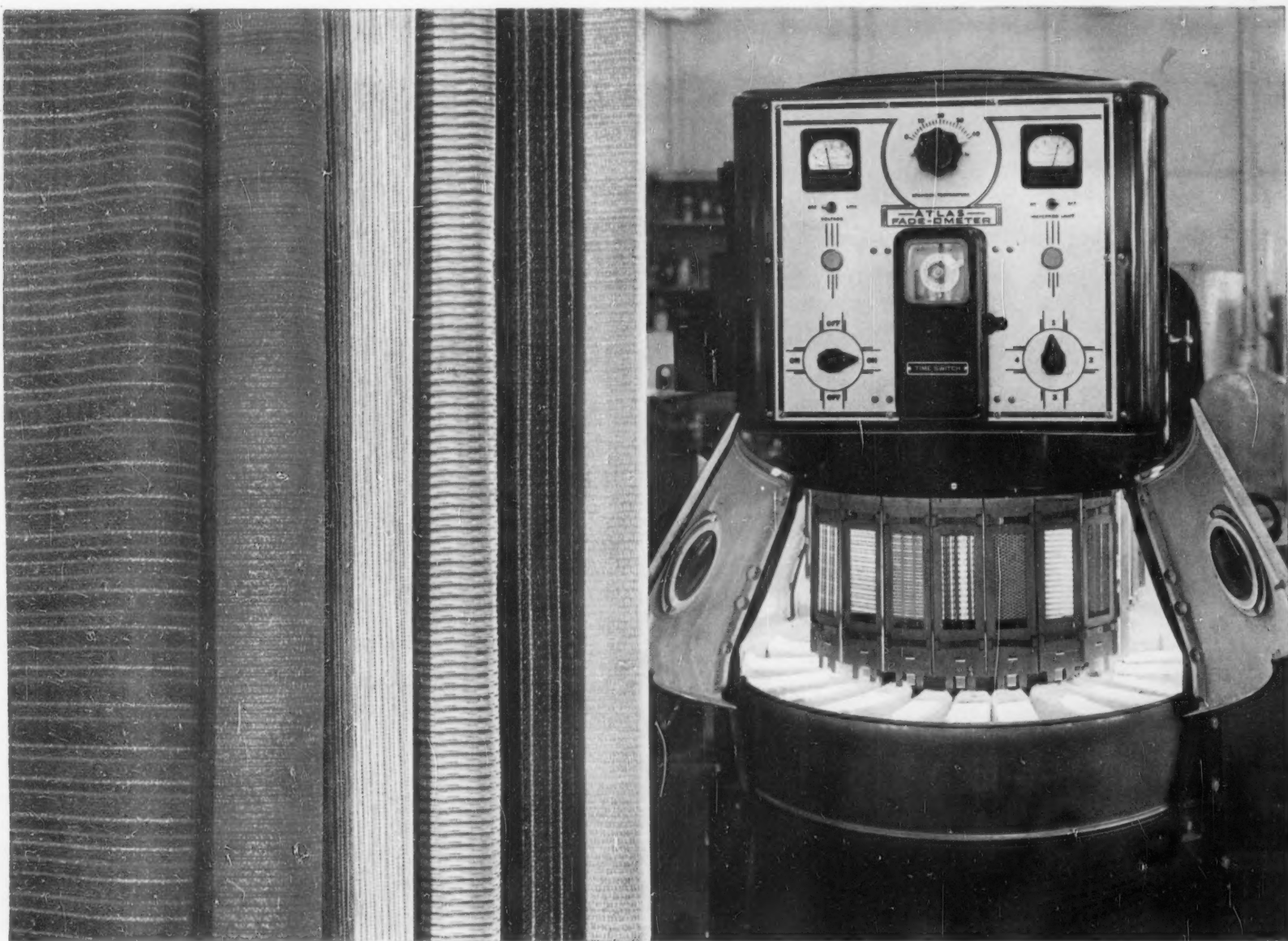
A six-year-old in Reaburn, Man., left in the care of his aunt one spring afternoon, would obviously have preferred to be playing outside but he listened with apparent interest as she read him a story instead. As she finished she wondered if he had really been paying any attention at all for he seemed to be staring most intently at her face. "Gee," he exclaimed rapturously as she looked at him enquiringly, "I wish I had your eye for an alley."

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